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THE

WORKS

OF THE

Rev. JOHN WESLEY, M. A.

Late Fellow of *Lincoln-College*, OXFORD.

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FEBRUARY 16, 1755.

HAVING heard a confuſed account from a place near Camelford, in Cornwall, I wrote to a friend near it, and received the following anſwer.

" According to your desire, I have inquired into the particulars of the late affair at Dineboul quarry. The rock is about thirty yards thick; but the most valuable part of the stone lies undermost.

There were nine partners who shared the advantage of this part of the quarry. Being greedy of gain, they brought out as much of the under part as possible; and the rather, because the time for which they had hired it was within a month of expiring.

* On Monday Dec. 2. William Lane, John Lane, William Kellow, and five more of the partners, met in the morning, and sent one of their number, for Theophilus Kellow, to come to work. He came, but was so uneasy he could not stay, but quickly returned home. William Kellow was sent for in haste, and went to look after his mare, which had cast her foal. The other seven continued labouring till twelve. All the workmen usually dine together. But these wrought on, when the rest withdrew, till in a moment, they were covered with rocks of all sizes, falling about ten yards, some of which were thought to be three tons weight. William Lane had some years since known the love of God. He was sitting, cleaving stones, when the rock calved in upon him, with a concave surface, which just made room for his body. Only one edge of it light upon him, and broke one of his thigh

thigh bones. When they dug away the ſtones, he was earneſtly praying to God, and confeſſing his unfaithfulneſs. As ſoon as he looked up, he began exhorting all around, inſtantly to make their peace with God. His bone being ſet, he ſoon recovered both his bodily ſtrength, and the peace and love which he had loſt. Another who ſat cloſe by his ſide, was covered over and killed at once. Cloſe to him John Lane (ſon of William) was ſtanding: he was thrown upon his face, he knew not how, and a ſharp-edged ſtone pitched between his thighs, on which a huge rock fell, and was ſuſpended by it, ſo as to ſhadow him all over. The other five were entirely daſhed in pieces." Doth not God ſave thoſe that truſt in him?

Tueſ. April 1. I rode from Briſtol to a village named Kingſwood near Wotton-Underedge. The church was exceeding full, and the congregation was ſerious and well-behaved. And I had ſince the ſatisfaction of being informed, that many of them are much changed, at leaſt, in their outward behaviour.

Wedneſ. 2. With ſome difficulty we reached Stanley: there has been lately a great awakening in this country. I never ſaw ſuch a congregation here before, notwithſtanding the wind and rain. And all preſent ſeemed to receive the word with gladneſs and readineſs of mind. There is a ſolid, ſerious people in theſe parts,

who ſtand their ground againſt all oppoſition. The warmeſt oppoſers are the jacobites, who do not love us, becauſe we love King George. But they profit nothing; for more and more people *fear God and honour the king*.

We rode on Thurſday in the afternoon through heavy rain, and almoſt impaſſable roads to Eveſham: and on Friday 4. to Birmingham, a barren, dry, uncomfortable place. Moſt of the ſeed which has been ſown for ſo many years, the *wild boars* have *rooted up*: the fierce, unclean, brutiſh, blaſphemous Antinomians have utterly deſtroyed it. And the *myſtic foxes* have taken true pains to *ſpoil* what remained, with their new goſpel. Yet it ſeems God has a bleſſing for this place ſtill: ſo many ſtill attend the preaching: and he is eminently preſent with the ſmall number that is left in the ſociety.

Satur. 5. I preached at Wedneſbury, and at eight on Sunday morning. But the great congregation aſſembled in the afternoon, as ſoon as the ſervice of the church was over, with which we take care never to interfere. A ſolemn awe ſeemed to run all through the company in the evening, when I met the ſociety. We had indeed preached the goſpel here *with much contention*. But the ſucceſs overpays the labour.

Mond. 7. I was adviſed to take the Derbyſhire road to Mancheſter. We baited at an houſe ſix miles beyond Litchfield. Obſerving a woman ſitting in the kitchen, I aſked, "Are you not well?" And

And found ſhe had juſt been taken ill (being on her journey) with all the ſymptoms of an approaching pleuriſy. She was glad to hear of an eaſy, cheap, and (almoſt) infallible remedy, an handful of nettles, boiled a few minutes, and applied warm to the ſide. While I was ſpeaking to her, an elderly man, pretty well dreſt, came in. Upon enquiry, he told us, he was travelling, as he could, towards his home, near Hounſlow, in hopes of agreeing with his creditors, to whom he had ſurrendered his all. But how to get on he knew not, as he had no money, and had caught a tertian ague. I hope a wiſe Providence directed this wanderer alſo, that he might have a remedy for both his maladies.

* Soon after we took horſe we overtook a poor man, creeping forward on two crutches. I aſked whither he was going? He ſaid toward Nottingham, where his wife lived. But both his legs had been broke while he was on ſhipboard. And he had now ſpent all his money. This man likewiſe appeared exceeding thankful, and ready to acknowledge the hand of God.

In the afternoon we came to Barton-forge, where a gentleman of Birmingham has ſet up a large iron-work, and fixt five or ſix families, with a ſerious man over them, who loſt near all he had in the great riot at Wedneſbury. Moſt of them are ſeeking to ſave their ſouls. I preached in the evening, not to them only, but to many

gathered from all parts, and exhorted them to love and help one another.

Tuef. 8. I had deſigned to go ſtrait on to Hayfield. But one from Aſhbourn preſt me much to call there: which accordingly I did at ſeven in the morning, and preached to a deeply ſerious congregation. Seventeen or eighteen then deſired to join in a ſociety, to whom I ſpoke ſeverally, and was well pleaſed to find, that near half of them knew the pardoning love of God. One of the firſt I ſpoke to was Miſs Berisford: a ſweet, but ſhort-lived flower!

*Through much hail, rain and wind, we got to Mr. B——'s at Hayfield, about five in the afternoon. His favourite daughter died ſome hours before we came; ſuch a child as is ſcarce heard of in a century. All the family informed me of many remarkable circumſtances, which elſe would have ſeemed incredible. She ſpake exceeding plain, yet very ſeldom; and then only a few words. She was ſcarce ever ſeen to laugh, or heard to utter a light or trifling word. She could not bear any that did, nor any one who behaved in a light or unſerious manner. If any ſuch offered to kiſs or touch her, ſhe would turn away, and ſay, "I don't like you." If her brother or ſiſters ſpoke angrily to each other, or behaved triflingly, ſhe either ſharply reproved (when that ſeemed needful) or tenderly intreated them to give over. If ſhe had ſpoke too ſharply to any, ſhe would humble herſelf to them, and

not

not reſt till they had forgiven her. After her health declined, ſhe was particularly pleaſed with hearing that hymn ſung, "Abba, Father:" and would be frequently ſinging that line herſelf, "Abba Father, hear me cry."

On Mond. April 7. without any ſtruggle, ſhe fell aſleep, having lived two years and ſix months.

Wedneſ. 9. In the evening I preached at Mancheſter. The mob was tolerably quiet, as long as I was ſpeaking, but immediately after, raged horribly. This I find, has been their manner for ſome time. No wonder: ſince the good juſtices encourage them.

Thurſ. 10. I rode to Hayfield again, to bury Mr. B——'s child. Abundance of people were gathered together, and I found uncommon liberty in preaching. Who would have looked for ſuch a congregation as this, in the Peak of Derbyſhire.

I returned to Mancheſter, the next day, and had a quiet congregation both that evening and the following.

Sund. 13. I met the ſociety at five, and ſhewed them wherein I feared they had grieved the Spirit of God, and provoked him to deliver them to be thus outraged by *the beaſts of the people.* I then rode to Hayfield once more, where Mr. B—— read prayers, and preached a ſolemn and affecting ſermon, relative to the late providence. In the afternoon I again found great li-

berty of ſpirit, in applying thoſe awful words, *What is a man profited, if he ſhall gain the whole world, and loſe his own ſoul?*

Mond. 14. I rode by Manchester, (where I preached about twelve) to Warrington. At ſix in the morning, Tueſ. 15. I preached to a large and ſerious congregation; and then went on to Liverpool, one of the neateſt, beſt built towns I have ſeen in England. I think it is full twice as large as Cheſter. Moſt of the ſtreets are quite ſtrait. Two-thirds of the town we were informed, have been added, within theſe forty years. If it continues to increaſe in the ſame proportion, in forty years more it will nearly equal Briſtol. The people in general are the moſt mild and courteous, I ever ſaw in a ſea-port town: as indeed appears by their friendly behaviour not only to the Jews and Papiſts who live among them, but even to the *Methodiſts*, (ſo called.) The preaching-houſe is a little larger than that at Newcaſtle. It was thoroughly filled at ſeven in the evening. And the hearts of the whole congregation ſeemed to be moved before the Lord and before the preſence of his power.

Every morning, as well as evening, abundance of people gladly attended the preaching. Many of them, I learned, were dear lovers of controverſy. But I had better work. I preſſed upon them all, *Repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.*

Sund.

Sund. 20. I explained, after the evening preaching, the rules of the ſociety, and ſtrongly exhorted the members to adorn their profeſſion, by all holineſs of converſation.

Mond. 21. I rode to Bolton. Being now among thoſe who were no *ſtrangers to the covenant of promiſe*, I had no need to lay the foundation again, but exhorted them to *rejoice evermore*. Their number is a little reduced ſince I was here before. And no wonder; while the ſons of ſtrife are on every ſide, ſome for Mr. Bennet, ſome for Mr. Wh——. The little flock notwithſtanding hold on their way, looking ſtrait to the prize of their high calling.

* Thurſ. 24. We rode in leſs than four hours the eight miles (ſo called) to Newell-hay. Juſt as I began to preach, the ſun broke out, and ſhone exceeding hot on the ſide of my head. I found if it continued, I ſhould not be able to ſpeak long, and lifted up my heart to God. In a minute or two it was covered with clouds, which continued till the ſervice was over. Let any who pleaſe, call this *chance:* I call it, an anſwer to prayer.

Frid. 25. About ten, I preached near Todmorden. The people ſtood, row above row, on the ſide of the mountain. They were rough enough in outward appearance. But their hearts were as melting wax.

* One can hardly conceive any thing more delightful, than the vale through which we rode

from hence. The river ran through the green meadows on the right. The fruitful hills and woods rose on either hand. Yet here and there a rock hung over: the little holes in which, put me in mind of those beautiful lines,

Te, domine, intonsi montes, te saxa loquentur
Summa Deum, dum montis amat juga pendulus hircus,
Saxorumque colit latebrosa cuniculus antra!

At three in the afternoon I preached at Heptonstall, on the brow of the mountain. The rain began almost as soon as I began to speak. I prayed, that if God saw best, it may be stayed, till I had delivered his word. It was so, and then began again. But we had only a short stage to Ewood.

Satur. 26. I preached at seven to a large and serious congregation, and again at four in the afternoon. When I began, in a meadow near the house, the wind was so high, I could hardly speak. But the winds too are in God's hand. In a few minutes that inconvenience ceased. And we found the Spirit of God breathing in the midst of us, so that great was our rejoicing in the Lord.

Sund. 27. A little before I took horse, I looked into a room as I walked by, and saw a good, old man, bleeding almost to death. I desired him imme-

immediately to ſnuff vinegar up his noſe, and apply it to his neck, face and temples. It was done: and the blood entirely ſtopped in leſs than two minutes.

The rain began about five, and did not intermit, till we came to Haworth: notwithſtanding which a multitude of people were gathered together at ten. In the afternoon I was obliged to go out of the church, abundance of people not being able to get in. The rain ceaſed, from the moment I came out, till I had finiſhed my diſcourſe. How many proofs muſt we have, that there is no petition too little, any more than too great for God to grant?

Mond. 28. I preached at Kighley: on Tueſ. at Bradford, which is now as quiet as Birſtal. Such a change has God wrought in the hearts of the people, ſince John Nelſon was in the dungeon here. My brother met me at Birſtal in the afternoon.

Wedneſ. 30. We began reading together, "A gentleman's reaſons for his diſſent from the church of England." It is an elaborate and lively tract, and contains the ſtrength of the cauſe. But it did not yield us one proof, that it is lawful for us, (much leſs our duty) to ſeparate from it.

* Thurſ. May 1. I finiſhed the "Gentleman's Reaſons," (who is a diſſenting miniſter at Exeter.) In how different a ſpirit does this man write,

write, from honeſt Richard Baxter! The one dipping, as it were, his pen in tears, the other in vinegar and gall. Surely one page of that loving, ſerious Chriſtian weighs more, than volumes of this bitter, ſarcaſtic jeſter.

Sund. 4. I preached at one, and again at five, to ſome thouſands at the foot of the hill. I believe this hollow would contain ſixty thouſand people, ſtanding one above another. And a clear, ſtrong voice might command them all: although if they ſtood upon a plain, I doubt whether any human voice could be diſtinctly heard by half the number.

Tueſday 6. Our conference began at Leeds. The point on which we deſired all the preachers to ſpeak their minds at large, was, "Whether we ought to ſeparate from the church?" Whatever was advanced on one ſide or the other, was ſeriouſly and calmly conſidered. And on the third day we were all fully agreed, in that general concluſion, That (whether it was *lawful* or not) it was no ways *expedient*.

Mond. 12. We rode (my wife and I) to Northallerton.

Tueſ. 13. I rode on to Newcaſtle. I did not find things here in the order I expected. Many were on the point of leaving the church, which ſome had done already: and, as they ſuppoſed

on

on my authority! O how much diſcord is cauſed by one jarring ſtring! How much trouble by one man, who does not walk by the ſame rule, and agree in the ſame judgment with his brethren!

May 18. Being Whitſunday, I preached about eight at Gateſhead-fell, and returned before the ſervice at St. Andrew's began. At the ſacrament many found an uncommon bleſſing, and felt God has not yet left the church.

In the following week I ſpake to the members of the ſociety ſeverally, and found far fewer than I expected prejudiced againſt the church: I think, not above forty in all. And I truſt the plague is now ſtayed.

Wedneſ. 21. I preached at Nafferton, near Horſley, about thirteen miles from Newcaſtle. We rode chiefly on the new weſtern-road, which lies on the old Roman wall. Some part of this is ſtill to be ſeen, as are the remains of moſt of the towers, which were built a mile diſtant from each other, quite from ſea to ſea. But where are the men of renown who built them, and who once made all the land tremble? Crumbled into duſt! Gone hence, to be no more ſeen, till the earth ſhall give up her dead!

Thurſday 22. Mr. Wardrobe, miniſter of Bathgate in Scotland, preached at the Orphan-houſe in the evening, to the no ſmall amazement and diſpleaſure of ſome of his zealous countrymen.

Saturday

Saturday 24. I preached at Sheephill. The cold drove us into the houſe, which being much crowded, was as hot as an oven. Riding afterwards in the keen north wind, it ſeized upon my breaſt immediately. However I made a ſhift to preach at Cheſter, and then went on to Sunderland.

Sunday 25. I preached at eight, tho' not without pain, not having recovered my voice. We had an uſeful ſermon at church. As ſoon as the ſacrament was over, I preached in the high-ſtreet (it being Trinity-ſunday) upon *There are three that bear record in heaven.* And my voice was ſo reſtored, that I could command the whole congregation tho' it was exceeding large.

Monday 26. I rode to Morpeth and preached in the market-place, to a ſmall, but quite congregation. In the evening I preached in the new room at Alnwick. But I could ſcarce be heard, my voice being very weak. In the morning it was ſtronger. So I preached with more eaſe at five. And then returned to Newcaſtle.

Thurſday 29. I had the pleaſure of ſeeing Mr. Gillies from Glaſgow. He preached for me in the evening, to the ſtill greater aſtoniſhment of the warm men, who "could never have thought it of him"! Shall we not have more and more cauſe to ſay,

"Names and ſects and parties fall;
"Thou, O Chriſt, art all in all."

Friday

Friday 30. I walked to the infirmary. It is finely ſituated on the top of the hill; and is the beſt ordered of any place of the kind I have ſeen in England. Nor did I ever ſee ſo much ſeriouſneſs in an hoſpital before; none were laughing or talking lightly: many were reading the bible. And when I talked to and prayed with one, the whole ward liſtened with deep attention.

Mon. June 1. I left Newcaſtle and came to Durham, juſt as Jacob Rowell had done preaching, or rather, attempting to preach, for the mob was ſo noiſy, that he was conſtrained to break off. I reached Oſmotherly in the evening, and found a large congregation waiting. I preached immediately, God renewing my ſtrength, and comforting my heart.

*Here I enquired of eye and ear-witneſſes, concerning what lately occurred in the neighbourhood. On Thurſday, March 25 laſt, being the week before Eaſter, many perſons obſerved a great noiſe near a ridge of mountains in Yorkſhire, called Black-hamilton. It was obſerved chiefly in the ſouth-weſt ſide of the mountain, about a mile from the courſe where the Hamilton races are run; near a ridge of rocks, commonly called Whitſon-cliffs or Whitſon-White-Mare, two miles from Sutton, about five from Thriſk.

The ſame noiſe was heard on Wedneſday by all who went that way. On Thurſday, about

about ſeven in the morning, Edward Abbot, weaver, and Adam Boſomworth bleacher, both of Sutton, riding under Whiſton-cliffs, heard a roaring (ſo they termed it) like many cannons, or loud and rolling thunder. It ſeemed to come from the cliffs, looking up to which, they ſaw a large body of ſtone, four or five yards broad, ſpilt and fly off from the very top of the rocks. They thought it ſtrange, but rode on. Between ten and eleven, a larger piece of the rock, about fifteen yards thick, thirty high, and between ſixty and ſeventy broad, was torn off and thrown into the valley.

About ſeven in the evening, one who was riding by, obſerved the ground to ſhake exceedingly, and ſoon after ſeveral large ſtones or rocks of ſome tons weight each, roſe out of the ground. Others were thrown on one ſide, others turned upſide-down, and many rolled over and over. Being a little ſurprized, and not very curious, he haſted on his way.

On Friday and Saturday the ground continued to ſhake, and the rocks to roll over one another. The earth alſo clave aſunder in very many places, and continued ſo to do till Sunday morning.

Being at Oſmotherly, ſeven miles from the cliffs, on Monday, June 1, and finding Edward Abbot there, I deſired him the next morning to ſhew me the way thither. I walked, crept and climbed round and over great part of the ruins.

I could

I could not perceive by any ſign, that there was ever any cavity in the rock at all; but one part of the ſolid ſtone is cleft from the reſt, in a perpendicular line, and ſmooth as if cut with inſtruments. Nor is it barely thrown down, but ſplit into many hundred pieces, ſome of which lie four or five hundred yards from the main rock.

The ground neareſt the cliff, is not raiſed, but ſunk conſiderably beneath the level. But at ſome diſtance it is raiſed in a ridge of eight or ten yards high, twelve or fifteen broad, and near an hundred long. Adjoining to this lies an oval piece of ground thirty or forty yards in diameter, which has been removed whole as it is, from beneath the cliff, without the leaſt fiſſure, with all its load of rocks, ſome of which were as large as the hull of a ſmall ſhip. At a little diſtance is a ſecond piece of ground, forty or fifty yards acroſs, which has been alſo tranſplanted intire, with rocks of various ſizes upon it, and a tree growing out of one of them. By the removal of one or both of theſe, I ſuppoſe the *hollow* near the cliff was made.

All round them lay ſtones and rocks, great and ſmall, ſome on the ſurface of the earth, ſome half ſunk into it, ſome almoſt covered, in variety of poſitions. Between theſe the ground was cleft aſunder, in a thouſand places. Some of the apertures were nearly cloſed again, ſome gaping as at firſt. Between thirty and forty acres

of

of land, as is commonly ſuppoſed, (though ſome reckon above ſixty) are in this condition.

On the ſkirts of theſe, I obſerved in abundance of places, the green turf (for it was paſture land) as it were pared off, two or three inches thick, and wrapt round, like ſheets of lead. A little farther it was not cleft or broken at all, but raiſed in ridges, five or ſix foot long, exactly reſembling the graves in a church-yard. Of theſe there is a vaſt number.

That part of the cliff from which the reſt is torn, lies ſo high and is now of ſo bright a colour, that it is plainly viſible to all the country round, even at the diſtance of ſeveral miles. We ſaw it diſtinctly not only from the ſtreet in Thirſk, but for five or ſix miles, as we rode towards York. So we did likewiſe, in the great North road, between Sandhutton and North-Allerton.

But how may we account for this phenomenon? Was it effected by a merely natural cauſe? If ſo, that cauſe muſt either have been fire, water or air. It could not be fire; for then ſome mark of it muſt have appeared, either at the time, or after it. But no ſuch mark does appear, nor ever did: not ſo much as the leaſt ſmoke, either when the firſt or ſecond rock was removed, or in the whole ſpace between Tueſday and Sunday.

It could not be water; for no water iſſued out, when the one or the other rock was torn off.

off. Nor had there been any rains ſome time before. It was in that part of the country a remarkable dry ſeaſon. Neither was there any cavity in that part of the rock, wherein a ſufficient quantity of water might have lodged. On the contrary, it was one, ſingle, ſolid maſs, which was evenly and ſmoothy cleft in ſunder.

There remains no other natural cauſe aſſignable, but impriſoned air. I ſay, *impriſoned:* for as to the faſhionable opinion, that the exterior air is the grand agent in earthquakes, it is ſo ſenſeleſs, unmechanical, unphiloſophical a dream, as deſerves not to be named, but to be exploded. But it is hard to conceive, how even impriſoned air could produce ſuch an effect. It might indeed *ſhake*, tear, raiſe or ſink the earth: but how could it cleave a ſolid rock? Here was not room for a quantity of it, ſufficient to do any thing of this nature: at leaſt unleſs it had been ſuddenly and violently expanded by fire, which was not the caſe. Could a ſmall quantity of air, without that violent expanſion, have torn ſo large a body of rock from the reſt, to which it adhered in one ſolid maſs? Could it have ſhivered this into pieces, and ſcattered ſeveral of thoſe pieces, ſome hundred yards round? Could it have tranſported thoſe promontories of earth, with their incumbent load, and ſet them down, unbroken, unchanged at a diſtance? Truly I am not ſo great a volunteer in faith, as to be able to believe this: he that ſuppoſes this,

muſt

muſt ſuppoſe air to be not only a very ſtrong, (which we allow) but a very wiſe agent: while it bore its charge with ſo great caution, as not to hurt or diſlocate any part of it.

What then could be the cauſe? What indeed, but God, who aroſe to ſhake terribly the earth: who purpoſely choſe ſuch a place, where there is ſo great a concourſe of nobility and gentry every year; and wrought in ſuch a manner, that many might ſee it and fear, that all who travel one of the moſt frequented roads in England, might ſee it, almoſt whether they would or no, for many miles together. It muſt likewiſe for many years, maugre all the art of man, and be a viſible monument of his power. All that ground being now ſo incumbered with rocks, and ſtones, that it cannot be either ploughed or grazed. Nor will it ſerve any uſe, but to tell all that ſee it, who can ſtand before this great God?

Hence we rode to Thirſk, where I met the little ſociety, and then went on to York. The people had been waiting for ſome time. So I began preaching without delay, and felt no want of ſtrength, though the room was like an oven through the multitude of people.

* Frid. 6. I read Dr. Sharp's elaborate tracts on the rubrics and canons. He juſtly obſerves, with regard to all theſe, 1. That our governors have power to diſpenſe with our obſervance of them; 2. That a *tacit* diſpenſation is of the ſame force with an *explicit* diſpenſation: 3. That their

continued

continued connivance at what they cannot but know, is a tacit diſpenſation. I think, this is true. But if it be, he has himſelf anſwered his own charge againſt the *Methodiſts* (ſo called.) For ſuppoſe the canons did forbid field-preaching, as expreſly as playing at cards and frequenting taverns, yet we have the very ſame plea for the former, as any clergyman has for the latter. All our governors, the king, the archbiſhop and biſhops, connive at the one, as well as the other.

Saturday 7. One of the reſidentiaries ſent for Mr. Williamſon, who had invited me to preach in his church, and told him, "Sir, I abhor perſecution: but if you let Mr. Weſley preach, it will be the worſe for you." He deſired it nevertheleſs: but I declined. Perhaps there is a providence in this alſo. God will not ſuffer my little remaining ſtrength to be ſpent on thoſe who will not hear me, but in an honourable way.

Sunday 8. We were at the minſter in the morning, and at our pariſh church in the afternoon. The ſame gentleman preached at both: but tho' I ſaw him at the church, I did not know I had ever ſeen him before. In the morning he was all life and motion: in the afternoon he was as quiet as a poſt. At five in the evening the rain conſtrained me to preach in the oven again. The patience of the congregation ſurprized me. They ſeemed not to feel the extreme

treme heat: nor to be offended at the close application of those words, *Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.*

Monday 9. I took my leave of the richest society, number for number, which we have in England. I hope this place will not prove (as Cork has for some time done) the capua of our preachers. When I came to Epworth, the congregation was waiting. So I went immediately to the Cross: and great was our *glorying in the Lord.*

Tuesday 10. I met the stewards of the Lincolnshire societies, who gave us an agreeable account of the work of God in every place.

Wednesday 11. I preached in a meadow at Misterton, to a larger congregation than ever met there before.

Thursday 12. At eight I preached at Clayworth, and at Rotherham in the evening. Here likewise was such a number of people assembled, as was never before seen in that town. Is not this one clear proof of the hand of God, that although the novelty of this preaching is over, yet the people flock to hear it in every place far more than when it was a new thing?

Friday 13. In the evening I preached at Sheffield. In the morning I examined the members of the society, and was agreeably surprized to find, that though none had visited them, since I did it myself, two years ago, yet they were rather

ther increaſed than diminiſhed in number, and many of them growing in grace.

Monday. 16. I preached in the evening at Nottingham, and on Thurſday afternoon reached London. From a deep ſenſe of the amazing work which God has of late years wrought in England, I preached in the evening on thoſe words Pſalm cxlvii. 20. *He hath not dealt ſo with any nation* : no, not even with Scotland or New England. In both theſe God has indeed made bare his arm ; yet not in ſo aſtoniſhing a manner as among us. This muſt appear to all who impartially conſider, 1. The numbers of perſons on whom God has wrought : 2. The ſwiftneſs of his work in many both convinced and truly converted in a few days : 3. The depth of it in moſt of theſe, changing the heart, as well as the whole converſation : 4. The clearneſs of it enabling them boldly to ſay, " thou haſt loved me, thou haſt given thyſelf for me." 5. The continuance of it. God has wrought in Scotland and New-England, at ſeveral times, for ſome weeks or months together. But among us, he has wrought for near eighteen years together, without any obſervable intermiſſion. Above all let it be remarked, that a conſiderable number of the regular clergy were engaged in that great work in Scotland ; and in New-England, above an hundred, perhaps as eminent as any in the whole province, not only for piety, but alſo for abilities both natural and acquired : Whereas in

England there were only two or three inconſiderable clergymen, with a few, young, raw unlettered men: and theſe oppoſed by will nigh all the clergy, as well as laity in the nation. He that remarks this muſt needs own, both that this is a work of God: and that *he hath not* wrought ſo *in any* other *nation.*

Monday 23. I was conſidering, What could be the reaſons why the hand of the Lord (who does nothing without a cauſe) is almoſt entirely ſtayed in Scotland, and in great meaſure in New England? It does not become us to judge peremptorily: but perhaps ſome of them may be theſe. 1. Many of them became *wiſe in their own eyes*: they ſeemed to think, they were the men, and there were none like them. And hence they refuſed God the liberty of ſending by whom he would ſend, and required him to work by men of learning, or not at all. 2. Many of them were *bigots*, immoderately attached either to their own opinions or mode of worſhip. Mr. Edwards himſelf was not clear of this. But the Scotch bigots were beyond all others; placing Arminianiſm (ſo called) on a level with deiſm, and the church of England with that of Rome. Hence they not only ſuffered in themſelves and their brethren a *bitter zeal*, but applauded themſelves therein: in ſhewing the ſame ſpirit againſt all who differed from them, as the papiſts did againſt our forefathers. 3. With pride, bitterneſs and bigotry, ſelf-indulgence

dulgence was joined: ſelf-denial was little taught and practiſed. 'Tis well if ſome of them did not deſpiſe, or even condemn all ſelf-denial in things indifferent, as in apparel or food, as nearly allied to popery. No marvel then that the Spirit of God was grieved. Let us profit by their example.

Tueſday 24. Obſerving in that valuable book, Mr. Gillies's hiſtorical collections, the cuſtom of Chriſtian congregations in all ages, to ſet apart ſeaſons of ſolemn thankſgivings; I was amazed and aſhamed that we had never done this, after all the bleſſings we had received. And many to whom I mentioned it gladly agreed, to ſet apart a day for that purpoſe.

Monday 30. I ſet out for Norwich and came thither the next evening. As a large congregation was waiting, I could not but preach, though weary enough. The two following days, I ſpoke to each member of the ſociety: and on Friday, July 4, took horſe again, though how I ſhould ride five miles, I knew not. But God ſo ſtrengthened both man and beaſt, that I reached Bury the ſame night, and London the next, far leſs tired, than when I ſet out from Norwich.

Monday 7. Was our firſt day of ſolemn thankſgiving, for the numberleſs ſpiritual bleſſings we have received. And I believe it was a day which will not ſoon be forgotten.

Thurſday 17. One ſpent the evening with us, who is accounted both a ſenſible and a reli-

gious man. What a proof of the fall! Even with all the advantages of a liberal education, this perſon, I will be bold to ſay, knows juſt as much of heart-religion, of ſcriptural Chriſtianity, the religion of love, as a child three years old of Algebra. How much then may we ſuppoſe a Turk or Heathen to know? Hardly more: perhaps juſt as much.

Tueſday 22. To oblige a friendly gentlewoman I was a witneſs to her will, wherein ſhe bequeathed part of her eſtate to charitable uſes; and part, during her natural life, to her dog Toby. I ſuppoſe, though ſhe ſhould die within the year her legacy to Toby may ſtand good. But that to the poor is null and void, by the ſtatute of Mortmain!

Sunday 27. I buried the body of Ephraim B——, once a pattern to all that believed. But from the time he left off faſting and univerſal ſelf-denial, in which none was more exemplary for ſome years, he ſunk lower and lower, 'till he had neither the power, nor the form of religion left. In the beginning of his illneſs he was in black deſpair. But much prayer was made for him. Toward the cloſe of it, it pleaſed God to reſtore to him the light of his countenance. So, I truſt, his backſliding only coſt him his life: and he may yet live with God for ever.

I was much affected about this time by a letter ſent from a gentleman in Virginia. Part of it runs thus. "The poor negro ſlaves here, never heard

heard of Jeſus or his religion, 'till they arrived at the land of their ſlavery in America, whom their maſters generally neglect, as though immortality was not the privilege of their ſouls in common with their own. Theſe poor Africans are the principal objects of my compaſſion, and I think the moſt proper ſubject of your charity.

" The inhabitants of Virginia are computed to be about 300,000 ; and the one half of them are ſuppoſed to be negroes. The number of theſe who attend on my miniſtry at particular times, is uncertain. But I think there are about three hunderd, who give a ſtated attendance. And never have I been ſo much ſtruck, with the appearance of an aſſembly, as when I have glanced my eye on one part of the houſe, adorned (ſo it has appeared to me) with ſo many black countenances, eagerly attentive to every word they heard, and ſome of them covered with tears. A conſiderable number of them, about an hundred, have been baptized, after they had been fully inſtructed in the great truths of religion, and had evidenced their ſenſe of them by a life of the ſtricteſt virtue. As they are not ſufficiently poliſhed, to diſſemble with a good grace, they expreſs the ſenſations of their hearts, ſo much in the language of ſimple nature, and with ſuch genuine indications of artleſs ſincerity, that it is impoſſible to ſuſpect their profeſſions, eſpecially when attended with a ſuitable behaviour.

" Mr. Todd, minifter of the next congregation, has near the fame number under his care. And feveral of them alfo, he informs me, difcover the fame ferioufnefs. Indeed there are multitudes of them in various parts, who are eagerly defirous of inftruction. They have generally very little help to read: and yet to my agreeable furprize, fundry of them, by dint of application, in their very few leifure hours, have made fuch a progrefs, that they are able to read their bible, or a plain author, very intelligibly. But few of their maflers will be at the expence of furnifhing them with books. I have fupplied them to the utmoft of my ability. They are exceedingly delighted with Watt's fongs. And I cannot but obferve that the negroes, above all of the human fpecies I ever knew, have the niceft ear for mufick. They have a kind of extatic delight in pfalmody: nor are there any books they fo foon learn, or take fo much pleafure in, as thofe ufed in that heavenly part of divine worfhip."

Sunday, Auguft 3. I dined with one who lived for many years with one of the moft celebrated beauties in Europe. She was alfo proud, vain and nice to a very uncommon degree. But fee the end! After a painful and naufeous difeafe, fhe rotted away above ground: and was fo offenfive for many days before fhe died, that fcarce any could bear to ftay in the room.

Monday

Mond. 4. Hearing my old friend, Mr. H——s, was now a beggar and forſaken of all, I called (after a ſeparation of ſixteen years) at his lodgings, to offer him any ſervice in my power. I was pleaſingly ſurprized, to find him reading the bible! But ſtill I am afraid all is not right. For the hand of God ſeems to be upon him ſtill: and his mind is ſo hurried he can ſettle to nothing. O what a pattern of holineſs and ſtability of mind was this very man, till he was ſtolen away by the men *whoſe words are ſmoother than oil.* But were they not to him *very ſwords?*

Wedneſ. 6. I mentioned to the congregation another means of increaſing ſerious religion, which had been frequently practiſed by our forefathers, and attended with eminent bleſſing: namely, the joining in a covenant to ſerve God, with all our heart and with all our ſoul. I explained this for ſeveral mornings following: and on Friday, many of us kept a faſt unto the Lord, beſeeching him to give us wiſdom and ſtrength, to *promiſe unto the Lord our God and keep it.*

Mond. 11. I explained once more the nature of ſuch an engagement, and the manner of doing it acceptable to God. At ſix in the evening we met for that purpoſe, at the French church in Spittalfields. After I had recited the tenor of the covenant propoſed, in the words of that bleſſed man, Richard Allen, all the people ſtood up, in teſtimony of aſſent, to the number of about

eighteen hundred perſons. Such a night I ſcarce ever ſaw before. Surely the fruit of it ſhall remain for ever.

Satur. 16. I buried the remains of a rough, honeſt, friendly man, Capt. Edward Stoteſbury. But the lion was become a lamb, before God took him to himſelf.

Sund. 17. I took my leave of the congregation in Moorfields, by applying thoſe awful words, *It is appointed for men once to die:* and early in the morning ſet out for Cornwall. In the evening I preached to a ſleepy congregation at Reading, on, *It is a fearful thing, to fall into the hands of the living God:* and to much ſuch another on Tueſday evening at Saliſbury, on *Harden not your hearts.*

On Wedneſ. 20. at noon I preached at Shaftſbury, to a much more lively people. In the afternoon both my fellow-traveller and I were fairly worn out. We betook ourſelves to prayer, and received ſtrength. Nor did we faint any more, till on Frid. 22. we reached Plymouth-dock. And I found myſelf far leſs weary then, than on Monday when I came to Colebrook.

Having ſpent two days comfortably, and I hope, uſefully, on Mond. 25. I rode over the mountains, cloſe by the ſea to Loo, a town near half ſo large as Iſlington, which ſends four members to the parliament! And each county in North-Wales ſends one! At Fowey a little company

company met us, and conducted us to Luxillian. Between six and seven I preached in what was once the court-yard of a rich and honourable man. But he and all his family are in the dust, and his very memory is almost perished. The congregation was large and deeply serious. But it was still larger on Tuesday evening, and several seemed to be cut to the heart. On Wednesday they flocked from all parts. And with what eagerness did they receive the word? Surely many of these last will be first!

Thurs. 28. I preached at St. Mewan's. I do not remember ever to have seen the yard in which I stood quite full before. But it would not now contain the congregation. Many were obliged to stand without the gate. At five in the morning I preached at St. Awstle's, to more than our room could contain. In the evening I was at St. Ewe. One or two felt the edge of God's sword, and sunk to the ground. And indeed it seemed as if God would suffer none to escape him; as if he both heard and answered our prayer,

"Dart into all the melting flame
Of love, and make the mountains flow."

Satur. 30. As I was riding through Truro, one stopped my horse, and insisted on my alighting. Presently two or three more of Mr. Walker's

ſociety came in: and we ſeemed to have been acquainted with each other many years. But I was conſtrained to break from them. About five, I found the congregation waiting, in a broad, convenient part of the ſtreet in Redruth: I was extreamly weary. And our friends were ſo glad to ſee me, that none once thought of aſking me to eat or drink. But my wearineſs vaniſhed when I began to ſpeak. Surely God is in this place alſo.

Sund. 31. Underſtanding there were many preſent, who did once run well, I preached at eight, (the rain ceaſing juſt in time) on, *How ſhall I give thee up, Ephraim?* Many endeavoured, but in vain, to hide their tears. I was agreeably ſurprized at church, to hear the prayers read, not only with delibeation, but with uncommon propriety. At one, the congregation was nearly double to what it was in the morning. And all were ſtill as night. Surely theſe are *patient* hearers: God grant they may be *fruitful* ones!

At five I preached in Gwenap, to ſeveral thouſands: but not one of them light or inattentive. After I had done the ſtorm aroſe, and the rain poured down, till about four in the morning. Then the ſky cleared, and many of them that feared God, gladly aſſembled before him.

Mond. September 1. I preached at Penryn, to abundantly more than the houſe could contain.

Tueſ.

Tuef. 2. We went to Falmouth. The town is not now what it was ten years ſince. All is quiet from one end to the other. I had thoughts of preaching on the hill near the church. But the violent wind made it impracticable: ſo I was obliged to ſtay in our own room. The people could hear in the yard likewiſe, and the adjoining houſes: and all were deeply attentive.

Wedneſ. 3. At four, Mrs. M. came into my room, all in tears, and told me, "She had ſeen, as it were, our Lord ſtanding by her, calling her by her name; and had ever ſince been filled with joy unſpeakable." Soon after came her ſiſter, in almoſt the ſame condition, and afterwards her neice: who likewiſe quickly melted into tears, and refuſed to be comforted. Which of theſe will endure to the end? Now at leaſt God is among them.

After preaching again to a congregation who now appeared ready to devour every word, I walked up to Pendennis caſtle, finely ſituated on the high point of land which runs out between the bay and the harbour, and commanding both. It might eaſily be made exceeding ſtrong. But our woodden caſtles are ſufficient.

In the afternoon we rode to Helſton, once turbulent enough, but now quiet as Penryn. I preached at ſix, on a riſing ground, about a muſket-ſhot from the town. Two drunken men ſtrove to interrupt: but one ſoon walked away.

The other leaned on his horſes neck and fell faſt aſleep.

What has done much good here, is the example of W——— T———. He was utterly without God in the world, when his father died, and left him a little eſtate, incumbered with huge debt. Seven or eight years ago he found peace with God. He afterwards ſold his eſtate, paid all his debts, and with what he had left, furniſhed a little ſhop. Herein God has bleſt him in an uncommon manner. Meantime all his behaviour is of a-piece: ſo that more and more of his neighbours ſay, "Well, this is a work of God!"

Thurſ. 4. In the evening, heavy rain began, juſt as I began to give out the hymn. But it ceaſed before I named my text. I ſpoke very plain, and it ſeemed to ſink into many hearts: as they ſhewed by attending at five in the morning; when we had another happy and ſolemn hour.

About noon, Frid. 5, I called on W. Row, in Breag, in my way to Newlin, "Twelve years ago," he ſaid, "I was going over Gulval-downs, and I ſaw many people together. And I aſked, what was the matter? And they told me, "A man was going to preach." And I ſaid, to be ſure it is ſome *mazed* man. But when I ſaw you, I ſaid, "Nay, this is no mazed man." And you preached on God's raiſing the dry bones. And from that time I could never reſt, till God was

pleaſed

pleaſed to breathe on *me*, and raiſe my dead ſoul!"

I had given no notice of preaching here. But ſeeing the poor people flock from every ſide, I could not ſend then empty away. So I preached at a ſmall diſtance from the houſe, and beſought them to conſider our *great High-prieſt, who is paſſed through into the heavens.* And none opened his mouth: for the lions of Breag too, are now changed into lambs. * That they were ſo fierce ten years ago is no wonder. Since their wretched miniſter told them from the pulpit (ſeven years before I reſigned my fellowſhip) "That John Weſley was expelled the college for a baſe child, and had been quite *mazed* ever ſince: that all the *Methodiſts* at their private ſocieties, put out the lights, &c." with abundance more of the ſame kind. But a year or two ſince, it was obſerved, he grew thoughtful and melancholy. And about nine months ago, he went into his own neceſſary houſe, and hanged himſelf!

When we came to Newlin we were informed, that a ſtrong, healthy man, was the morning before found dead in his bed. Many were ſtartled: ſo I endeavoured to deepen the impreſſion, by preaching on thoſe words, *There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wiſdom, in the grave whither thou goeſt.*

Satur. 6. In the evening I preached at St. Juſt. Except at Gwenap, I have ſeen no ſuch congregation

gation in Cornwall. The *ſun* (nor could we contrive it otherwiſe) ſhone full in my face, when I began the hymn. But juſt as I ended it, a cloud aroſe, which covered it till I had done preaching. Is any thing too ſmall for the providence of him, by whom our *very hairs are numbered*.

Sund. 7. Laſt year, a ſtrange letter, written at Penzance, was inſerted in the public papers. * To-day I ſpoke to the two perſons who occaſioned that letter. They are of St. Juſt's pariſh, ſenſible men, and no *Methodiſts*. The name of one is James Tregeer, of the other Thomas Sackerly. I received the account from James two or three hours before Thomas came. But there was no material difference. "In July was twelvemonth, they both ſaid, as they were walking from St. Juſt church town toward Sancreft, Thomas happening to look up, cried out, "James, look, look! What is that in the ſky?" The firſt appearance, as James expreſſed it was, three large columns of horſemen ſwiftly preſſing on, as in a fight, from ſouth-weſt to north-eaſt, a broad ſtreak of ſky being between each column. Sometimes they ſeemed to run thick together; then to thin their ranks. Afterward they ſaw a large fleet of three maſt ſhips, in full ſail toward the Lizard Point. This continued above a quarter of an hour. Then all diſappearing, they went on their way." The meaning of this, if it was real, (which I do not affirm) time only can ſhew.

I preached

I preached at eight in the morning and five in the afternoon and then haſtened to St. Ives. But we did not reach it, till between nine and ten. So I delayed viſiting Mr. K. till the morning. He is a young attorney, who for ſometime paſt, haſt frequently attended the preaching. On Saturday morning he fell raving mad. I never ſaw him till this morning. He ſung, and ſwore, and ſcreamed, and curſed, and blaſphemed, as if poſſeſſed by *legion*. But as ſoon as I came in, he called me by my name, and began to ſpeak. I ſat down on the bed, and he was ſtill. Soon after he fell into tears and prayer. We prayed with him, and left him calm for the preſent.

* Tueſ. 9. I deſired as many of our brethren as could, to obſerve Wedneſday the tenth as a day of faſting and prayer. Juſt as we were praying for him, (we were afterwards informed) he left off raving, and broke out, "Lord! How long? Wilt thou hide thy face for ever? All my bones are broken. Thy wrath lieth heavy upon me: I am in the loweſt darkneſs and in the deep. But the Lord *will* hear: he *will* rebuke thee, thou unclean ſpirit. He *will* deliver me out of thy hands." Many ſuch expreſſions he uttered for about half an hour, and then raved again.

Thurſ. 11. He was more outrageous than ever. But while we were praying for him in the evening, he ſunk down into a ſound ſleep, which continued

tinued for ten hours. Nor was he furious any more: although the time of deliverance was not come.

Satur. 13. I preached once more at St. Juſt, on the firſt ſtone of their new ſociety houſe. In the evening, as we rode to Cambourn, John Pearce of Redruth, was mentioning a remarkable incident. * While he lived at Helſton, as their claſs was meeting one evening, one of them cried, with an uncommon tone, "We will not ſtay here: we will go to ſuch an houſe," which was in a quite different part of the town. They all roſe immediately, and went; though neither they, nor ſhe, knew why. Preſently after they were gone, a ſpark fell into a barrel of gunpowder, which was in the next room, and blew up the houſe. So did God preſerve thoſe who truſted in him, and prevent the blaſphemy of the multitude.

Sund. 14. I preached about eight at Bray, to a very numerous congregation. And I believe God ſpoke to the hearts of many: of backſliders in particular. Soon after ten we went to Redruth church. A young gentlewoman in the next pew, who had been laughing and talking juſt before, while the confeſſion was reading ſeemed very uneaſy; then ſcreamed out ſeveral times, dropt down, and was carried out of church. Mr. Collins read prayers admirably well, and preached an excellent ſermon, on, *Chriſt alſo ſuffered, leaving*

leaving us an example, that we ſhould tread in his ſteps.

At one I preached on faith, hope, and love. I was ſurprized at the behaviour of the whole multitude. At length God ſeems to be moving on all their hearts. About five I preached at St. Agnes, where all received the truth in love, except two or three, who ſoon walked away. Thence I rode on to St. Cuthbert. At noon I was much tired. But I was now as freſh as in the morning.

* Mond. *15*. We walked an hour near the ſea-ſhore, among thoſe amazing caverns, which are full as ſurprizing as Poole's-Hole, or any other in the Peak of Derbyſhire. Some part of the rock in theſe natural vaults, glitters as bright and ruddy as gold. Part is a fine ſky-blue: part green, part enamel'd, exactly like mother of pearl: and a great part, eſpecially near the Holy Well, (which bubbles upon the top of a rock, and is famous for curing either ſcorbutic or ſcrophulous diſorders) is cruſted over, wherever the water runs, with an hard white coat, like alabaſter.

At ſix in the evening I preached at Port Iſaac. The next day I rode to Camelford, and preached in the market-place about ſix, on, *Ye muſt be born again*. Some were much afraid there would be diſturbance. But the whole congregation was quiet and attentive.

Thurſ.

Thurſ. 18. Juſt as we came in at Lanceſton, the heavy rain began. Between five and ſix I preached in a gentleman's dining-room, capable of containing ſome hundreds of people. At five in the morning I preached in the Town-hall, and ſoon after took my leave of Cornwall.

Frid. 19. In the evening I reached North Moulton. But being wet and tired, and the people not having notice, I did not preach till the next morning. A few, I found, ſtand ſtedfaſt here alſo, though a neighbouring gentleman, has threatened them much, unleſs they will leave this way, has turned many out of their work or farms, and headed the mob in perſon.

On Saturday evening I preached at Tiverton, to a well eſtabliſhed people.

Sund. 21. I rode to Collumpton, where the miniſter preached an excellent, practical ſermon. At one I preached on the parable of the ſower; and about five in the market-houſe at Tiverton. The congregation were larger than for ſome years. Yet all behaved as though they really deſired to ſave their ſouls.

Mond. 22. It rained the greater part of the day, which leſſened the congregation at Charlton.

Tueſ. 23. We walked up to Glaſtonbury-Tower, which a gentleman is now repairing. It is the ſteeple of a church, the foundation of which is ſtill diſcernible. On the weſt ſide of the

the tower there are niches for images, one of which, as big as the life, is ſtill entire. The hill on which it ſtands is extremely ſteep, and of an uncommon height, ſo that it commands the country on all ſides, as well as the Briſtol channel. I was weary enough when we came to Briſtol. But I preached till all my complaints were gone. And I had now a little leiſure to ſit ſtill, and finiſh the *Notes on the Teſtament.*

Friday, October 3. I rode over to Pill, a place famous from generation to generation, even as Kingſwood itſelf, for ſtupid, brutal, abandoned wickedneſs. But what is all the power of the world and the devil, when the day of God's power is come? Many of the inhabitants now ſeem deſirous of turning from the power of Satan to God.

Sunday 5. I preached on the ſouth-weſt ſide of Briſtol. I ſuppoſe a conſiderable part of the congregation had hardly ever heard a ſermon in the open air before. But they were all, rich and poor, ſerious and attentive. No rudeneſs is now at Briſtol.

Thurſday 9. I preached on the Green, near Pill, to a large and ſerious congregation. It rained moſt of the time; but none went away, altho' there were many genteel hearers.

Wedneſday 15. I preached at Bath. Even here a few are joined together, and hope they ſhall be ſcattered no more.

I dined with ſome ſerious perſons, in a large, ſtately

ſtately houſe, ſtanding on the brow of a delightful hill. In this paradiſe they live in eaſe, in honour, and in elegant abundance. And this they *call retiring from the world!* What would Gregory Lopez have called it?

In the evening the ſociety met at Briſtol. I had cautioned again and again, that no perſon would come who had not calmly and deliberately reſolved, to give himſelf up to God. But I believe not ten of them were wanting. And we now ſolemnly and of ſet purpoſe, by our own free act and deed, jointly agreed, to take the Lord for our God. I think, it will not ſoon be forgotten; I hope, not to all eternity.

Monday 20. I left Briſtol; and taking ſeveral ſocieties in the way, on Thurſday 23, preached at Reading. Several ſoldiers were there, and many more the next night, when I ſet before them *the terrors of the Lord.* And I ſcarce ever ſaw ſo much impreſſion made, on this dull, ſenſeleſs people.

Saturday 25. I reached London, notwithſtanding all the forebodings of my friends, in at leaſt as good health as I left it.

Sunday 26. I entered upon my London-duty, reading prayers, preaching and giving the ſacrament, at Snow-fields in the morning; preaching and giving the ſacrament at noon, in Weſt-ſtreet chappel; meeting the leaders at three, burying a corpſe at four, and preaching at five in the afternoon.

noon. Afterwards I met the ſociety, and concluded the day with a general love-feaſt.

Monday 27. We ſet out for Leigh in Eſſex. But being hindered a little in the morning, the night came on without either moon or ſtars, when we were about two miles ſhort of Raleigh. The ruts were ſo deep and uneven, that the horſes could ſcarce ſtand, and the chaiſe was continually in danger of overturning: ſo that my companions thought it beſt, to walk to town tho' the road was both wet and dirty. Leaving them at Raleigh, I took horſe again. It was ſo throughly dark, that we could not ſee our horſes heads. However by the help of him to whom the night ſhineth as the day, we hit every turning, and without going a quarter of a mile out of our way, before nine came to Leigh.

Wedneſday 29. I returned to London. In my ſcraps of time on this and two or three other days I read over (what I had often heard much commended) Lord Anſon's Voyage. What pity he had not a better hiſtorian? One who had eyes to ſee, and courage to own, the hand of God.

Thurſday, November 5, Mr. Whitefield called upon me; diſputings are now no more. We love one another and join hand in hand, to promote the cauſe of our common maſter.

In the afternoon I buried the remains of Samuel Larwood who died of a fever on Sunday morning; deeply convinced of his unfaithfulneſs, and yet hoping to find mercy. He had lately

lately taken and repaired a building in Southwark, called by the venerable men who built it, *Zoar*. His executor offering it to me, on the evening of Friday 6. that ſolemn day, which we obſerved with faſting and prayer for our king and country, I preached there to a large and quiet congregation. But moſt of them appeared wild enough. And ſuch were we, till grace made the difference.

* Monday 10. I preached at the Wells. And I did not wonder, that God gave an uncommon bleſſing, to thoſe who then aſſembled in his name, conſidering the difficulties they had broke through. The froſt was very ſevere, accompanied with ſuch a fog, as perhaps the oldeſt man there never ſaw before. The lamps could not be ſeen acroſs the ſtreet, and hardly the ground by thoſe who had lights in their hands. Many loſt their way, when they were juſt at their own doors. And it was almoſt as hard to breathe as to ſee. How eaſy is it for God to puniſh a ſinful nation, even without employing an arm of fleſh?

* Monday 17. As we were walking towards Wapping, the rain poured down with ſuch violence, that we were obliged to take ſhelter till it abated. We then held on to Gravel-lane: in many parts of which the waters were like a river. However we got on pretty well, till the rain put out the candle in our lanthern. We then were obliged to wade through all, till we came to the chappel-

chappel-yard. Juſt as we entered it, a little ſtreak of lightning appeared in the ſouth-weſt. There was likewiſe a ſmall clap of thunder, and a vehement burſt of rain, which ruſhed ſo plentifully through our ſhattered tiles, that the veſtry was all in a float. Soon after I began reading prayers, the lightning flamed all round it, and the thunder rolled juſt over our heads. When it grew louder and louder, perceiving many of the ſtrangers to be much affrighted, I broke off the prayers, after the collect, "Lighten our darkneſs we beſeech thee, O Lord," and began applying, *The Lord ſitteth above the water-flood*; *the Lord remaineth a king for ever.* Preſently the lightning, thunder and rain ceaſed, and we had a remarkable calm evening.

* It was obſerved, that exactly at this hour, they were acting Macbeth, in Drury-Lane: and juſt as the mock-thunder began, the Lord began to thunder out of heaven. For a while it put them to a ſtand. But they ſoon took courage and went on. Otherwiſe it might have been ſuſpected, that the fear of God had crept into the very theatre!

Tueſday 18. We had a ſolemn watch-night at Zoar.

Wedneſ. 26. Being much importuned thereto, I wrote "Serious thoughts on the earthquake at Liſbon:" directed, not as I deſigned at firſt, to the ſmall vulgar, but the great: to the learned,

learned, rich and honourable Heathens, commonly called Chriſtians.

Tueſday, Dec. 2. I received a remarkable letter, part of which I have here ſubjoined.

" It might be ſtrange, Sir, that I whom you have no perſonal knowledge of, ſhould write with the freedom I am now going to take. But I truſt, you deſire as much to inſtruct, as I to be inſtructed. I have long laboured under a diſeaſe, which comes the neareſt to that which is named ſcepticiſm. I rejoice at one time, in the belief, that the religion of my country is true. But how tranſient my joy! While my buſy imagination ranges through nature, books and men, I often drop into that horrible pit of deiſm, and in vain bemoan my fall. The two main ſprings which alternately move my ſoul to theſe oppoſite opinions are, firſt, Can it be, that the great God of the boundleſs univerſe, containing many thouſand better worlds than this, ſhould become incarnate here, and die on a piece of wood?" There I looſe my belief of Chriſtianity.

* But on the other hand I think, well, let me examine the fitneſs of things which deiſm boaſts of. And certain it is, I diſcern nothing but beauty and wiſdom in the inanimate parts of the creation. But how is the animate ſide of nature! It ſhocks me with powerful cruelty, and bleeding innocence. I cannot call the earth (as Fontenelle does) " A great rolling globe, covered over with fools:" but rather, a great rolling globe,

globe, covered over with ſlaughter-houſes: where few beings can eſcape but thoſe of the butcher-kind, the lion, wolf, or tyger. And as to man himſelf, he is undoubtedly the ſupreme lord, nay, the uncontrolable tyrant of this globe. Yet ſurvey him in a ſtate of deiſm, and I muſt pronounce him a very poor creature. He is then a kind of jack-catch, an executioner-general. He may, nay he muſt deſtroy, for his own ſubſiſtence, multitudes of beings that have done him no wrong. He has none of that heavenly power to reſtore life. And can he be fond of the permiſſion to take it away? One who like me, is ſubject to the tender paſſions, will never be proud of this.

No dying brute I view in anguiſh here,
But from my melting eye deſcends a tear.

The very beaſts are entitled to my compaſſion; but who can expreſs the anxieties I feel, for the afflictions ſuſtained by virtuous men, and my abhorrence of the cruel? yet in deiſm I can diſcern no reward for the one, or puniſhment for the other. On this view of things, the Caſtilian king might well ſay, "He could have directed God to amend his creation."

* I think upon the whole, the God of wiſdom would not have made a world, ſo much in want of a redeemer as this, and not give it one: there-

fore at preſent, I am again a Chriſtian. O that the ſon of God would confirm me his! As yet my ſoul is like a weather-beaten bird, that hovers over the great ocean, tired and afraid of dropping: death and eternity are ready to receive it, the pleaſant land is out of ſight, hid by fogs and miſts, and the way unknown, to gain the happy groves.

I was formerly apt to mention my ſcepticiſm, both to clergymen and laymen, with a view of leſſening the evil. But they rather increaſed it. Few clergymen cared to diſcourſe on the ſubject: and if they did, they generally expected, that a few weak reaſons ſhould eradicate at once ſtrong and deep-rooted prejudices. And moſt layman diſcovered an utter ignorance of the religion they pretended to believe; and looked upon me as if I had the plague, for owning I did not believe it. What method could I take? I long avoided ſpeaking of religion to any but its great author: who I hope, has at laſt led me to one that is capable of removing my ſpiritual darkneſs. May the giver of all goodneſs reward you in that day when (according to the prophet Daniel) *The wiſe ſhall ſhine as the brightneſs of the firmement, and they that turn many to righteouſneſs as the ſtars for ever!*"

Friday 12. As I was returning from Zoar, I came, as well as uſual to Moorfields, but there my ſtrength entirely failed, and ſuch a faintneſs, and wearineſs

weariness seized me, that it was with difficulty I got home. I could not but think, how happy it would be (suppose we were ready for the bridegroom) to sink down and steal away at once, without any of the hurry and pomp of dying! Yet it is happier still, to glorify God, in our death, as well as our life.

About this time I received a serious, sensible letter, the substance of which was as follows.

"Scarce any nation passes a century, without some remarkable fluctuation. How should it be otherwise? For how can that be perpetually stable, wherein man, full of instability, is principally concerned? It is certain therefore, that all the quiet in a nation is ordered by divine wisdom; as all the confusions and convulsions are permitted by divine justice. Let us view the present state of Great-Britain in this light: resting assured, that all which befalls us, is intended to promote our good, in this world, and that which is to come.

"This land is ripe for judgments. How few are there herein, who even intend to please God in all they do? and all besides are subjects of divine wrath. For all who live without any regard to God, are wilful sinners against God, and every hour liable to the stroke of his offended justice.

"And what shall these do, when visited by the sword, the plague, the famine, or the furious

Elements? O that they would turn to God, thro' the Saviour of ſinners! Surely then they would find mercy! Yea, and probably ſee the ſalvation of God, even in the land of the living.

" But what ſhall the Chriſtians do in the time of public calamitites? Be ſtill, look up, and follow providence. Be ſtill, O my ſoul in the midſt of tumults and the diſtreſs of nations. Take no comfort in any thing but in the conſciouſneſs of divine love. Liſten to his voice and quietly wait to ſee the hand of God over all. If you are uncertain what to do, look up, and expect wiſdom from above. If you fear, look up for courage and faith to act well on all occaſions. If the ſword is at your throat, look up for ſubmiſſion to the wiſe and gracious will of God. Look up for power to pray without ceaſing, and in every thing to give thanks. *Follow providence.* Do not run *before* but *after* the hand that leads the ſimple-hearted, with a ſteddy attention, and a determinate purpoſe to do what is pleaſing to him.

* " But what ſhall the Chriſtians do, if the ſtorm come, if our country be actually *invaded?* The general anſwer muſt be the ſame, be ſtill; look up: follow providence. A particular anſwer is hard to give yet. Only ſo far one may ſay, 1. We muſt take great care of our ſpirits. If we ſink into the world's fears or joys, we ſhall loſe our hold on God. The ſpirit of the Chriſtians

tians and the ſpirit of the world are entirely different. They can never agree in what appertains to the work of God, either in his diſpenſations of grace or juſtice. 2. Every one ſhould deeply conſider, what he is called to. Some may think it would be a ſin to defend themſelves. Happy are they, if they can refrain from judging or condemning thoſe that are of a different perſuaſion. Certain it is, ſome have fought and died in a juſt cauſe, with a conſcience void of offence. To ſome therefore it may be matter of duty, to repel the common enemy. 3. They who believe they are called to this, ſhould proceed in all things in a Chriſtian ſpirit. They ſhould if poſſible join in one body. They ſhould endeavour to avoid triffling company and converſation. They ſhould learn the exerciſe with prayers and hymns. But who of us is ſufficient for theſe things?"

Sunday 14. The minds of many people being deeply affected with a proſpect of public calamities, I explained thoſe comfortable words in the firſt leſſon, Iſa. xxvi. 20. *Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and ſhut thy doors about thee: hide thyſelf as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpaſt.*

Tueſday 16. I ſet out for Lewiſham, appointing one to meet me with my horſe at the Stones-end. But he miſtook his way, and ſo left me to walk on, in my boots and great coat. When

I came within a quarter of a mile of Lewiſham-bridge, a coach drove ſwiftly by me. I wondered why the coachman ſtopped, till he called, and deſired me to come up to him. The reaſon then appeared: the low grounds were quite covered with water, ſo that I could not have attempted to reach the bridge, without hazarding my life.

* Tueſday 23. I was in the robe-chamber, adjoining to the houſe of lords, when the king put on his robes. His brow was much furrowed with age, and quite clouded with care. And is this all the world can give even to a king? All the grandeur it can afford? A blanket of Ermin round his ſhoulders, ſo heavy and cumberſome he can ſcarce move under it! An huge heap of borrowed hair, with a few plates of gold and glittering ſtones upon his head! Alas, what a bauble is human greatneſs? And even this will not endure! Cover the head with ever ſo much hair and gold: yet

Scit te Proſerpina canum;
Perſonam capiti detrahet illa tuo.

January 1, 1756. We had a large congregation at four in the morning. How much are men divided in their expectations, concerning the enſuing year? Will it bring a large harveſt of temporal calamities? Or of ſpiritual bleſſings? Perhaps

Perhaps of both: of temporal afflictions preparatory to ſpiritual bleſſings.

Monday 5. This week I wrote "An addreſs to the clergy;" which, conſidering the ſituation of public affairs, I judged would be more ſeaſonable and more eaſily borne, at this time than at any other.

* Wedneſday 14. Mr, Walſh wrote me as follows:

Rev. and very dear Sir,

"In Mr. Booker's letter are many palpable falſhoods. But what exaſperated him ſo, he does not tell. It was my oppoſing his Arian principles: my telling him, I had the ſame arguments to prove the divinity of Chriſt, as to prove the Godhead of the Father. 1. The Father is called God אל: ſo is the Son, Iſ. ix. 6. 2. The Father is called אלהים. So is the Son, Hoſ. i. 7. The Father is called יהוה: ſo is the Son, Hoſ. i. 7. The Father is ſaid to be *from everlaſting*. So the Son is called אב יעד, Iſ. ix. 6. Not, the *everlaſting Father*: but *the Father* or *author of eternity*. 4. The Father is ſaid to create all things. So is the Son, Jo. i. and Col. i. 5. The Father is ſaid to be Almighty: ſo is the Son. 6. The Father is omnipreſent: ſo is the ſon, Mat. xx. 18. 7. The Father is omniſcient; ſo is the Son. Rev. ii. 7. The Father forgives ſins: ſo does the Son, Mark ii. 8. The Father is judge of all: ſo is the Son.

"But ſtill he diſputed, whether any man

ſhould pray to Chriſt? I gave theſe reaſons for it. 1. All men are bound to *honour* the Son, *as they honour the Father*. But we are to honour the Father, by praying to him. Therefore we ſhould ſo honour the Son. 2. God commands, *Let all the angels of God worſhip him*. This is done, Rev. v. And it is certain praiſe and thankſgiving, are ſuperior rather than inferior to prayer. 3. St. Paul prayed to him, 2 Cor. xii. 8, 9. 4. St. Stephen prayed to him, Acts vii. 59. (The word, God, is not in the original.) 3. All believers in the apoſtolic age prayed to him, 1 Cor. i. 2. For what is, to *call upon his name*, but to pray to him?

"When he could not anſwer theſe reaſons, he called them cant, and ſaid "Much learning has made thee mad." What he calls "Contempt," was confronting him with ſcripture and reaſon, in defence of the Godhead of Chriſt. I acknowledge, I have been an oppoſer of Arianiſm, ever ſince I knew what it was: but eſpecially ſince my late illneſs, during which I had ſuch glorious evidences of the eternal power and Godhead of my great Redeemer. I bleſs God, I love Mr. B—— as well as all mankind. But it grieves me to ſee the people led in the high road to hell, inſtead of heaven: eſpecially at a time which calls upon all, to awake and *prepare to meet their God*."

Saturday

Saturday 17. And in the ſpare hours of the following days I read over Mr. Pike's Philoſophia Sacra, a treatiſe admirably well wrote, by an ingenious man, who ſays all that can be ſaid, for Mr. Hutchinſon's hypotheſis. But it is only an hypotheſis ſtill; much *ſuppoſition*, and little *proof*.

Monday 26. I rode to Canterbury and preached in the evening to ſuch a congregation as I never ſaw there before. In which were abundance of the ſoldiers, and not a few of their officers.

Wedneſday 28. I preached about noon at Dover, to a very ſerious, but ſmall congregation. We afterwards walked up to the Caſtle, on the top of a mountain. It is an amazingly fine ſituation. And from hence we had a clear view of that vaſt piece of the cliff, which a few days ago divided from the reſt, and fell down upon the beach.

* Friday 30. In returning to London, I read the life of the late Czar, Peter the Great. Undoubtedly he was a ſoldier, a general, and a ſtateſman, ſcarce inferior to any. But why was he called a *Chriſtian?* What has Chriſtianity to do either with deep diſſimulation or ſavage cruelty?

Friday, February 6. The faſt-day was a glorious day; ſuch as London has ſcarce ſeen ſince the reſtoration. Every church in the city was

more than full: and a solemn seriousness sat on every face. Surely God heareth the prayer: and there will yet be *a lengthening of our tranquility.*

* Even the Jews observed this day with a peculiar solemnity. The form of prayer which was used in their synagogue, began, "Come, and let us return unto the Lord; for he hath torn and he will heal us:" and concluded with those remarkable words: "Incline the heart of our sovereign lord King George, as well as the hearts of his lords and counsellors, to use us kindly, and all our brethren, the children of Israel: that in his days and in our days we may see the restoration of Judah, and that Israel may dwell in safety, and the Redeemer may come to Zion. May it be thy will! And we all say, Amen."

Monday 23. I paid another visit to Canterbury, but came in too late to preach.

Tuesday 24. Abundance of soldiers and many officers came to the preaching. And surely the fear and the love of God will prepare them either for death or victory.

Wednesday 25. I dined with Col. —— who said, "No men fight like those who fear God: I had rather command five hundred such, than any regiment in his Majesty's army."

Thursday 22. I had so severe a cold, that I could hardly speak to be heard. However I preached

preached morning and evening as I could, and the next day returned to London.

Monday March 1. I ſet out for Briſtol. Some time after, I received the copy of another letter, dated March 2, from the Rev. Mr. Davies in Virginia, part of which I have ſubjoined.

" When the books arrived, I gave public notice after ſermon, and deſired ſuch negroes as could read, and ſuch white people as would make good uſe of them, and were not able to buy, to come to my houſe. For ſome time after, the poor ſlaves, whenever they could get an hour's leiſure, hurried away to me, and received them with all the genuine indication of paſſionate gratitude. All the books were very acceptable, but none more ſo than the pſalms and hymns, which enabled them to gratify their peculiar taſte for pſalmody. Sundry of them lodged all night in my kitchen. And ſometimes when I have awaked, at two or three in the morning, a torrent of ſcared pſalmody has poured into my chamber. In this exerciſe ſome of them ſpend the whole night.

" The good effects of this chairty are already apparent. It convinces the heathen, that however careleſs about religion the generality of the white people are, yet there are ſome, who think it a matter of importance. It has excited ſome of their maſters to emulation, and they are aſhamed, that ſtrangers on the other ſide the Atlan-

tic ocean, ſhould be at ſuch pains to teach their domeſtics, while themſelves are negligent about it. Such of the negroes as can read already, are evidently improving in knowledge. It has excited others to learn to read: for as I give books to none but ſuch as can read, they conſider them as a reward for their induſtry. And I am told, that in almoſt every houſe in my congregation, and in many other places they ſpend every leiſure hour, in endeavouring to learn. Many do this from a ſincere deſire to know the will of God; And if ſome ſhould do it from the meaner principle of vanity or curioſity, yet I cannot but rejoice, that it renders them the more capable of receiving inſtruction. To all this I may add, that the very diſtributing theſe books gives me an opportunity of ſpeaking ſeriouſly, and with particular application to many who would not otherwiſe come in my way.

* "There are thouſands of negroes in this colony, who ſtill continue in the groſſeſt ignorance, and are as rank Pagans now, as they were in the wilds of Africa. Not a few of theſe are within the bounds of my congregation. But all are not of this character. Upon ſome my miniſtry of late has been ſucceſsful. Two Sunday's ago I had the pleaſure of ſeeing forty of their black faces at the Lord's table, ſeveral of whom give unuſual evidence of their ſincerity in religion. Laſt Sunday, I baptized ſeven or eight, who

who had been catechized for ſome time. Indeed many of them appear determined to preſs into the kingdom, and I am perſwaded will find an abundant entrance, when many of the children of the kingdom are ſhut out.

" I have diſtributed ſome of the books among the poor white people, with a charge to circulate them among ſuch of their neighbours, as would ſeriouſly read them, that they might be as extenſively ſerviceable as poſſible. And ſome of them have ſince diſcovered to me, what ſolemn impreſſions they received in reading them.

" I ſent a few of each ſort to my friend Mr. Wright, miniſter of Cumberland, about ninety miles hence, where there are not a few negroes thoughtful about Chriſtianity, and ſundry real converts. And he informs me they have met with a very agreeable and promiſing reception. He takes much pains in inſtructing them, and has ſet up two or three ſchools among them: where they attend on Sundays, before and after ſermon; for they have no other leiſure time."

Wedneſ. 3. I found Briſtol all in a flame, voters and non-voters being ready to tear each other in pieces. I had not recovered my voice, ſo as either to preach, or ſpeak to the whole ſociety: but I deſired thoſe members who were freemen, to meet me by themſelves: whom I mildly and lovingly informed how they ought to act in this hour

hour of temptation. And I believe the far greater part of them received, and profited by the advice.

Thurf. 11. I rode to Pill, and preached to a large and attentive congregation. A great part of them were feafaring men. In the middle of my difcourfe, a prefs-gang landed from a man of war, and came up to the place. But after they had liftened a while, they went quietly by, and moleſted no body.

Mond. 15. I rode to the Old Paſſage. But finding we could not pafs, we went to Purton, which we reached about four in the afternoon. But we were no nearer ſtill: for the boat-men lived the other ſide, and the wind was ſo high, we could not poſſibly make them hear. However we determined to wait awhile: and in a quarter of an hour, they came of their own accord. We reached Coleford before ſeven, and found a plain, loving people, who received the word of God with all gladneſs.

Tueſ. 16. Examining the little ſociety, I found them grievouſly harraſſed by diſputations. Baptiſts on one ſide and quakers on the other. And hereby five or ſix perſons have been confuſed. But the reſt cleave ſo much the cloſer together. Nor does it appear, that there is now one trifler, much leſs a diſorderly walker among them.

* Wedneſ. 17. I learned the particulars of that

ſurprizing ſtorm, which was here the year before laſt. It began near Cheltenham, on June 14, 1754, and paſſed on over Coleford, in a line about three miles broad. It was rain mixt with hail. The hail broke all the windows it had accefs to, ſtript all the trees both of fruit and leaves, and deſtroyed every green thing. Many of the ſtones were as large as hen-eggs; ſome were fourteen or fifteen inches round. The rain occaſioned ſuch a torrent of water in the ſtreet, as bore away man and beaſt. A mile or two farther it joined with the waters of a mill-dam, which it broke down, and carried away ſeveral houſes. How frequent would *accidents* of this kind be, if chance, not God, governed the world?

Thurſ. 18. We rode through hard rain to Brecknock, and came juſt at the hour appointed for preaching. The Town-hall, in which I was deſired to preach, is a large and commodious place: and the whole congregation (one poor gentleman excepted) behaved with ſerioufneſs and decency.

Frid. 19. I rode over to Howell Harris at Trevecka, though not knowing how to get any further. But he helped us out of our difficulties, offering to ſend one with us, who would ſhew us the way, and bring our horſes back. So I then determined to go on to Holy-head, after ſpending a day or two at Brecknock.

Satur. 20. It being the day appointed for the juſtices

juſtices and commiſſioners to meet, the town was extremely full. And curioſity (if no better motive) brought moſt of the gentlemen to the preaching. Such another opportunity could not have been, of ſpeaking to all the rich and great of the county. And they all appeared to be ſerious and attentive. Perhaps one or two may lay it to heart.

Sund. 21. I delayed preaching till nine, for the ſake of the tender and delicate ones. At two we had near the whole town, and God reſerved the great bleſſing for the laſt. Afterward we rode to Trevecka. But our guide was ill. So in the morning we ſet out without him.

Before I talked with him myſelf, I wondered H. Harris did not go out and preach as uſual. But he now informed me, he preached till he could preach no longer, his conſtitution being entirely broken. While he was thus confined, he was preſt in ſpirit, to build a large houſe, though he knew not why or for whom. But as ſoon as it was built, men, women and children, without his ſeeking, came to it from all parts of Wales. And except in the caſe of the orphan-houſe at Hall, I never heard of ſo many ſignal interpoſitions of divine Providence.

Mond. 22. It continued fair, till we came to Builth, where I preached to the uſual congregation. Mr. Phillips then guided us to Royader, about fourteen Engliſh miles. It ſnowed hard behind

hind us and on both ſides, but not at all where we were.

Tueſ. 23. When we took horſe, there was nothing to be ſeen but a waſte of white, the ſnow covered both hills and vales. As we could ſee no path, it was not without much difficulty, as well as danger, that we went on. But between ſeven and eight the ſun broke out, and the ſnow began to melt. So we thought all our difficulty was over, till about nine the ſnow fell faſter than ever. In an hour, it changed into hail, which as we rode over the mountains drove violently in our face. About twelve this turned into hard rain, followed by an impetuous wind. However we puſhed on through all, and before ſunſet came to Dollygelle.

Here we found every thing we wanted except ſleep, of which we were deprived by a company of drunken, roaring ſea-captains, who kept poſſeſſion of the room beneath us, till between two and three in the morning. So that we did not take horſe tillafter ſix: and then we could make no great ſpeed, the froſt being exceeding ſharp, and much ice in the road. Hence we were not able to reach Tannabull, till between eleven and twelve. An honeſt Welchman here gave us to know (though he ſpoke no Engliſh) that he was juſt going over the ſands. So we haſtened on with him, and by that means came in good time to Carnarvon.

* Here we paſt a quiet and comfortable night, and

and took horſe about ſix in the morning. Suppoſing after we had rode near an hour, that a little houſe on the other ſide was the ferry-houſe, we went down to the water, and called amain: but we could not procure any anſwer. In the mean time it began to rain hard, though the wind was extremely high. Finding none would come over, we went to a little church which ſtood near, for ſhelter. We had waited about an hour, when a woman and girl came into the churchyard, whom I did not mind, ſuppoſing they could ſpeak no Engliſh. They were following a ſheep, which ran cloſe to us. I then aſked, "Is not this Baldon-ferry?" The girl anſwered, "Baldon-ferry! No. The ferry is two miles further." So we might have called long enough. When we came to Baldon, the wind fell, the ſky cleared up, the boat came over without delay, and ſoon landed us in Angleſey. On our way to Holy-head, one met and informed us, the packet ſailed the night before. I ſaid, "Perhaps it may carry me for all that." So we puſhed on and came thither in the afternoon. The packet did ſail the night before, and got more than half ſea over. But the wind turning againſt them and blowing hard, they were glad to get back this afternoon.

I ſcarce ever remember ſo violent a ſtorm as blew all the night long. The wind continued contrary the next day.

Sund. 27. About nine in the morning, I ſpent ſome

ſome time with a few ſerious people, and gave notice of preaching at four in the afternoon, as ſoon as the evening ſervice was ended. It began ſoon after three: ten minutes before four Mr. E. began catechizing the children in Welſh. I ſtayed till after five. As there was no ſign of his concluding, I then went home, and found the people waiting: to whom I expounded thoſe ſolemn words, *Watch and pray always, that ye may be counted worthy to eſcape all theſe things which are coming upon the earth.*

Mond. 29. We left the harbour about twelve, having ſix or ſeven officers, and abundance of paſſengers on board. The wind was full weſt, and there was great probability of a ſtormy night. So it was judged beſt, to put back: but one gentleman making a motion, to try a little longer, in a ſhort time brought all over to his opinion. So they agreed, to go out, and "look for a wind."

The wind continued weſterly all the night. Nevertheleſs in the morning we were within two leagues of Ireland! Between nine and ten I landed at Hoath, and walked on for Dublin. The congregation in the evening was ſuch as I never ſaw here before. I hope this alſo is a token for good.

Wedneſ. 31. In converſing with many, I was ſurprized to find, that all Ireland is in perfect ſafety! None here has any more apprehenſion of

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an invaſion, than of being ſwallowed up in the ſea: every one being abſolutely aſſured, that the French *dare not* attempt any ſuch thing!

Thurſ. April 1. I bought one or two books at Mr. Smith's, on the Blind Quay. I wanted change for a guinea, but he could not give it; ſo I borrowed ſome ſilver of my companion. The next evening a young gentleman came from Mr. Smith's, to tell me, I had left a guinea on his counter. Such an inſtance of honeſty I have rarely met with, either in Briſtol or London.

Satur. 4. I went to the college chappel, at which about forty perſons were preſent, Dr. K. preached a plain, practical ſermon, after which the ſacrament was adminiſtered. I never ſaw ſo much decency at any chappel in Oxford, no, not even at Lincoln-college. Scarce any perſon ſtirred, or coughed, or ſpit, from the beginning to the end of the ſervice.

In the evening our houſe was crowded above and below: yet many were obliged to ſtand without. The whole congregation appeared ſtayed and ſolid. Do even the people of Dublin know the day of their viſitation?

* Mond. 5. Enquiring for one whom I ſaw three or four days ago in the height of a violent pleuriſy, I found he was perfectly recovered, and returned into the country. A brimſtone-plaiſter in a few minutes took away both the pain and the fever. O why will phyſicians play with the lives of their patients! Do not others (as well as old

old Dr. Cockburn) know, that " no end is anſwered by *bleeding* in a pleuriſy, which may not be *much better* anſwered without it ?"

To night the ſleepers here began to open their eyes, it being rumoured, that an expreſs was come to the Lord Lieutenant, to inform him, " The French were haſtening their preparation, being determined to land in Ireland." And ſo they will—if God gives them leave. But he has the reins in his own hand.

* Tueſ. 6. One was informing me of an eminent inſtance of the power of faith. " Many years ago, ſaid ſhe, I fell and ſprained my ankle, ſo that I never expected it would be quite well. Seven years ſince laſt September, I was coming home from the preaching in a very dark night, and ſtumbling over a piece of wood, fell with the whole weight of my body upon my lame foot. I thought, O Lord, I ſhall not be able to hear thy word again for many weeks. Immediately a voice went through my heart, name the name of Chriſt, and thou ſhalt ſtand. " I leaped up, and ſtretched out my foot and ſaid, " Lord, Jeſus Chriſt, I name thy name, let me ſtand." And my pain ceaſed. And I ſtood up. And my foot was as ſtrong as ever."

Frid. 9. I ſpent an hour with Dr. F———, a ſenſible, agreeable man. He ſaid, " Six weeks ago, the —— informed the Lord L———, that he had expreſs orders from his Majeſty, to put this kingdom in a poſture of defence, againſt the

the intended invaſion. And he was impowered to raiſe what men he pleaſed. And nothing has ever been done ſince. So that we conclude the whole to be a grimace, a mere trick of ſtate."

Sund. 11. I met about an hundred children, who are catechized publicly twice a week. Thomas Walſh began this ſome months ago; and the fruit of it appears already. What a pity, that all our preachers in every place, have not the zeal and wiſdom to follow his example?

Tueſ. 13. I breakfaſted with one of the moſt lovely old men I ever ſaw, John Garret, a Dutchman, by birth, and a ſpeaker among the quakers.

Thence we went to a poor, dying backſlider. When we came in, he was crying to God out of the deep. But before we left him, his heavineſs was gone, and he deſired nothing but to be with Chriſt.

* Wedneſ. 14. I looked over a celebrated book, *The Fable of the Bees*. Till now I imagined there had never appeared in the world ſuch a book as the works of Machiavel. But Dr. Mandevile, goes far beyond it. The Italian only recommends *a few* vices, as uſeful to *ſome* particular *men*, and on *ſome* particular *occaſions*. But the Engliſhman loves and cordially recommends vice of every kind: not only as uſeful now and then,

then, but as abſolutely *neceſſary*, at *all* times for *all* communities! Surely Voltaire would hardly have ſaid ſo much! And even Mr. Sandiman could not have ſaid more!

April 16. Being Good-friday, near four hundred of the ſociety met, to follow the example of their brethren in England, and renew their covenant with God. It was a ſolemn hour. Many mourned before God, and many were comforted.

In the following week all our preachers met. I never before found ſuch unanimity among them. They appeared now to be not only of one heart, but likewiſe of one mind and judgment.

Sund. 25. One of the Germans ſtumbled in, while I was expounding, *Is Chriſt the miniſter of ſin?* For a time ſhe ſeemed greatly diverted. But the application ſpoiled her mirth. She ſoon hung down her head, and *felt* the difference between the chaff and the wheat.

Mond. 26. I ſet out for Cork, purpoſing to ſee as many ſocieties as I could in my way. In the afternoon I came to Edinderry, where the little ſociety have built a commodious preaching-houſe. I had deſigned to preach abroad; but the keen north wind drove us into the houſe. The congregation (though they had no previous notice) filled it from end to end. But ſome of them found it too hot, and hurried out, while I applied, *Ye muſt be born again.*

About

About this time I received the following letter:

Reverend Sir,

I once through the influence of thoſe about me was ready to join the common cry againſt you, not knowing what I did. But ſince, by hearing your diſcourſes with ſome of Mr. Walſh's; and by reading your *ſermons* and *appeals*, I have learned a better leſſon. I have learned, that true Chriſtianity conſiſts, not in a ſet of opinions, or of forms and ceremonies, but in holineſs of heart and life, in a thorough imitation of our Divine Maſter. And this I take to be the doctrine of the church of England, nor do I apprehend you differ from her at all in doctrine. And I am grieved to know, you have too much cauſe to differ from many of her preſent clergy. Why then ſhould I cavil at you, for feeding thoſe ſheep, that are ſtarved by their own ſhepherds? For endeavouring to recover them from that ſtupid lethargy and open wickedneſs, which involve the generality of mankind? This is your happineſs: would to God it could be mine! I have often had a ſtrong deſire for it; and would now gladly dedicate my life to it, if my poor abilities and mean education, together with the twenty-third article of our church, did not cruſh the thought. However, as I do not ſee you vary from the doctrine of the church, I ſhould not ſcruple to join with you. My chief motives

(beſide

(beſide that ſtrong deſire) are, firſt, I reflect, there is ſcarce a ſtation in life, at leaſt in the trading world, without its attendant frauds or vices, which are now ſcarce ſeparable from it. Secondly, I am at preſent of no uſe in ſociety: ſo that on account of any advantage that now accrues from me to the public, I need not ſcruple giving myſelf to my darling employment. Thirdly, I am convinced, a man may inſtruct and reform himſelf, by inſtructing and reforming others. But may I attempt this, otherwiſe than by the *ordinary* method of admitting labourers into the Lord's vineyard? Your thoughts on this ſubject would be received as a ſingular favour: for which I ſhall impatiently wait, who am,

Reverend Sir,

Your affectionate and ready ſervant.

* Wedneſ. 28. I rode to Tullamore: where one of the ſociety, Edward Wallis, gave me a very ſurprizing account of himſelf. He ſaid, "When I was about twenty years old, I went to Waterford for buſineſs. After a few weeks I reſolved to leave it, and packed up my things, in order to ſet out the next morning. This was Sunday; but my landlord preſt me much not to go till the next day. In the afternoon we walked out together, and went into the river. After a-while, leaving him near the ſhore, I ſtruck out into the deep. I ſoon heard

a cry, and turning saw him rising and sinking in the channel of the river. I swam back with all speed, and seeing him sink again, dived down after him. When I was near the bottom, he clasped his arm round my neck, and held me so fast that I could not rise. Seeing death before me, all my sins came into my mind, and I faintly called for mercy. In a-while my senses went away, and I thought I was in a place full of light and glory, with abundance of people. While I was thus, he who held me died, and I floated up to the top of the water. I then immediately came to myself, and swam to the shore, where several stood who had seen us sink, and said, "They never knew such a deliverance before: for I had been under water full twenty minutes. It made me more serious for two or three months. Then I returned to all my sins."

"But in the midst of all, I had a voice following me every where, "When an able minister of the gospel comes, it will be well with thee?" Some years after I entered into the army: our troop lay at Phillips-Town, when Mr. W. came. I was much affected by his preaching, but not so as to leave my sins. The voice followed me still: and when Mr. J. W. came, before I saw him I had an unspeakable conviction, that he was the man I looked for. And soon after I found peace with God, and it was well with me indeed."

Thurs. 29. I preached on one side of the market-place,

place, to a numerous congregation. I was afterwards invited by ſome of the officers, to ſpend an hour with them at the barracks. It at leaſt freed them from prejudice againſt the preſent work of God, if it anſwered no farther end.

Frid. 30. I was preſt to turn aſide to Athlone, a gentlewoman of Barbadoes, who was obliged to return thither ſhortly, having a great deſire to ſee me. So I went to Athlone, and ſpent one or two hours in cloſe converſation with her and her huſband. We had a comfortable meeting in the evening; and moſt of the gentry in the town were preſent: but who can warn them to flee from the wrath to come? They are *increaſed in goods, and need nothing!*

Satur. May 1. I rode to Birr through rain, hail and ſnow, ſuch as is uſual on the firſt of January. I had deſigned to preach abroad; but the wind was too ſharp to be borne either by me or the people.

Sund. 2. We rode to Mountmelick. About five I preached in the market-place. I was on the point of concluding when a violent ſtorm came. Till then *the bottles of heaven* were *ſtayed.*

Tueſ. 4. We rode to Portarlington: where on Wedneſ. 5. at the deſire of ſeveral who could not attend the early preaching, I preached in the aſſembly-room at ten, on, *Ye muſt be born again.* Many of *the beſt in the town* (ſo called) were preſent, and ſeemed not a little amazed. Many

more came in the evening, among whom I found an unuſual liberty of ſpirit. For the preſent moſt of them ſeemed much affected. But how ſoon will the thorns grow up?

Thurſ. 6. I rode to Kilkenny. One of the dragoons who were quartered here, ſoon found us out. A few both of the army and of the town, are joined and conſtantly meet together. I preached in the barracks, in one of the officer's rooms. Still, in Ireland, the firſt call is to the ſoldiery.

Frid. 7. We rode to Waterford, where after preaching I earneſtly exhorted the ſociety, to *love as brethren*. On the ſame ſubject I preached in the morning, and ſpent great part of the day, in ſtriving to remove miſunderſtandings and offences. It was not loſt labour. Six and twenty were left in the morning: before night ſeven and fifty were joined together.

T. Walſh preached at five; but the room being too ſmall, they were obliged to go into the yard. In the evening we had high and low, rich and poor, both in the yard and adjoining gardens. There ſeemed now to be a general call to this city. So I thought it beſt the next morning, Mond. 10. to leave Mr. Walſh there, while I went forward to Clonmell, the pleaſanteſt town beyond all compariſon which I have yet ſeen in Ireland. It has four broad, ſtrait ſtreets of well-built houſes, which croſs each other in the center of the town. Cloſe to the walls, on the ſouth ſide,

runs

runs a broad, clear river. Beyond this rifes a green and fruitful mountain, and hangs over the town. The vale runs many miles both eaft and weft, and is well cultivated throughout.

I preached at five in a large loft, capable of containing 5 or 600 people. But it was not full: many being afraid of its falling, as another did fome years before; by which feveral of the hearers were much hurt, and one fo bruifed, that fhe died in a few days.

* Tuef. 11. I was at a lofs where to preach, the perfon who owned the loft, refufing to let me preach there, or even in the yard below. And the commanding officer being afked for the ufe of the barrack-yard, anfwered, "It was not a proper place. Not, faid he, that I have any objection to Mr. Wefley. I will hear him, if he preaches under the gallows." It remained, to preach in the ftreet: and by this means the congregation was more than doubled. Both the officers and foldiers gave great attention, till a poor man, fpecial drunk, came marching down the ftreet, attended by a popifh mob, with a club in one hand, and a large cleaver in the other, grievoufly curfing and blafpheming, and fwearing "He would cut off the preacher's head." It was with difficulty that I reftrained the troopers, efpecially them that were not of the fociety. When he came nearer, the mayor ftept out of the congregation, and ftrove by good words to make him quiet. But he could not prevail; on which he

went into his houſe, and returned with his white wand. At the ſame time he ſent for two conſtables, who preſently came with their ſtaves. He charged them, not to ſtrike the man, unleſs he ſtruck firſt: but this he did immediately, as ſoon as they came within his reach, and wounded one of them in the wriſt. On this the other knocked him down, which he did three times, before he would ſubmit. The mayor then walked before, the conſtables on either hand, and conducted him to goal.

Wedneſ. 12. In the evening I preached in the new houſe at Corke, very near as large as that in Dublin; and far better finiſhed in every reſpect, though at four hundred pounds leſs expence.

* Mond. 17. Walking up the Red-houſe walk (which runs between two rows of meadows, with the river winding through them, and a chain of fruitful hills on the right hand and on the left) I ſaw the plain reaſon, why ſtrangers uſually complain, of the unwholeſomneſs of the water in Corke. Many women were filling veſſels with river water, (which is that commonly uſed in the city, for tea and moſt other purpoſes) when the tide was at the height. Now although this is not ſalt, yet it cannot but affect both the ſtomach and bowels of tender perſons.

Wedneſ. 19. I preached in the evening, on *Chriſt crucified, to the Jews a ſtumbling-block and*

to

to the Greeks foolishness: while I was speaking, a gentleman in the gallery, cried out with a loud voice, and swore to it, "I am of the church: I stand up for the church: I will shed my blood for the church." But finding none to contradict him, he sat down, and I finished my discourse.

Thurs. 20. One came in a great consternation, to inform us, Capt. F. (the gentleman who spoke) was raising a mob against the evening. This report spread up and down, and greatly increased the evening congregation. But no mob appeared, nor was there any disturbance, but such a blessing as we have seldom found: I suppose, in answer to the prayers of many, who had been earnestly crying unto God.

On Sunday last I was desired by one to call on her dying father, though she said he was speechless and senseless. But as soon as I spoke, he appeared sensible: while we prayed, he recovered his speech. The next day he was able to walk abroad, but continued deeply serious. On Frid. 21. his illness returned, and he lay down and died in peace.

Mond. 24. I preached in the market-place at Kinsale.

Tues. 25. I walked to the fort. It commands the entrance of the harbour, and has three tier of guns, one over the other. It is built upon the firm rock, is of a large extent, and the upper part of a great height from the water. But all is out of repair: many of the cannon are dismounted;

moſt of them unfit for ſervice; ſo that many think a ſecond rate man of war, might take it in a few hours time.

At one I preached in the exchange. Abundance of ſoldiers, and the colonel with ſeveral officers were preſent. So that I conceived ſome hopes that the ſeed ſown even at Kinſale will not all be loſt.

At five I preached in the market-houſe at Iniſhannon, to a very large and well-behaved congregation, and then went on to Bandon.

* Frid. 28. I rode out with Mrs. Jones, as I did every day to ſave her life, if poſſible. From the hill we had a fair view of Caſtle Barnard, with the park adjoining: in which, a few years ago, Judge Barnard uſed to take ſuch delight. Indeed it is a beautiful place in every reſpect. The houſe is one of the moſt elegant I have ſeen in the kingdom, both as to the ſtructure and the ſituation, ſtanding on the ſide of a fruitful hill, and having a full command of the vale, the river and the oppoſite mountain. The ground near the houſe is laid out with the fineſt taſte, in gardens of every kind, with a wilderneſs, canals, fiſh-ponds, water-works, and rows of trees in various forms. The park includes part of each hill, with the river between, running through the meadow and lawns, which are tufted over with trees of every kind, and every now and then a thicket or grove. The Judge finiſhed his

his plan, *called the land after his name*, and dropt into the duſt.

Sunday 30. I returned to Corke. About that time I received a letter from Mr. Gillies, part of which follows.

" The Lord hath been pleaſed to inflict a heavy ſtroke upon us, by calling home his faithful ſervant Mr. Wardrobe. Concerning his death, a Chriſtian friend writes thus, " May 7, Four in the morning.

" I am juſt come from witneſſing the laſt ſighs of one dear to you, to me, and to all that knew him. Mr. Wardrobe died laſt night. He was ſeized on ſabbath laſt, juſt as he was going to the kirk, with a moſt violent cholic, which terminated in a mortification of his bowels. The circumſtances of his death are worthy to be recorded. With what pleaſure he received the meſſage, and went off in all the triumph of a conqueror! crying out, " *My warfare is accompliſhed: I have fought the good fight:* my victory is compleated. Crowns of grace ſhall adorn this head (taking off his cap) and palms be put into theſe hands. Yet a little while and I ſhall ſing for ever. *I know that my Redeemer liveth.*" When he was within a few moments of his laſt, he gave me his hand, and a little after ſaid, " *Now letteſt thou thy ſervant depart in peace; for mine eyes have ſeen thy ſalvation.*" Were I to repeat half what he ſpoke I ſhould write you three hours. It ſhall ſuffice at this time to ſay, that as

he lived the life, ſo he died the death of a Chriſtian. We weep not for him: we weep for ourſelves. I wiſh we may know how to improve this awful judgment, ſo as to be alſo ready, not knowing when our Lord cometh."

Mr. Adams, miniſter of Falkirk writes thus: * " On Friday night, about ten, I witneſſed Mr. Wardrobe of Bathgate's entrance into the joy of his Lord. But ah! Who can help mourning the loſs to the church of Chriſt? His amiable character gave him a diſtinguiſhed weight and influence; which his Lord had given him to value, only for its ſubſerviency to his honour and glory. He was ſuddenly taken ill on the laſt Lord's-day, and from the firſt moment believed it was for death. I went to ſee him on Thurſday evening, and heard ſome of the livelieſt expreſſions of triumphant faith, zeal for the glory of Chriſt and the ſalvation of ſouls, mixt with the moſt amiable humility and modeſty. *Yet a little while*, ſaid he, *and this mortal ſhall put on immortality. Mortality ſhall be ſwallowed up of life: this vile body faſhioned like to his glorious body! O for the victory! I ſhall get the victory. I know in whom I have believed.* Then with a remarkably audible voice, lifting up his hands he cried out, *O for a draught of the well of the water of life, that I may begin the ſong before I go off to the church triumphant! I go forth in thy name, making mention of thy righteouſneſs, even thine only. I die at the feet of mercy.*" Then ſtretching

ſtretching out his arms, he put his hand upon his head, and with the moſt ſerene and ſteddy, majeſtic eye I ever ſaw, looking upward, he ſaid, *Crowns of grace, crowns of grace, and palms in their hands! O Lord God of truth, into thy hands I commend my ſpirit!* After an unexpected revival, he ſaid, *O, I fear his tarrying, leſt the proſpect become more dark. I ſometimes fear he may ſpare me to live, and be leſs faithful than he has helped me to be hitherto.* He ſays to me, *You that are miniſters, bear a proper teſtimony, againſt the profeſſors of this age, who have a form of godlineſs without the power.* Obſerving ſome of his people about his bed, he ſaid, *May I have ſome ſeals among you! O where will, the ungodly and ſinners of Bathgate appear? Labour all to be in Chriſt.* Then he ſtretched out his hand to ſeveral and ſaid, *Farewell, farewell, farewell! And now, O Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in thee!* Once or twice he ſaid, *Let me be laid acroſs the bed to expire, where I have ſometimes prayed and ſometimes meditated with pleaſure.*" He expreſt his grateful ſenſe of the aſſiduous care which Mr. Wardrobe of Cult had taken of him: and on his replying, "Too much could not be done for ſo valuable a life," ſaid, *O ſpeak not ſo, or you will provoke God. Glory be to God, that I have ever had any regard paid me, for Chriſt's ſake.*" I am greatly ſunk under the event. O help me by your prayers, to get the proper ſubmiſſion and improvement."

Thurſday, June 3. I received a remarkable letter from a clergyman, with whom I had been a day or two before. Part of it ran thus.

" I had the following account from the gentlewoman herſelf, a perſon of piety and veracity. She is now the wife of Mr. J—— B—, ſilverſmith in Corke.

" About thirty years ago, I was addreſſed by way of marriage, by Mr. Richard Mercier, then a volunteer in the army. The young gentleman was quartered at that time in Charleville, where my father lived, who approved of his addreſſes, and directed me to look upon him as my future huſband. When the regiment left the town, he promiſed to return in two months, and marry me. From Charleville he went to Dublin, thence to his father's, and from thence to England: where his father having bought him a cornetcy of horſe, he purchaſed many ornaments for the wedding; and returning to Ireland let us know, that he would be at our houſe in Charleville, in a few days. On this the family was buſied to prepare for his reception, and the enſuing marriage: when one night, my ſiſter Molly and I being aſleep in our bed, I was awakened by the ſudden opening of the ſide-curtain, and ſtarting up ſaw Mr. Mercier, ſtanding by the bedſide. He was wrapt up in a looſe ſheet, and had a napkin folded like a night-cap on his head. He looked at me very earneſtly, and lifting

ing up the napkin which much ſhaded his face, ſhewed me the left ſide of his head, all bloody and covered with his brains. The room mean time was quite light. My terror was exceſſive, which was ſtill increaſed by his ſtooping over the bed, and embracing me in his arms. My cries alarmed the whole family, who came crowding into the room. Upon their entrance, he gently withdrew his arms, and aſcended as it were through the ceiling. I continued for ſome time in ſtrong fits. When I could ſpeak, I told them what I had ſeen. One of them a day or two after, going to the poſt-maſter for letters, found him reading the news-papers, in which was an account, that cornet Mercier, going into Chriſt-church Belfry, in Dublin, juſt after the bells had been ringing, and ſtanding under the bells, one of them which was turned bottom upwards, ſuddenly turning again, ſtruck one ſide of his head, and killed him on the ſpot. On further enquiry, we found he was ſtruck, on the left ſide of his head."

Sunday 6. I gave my laſt exhortation to the ſociety in Corke, and ſetting out early on Monday 7, in the evening came to Limerick.

Saturday 13. The account which one of our ſiſters gave of Ann Beauchamp was as follows:

Aug 18, 1753. I went to ſee Ann Beauchamp who had been ill for about a week. I aſked her, In what ſtate ſhe found her ſoul? She anſwered, I am

I am quite happy. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and has taken away all my ſins. And my heart is comforted with the preſence of God : I long to die, that I may be with him. I aſked, But are you reſigned, either to live or die, as he ſhall ſee fit ? She anſwered, I cannot ſay, I am willing to live : it would go hard with me to live now. Pray that the Lord may perfect his work of ſanctification in my ſoul.

Being aſked, if ſhe could freely part with all her friends ? She ſaid, yes : And as to my children, I have caſt them upon the Lord. I know he will take care of them, and I give them freely up to him, without one anxious thought. She then prayed for her friends and acquaintance one by one, and afterward fervently and with tears, for each perſon in her band : Then for Mr. John Weſley, deſiring ſhe might be found at his feet in the day of the Lord.

Soon after ſhe called her mother, deſired forgiveneſs for any thing wherein ſhe had ignorantly offended her, and exhorted her, not to grieve ; adding God will comfort you, and give you ſtrength to bear your trial. It is your loſs : but it is my everlaſting gain ; and I am going but a little before you. She then prayed over her, and kiſſing her, took her leave. In the ſame manner ſhe took leave of all about her, exhorting, praying for, and kiſſing them, one by one. Afterward ſhe called for, and took her leave of her ſervants.

Seeing

Seeing one of her neighbours in the room, ſhe called her and ſaid, O Mary, you are old in years, and old in ſin. The Lord has borne long with you, and you know not the day or the hour when he will call you. I am young, and he is calling me away; and what ſhould I do without an intereſt in Chriſt? Was my work now to do, it would never be done: but bleſſed be God, it is not. I know the Lord hath waſhed me from my ſins in his own blood, and is preparing me for himſelf. O fly from the wrath to come, and never reſt, till you reſt in the wounds of Jeſus! I am almoſt ſpent: but had I ſtrength, I could exhort you all till morning.

To another ſhe ſaid, Martha, Martha! Thou art careful and troubled about many things. But One thing is needful: And this one thing you have neglected: O ſeek God, and he will ſupply all your wants. It is time for you to begin: your glaſs is almoſt run, and what will all your toil profit, when you come to be as I am now? Find time for this, whatever goes undone. My neighbours uſed to wonder, how I could find time, and think me fooliſh for ſpending it ſo. But now I know it was not fooliſhneſs. Soon I ſhall receive an exceeding great reward.

Perhaps ſome of you will ſay, you was never called. Then remember I call you now. I exhort every one of you, to ſeek the Lord, while he may be found. Think not to make excuſes in that day: God will have his witneſſes. And I ſhall

appear

appear as a witneſs againſt you. If you repent not, theſe my dying words will riſe up in judgment againſt you.

To her —— ſhe ſaid, I forgive you all that you have done againſt me. And I have prayed the Lord to forgive you, return to him now, and he will receive you; for he deſires not the death of a ſinner. I am a witneſs of this: For he has forgiven all my ſins. O! I want ſtrength to ſing his praiſe! But I am going where I ſhall ſing his praiſe for ever,

Then calling for her huſband ſhe ſaid, My dear, God has given you many calls even in dreams. And when we will not hear his call, it is often his way to make us feel his rod by removing our darling from us. I was your darling. And ſeeing you refuſed the many calls of God, he is now taking me away from you, if by any means he may bring you to himſelf. She then prayed for, and took her leave of him.

The next day when I came in, and aſked, How do you find yourſelf now? She anſwered, bleſſed be God, very well. I know that my Redeemer lives. He is dear to me and I am dear to him. I know he is preparing me for himſelf, and I ſhall ſoon be with him.

She then prayed earneſtly for entire ſanctification; 'till a friend coming in, ſhe ſaid, The Lord has brought you and all my dear friends to my remembrance: I have not forgotten you in my prayers. You muſt come and pray my laſt prayer.

prayer. When you ſee me near my deliverance, go all to prayer, and continue therein, till my ſpirit is gone. Let there be no crying over me, but all of you ſing praiſes and rejoice over me.

She never once complained of her pain; but behaved from the beginning with that patience, ſweetneſs and love to all, that beſpoke a ſoul which knew herſelf juſt entering into the joy of her Lord. Thus ſhe died the next morning, Auguſt the 20th, after crying out as in extacy,

"Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown thro' Chriſt my own."

Wedneſday 16. I rode over to New-Market and preached to an earneſt congregation of poor people. In the morning, at the requeſt of ſome of the neighbouring gentry, I deferred preaching till ten o'clock. Many of them were then preſent and ſeemed not a little aſtoniſhed: perhaps they may remember it——a week.

In the afternoon I rode to Ballygarrane, a town of Palatines, who came over in Queen Ann's time. They retain much of the temper and manners of their own country, having no reſemblance of thoſe among whom they live. I found much life among this plain, artleſs, ſerious people. The whole town came together in the evening, and praiſed God for the conſolation. Many of thoſe who are not outwardly joined with us, walk in the light of God's countenance: yea, and

and have divided themſelves into claſſes, in imitation of our brethren, with whom they live in perfect harmony.

* Friday 18. In examining the ſociety, I was obliged to pauſe ſeveral times. The words of the plain, honeſt people, came with ſo much weight, as frequently to ſtop me for a while, and raiſe a general cry among the hearers. I rode back through Adare, once a ſtrong and flouriſhing town, well-walled and full of people: now without walls and almoſt without inhabitants; only a few poor huts remain. At a ſmall diſtance from theſe are the ample ruins of three or four convents, delightfully ſituated by the river, which runs through a moſt fruitful vale.

Monday 21. I talked with one who was in deep diſtreſs. She had been repreſented to me, as in deſpair. But I ſoon found her diſorder (natural or preternatural) had nothing to do with religion. She was greatly troubled, but knew not why: not for her ſins, they ſcarce came into her mind. I know not that prayer will avail for her, till ſhe is troubled in quite another manner: till ſhe cries out from her inmoſt ſoul, "God be merciful to me a ſinner!"

Tueſday 22. I called on Mrs. F. whom I ſaw ſome years ſince in deſpair of quite another kind. Between nine and ten years ago, her daughter married without her conſent. This was followed by other diſtreſſing circumſtances, in the midſt of which ſhe cried out, "God has forſaken me."

She

She was immediately ſeized with violent pain. She could not ſee the ſun, or the light, only a dim twilight. She could not taſte her meat or drink, any more than the white of an egg. She had a conſtant impulſe to kill herſelf, which ſhe believed ſhe muſt do, and attempted ſeveral times. After having continued thus three years and an half, ſhe reſolved to endure it no longer. Accordingly ſhe procured a knife to cut her throat, and did cut through the ſkin, but could get no further. It ſeemed to her as if the fleſh were iron. She threw down the knife, burſt into tears, fell upon her knees, and began (what ſhe had not done all the time) to pour out her ſoul before God. Fear and ſorrow fled away. She rejoiced in God. She ſaw the light of the ſun. Her natural taſte returned. And ſhe has been ever ſince in health of body and peace of mind.

Wedneſday 23. I took my leave of Limerick, and rode to Six Mile Bridge. There I left T. Walſh to preach in Iriſh, and went on to Rathlahine.

Thurſday 24. I went on to Ennis, a town conſiſting almoſt wholly of papiſts, except a few proteſtant gentlemen. One of theſe, (the chief perſon in the town) had invited me to his houſe, and walked with me to the Court-houſe, where I preached to an huge, wild, unawakened multitude, proteſtants and papiſts, many of whom would have been rude enough if they durſt.

Friday

Friday 25. Mr. Walſh preached at ſix, firſt in Iriſh and then in Engliſh. The papiſh prieſt had contrived to have his ſervice juſt at the ſame hour. And his man came again and again with his bell; but not one in ten of his people would ſtir. At eight I preached to a far more ſerious congregation. And the word ſeemed to ſink into their hearts.

We took horſe about ten, and rode through the fruitful and pleaſant county of Galway. After having heard ſo much of the barrenneſs of this county, I was ſurprized, in riding almoſt the whole length of it, from ſouth-eaſt, to north-weſt, to find only four or five miles of rocky ground, like the weſt of Cornwall: all the reſt exceeded moſt that I have ſeen in Ireland. We came to Galway pretty well tired, and would willingly have reſted at the inn where we alighted from our horſes: but the landlord informed us, he had no room; both his houſe and ſtables were full. Two regiments of ſoldiers paſſing through the town had taken up all the inns. However we procured a private lodging, which was full as agreeable.

The town is old, and not ill-built, moſt of the houſes being of ſtone, and ſeveral ſtories high. It is incompaſt with an old, bad wall, and is in no poſture of defence, either toward the land, or toward the ſea. Such is the ſupine negligence of both Engliſh and Iriſh!

Five or ſix perſons, who ſeemed to fear God, came

came to us at our lodgings. We ſpent a little time with them in prayer, and early in the morning ſet out for Caſtlebarr.

This day likewiſe I was agreeably ſurprized at the pleaſantneſs and fruitfulneſs of the country. About none two or three friends met us, and begged us to turn aſide to Hollymount, a town twelve miles from Caſtlebarr, where the miniſter readily conſented to my preaching in the church. Many papiſts as well as proteſtants were there, and my heart was much inlarged toward them. Through a delightful mixture of vales and gently-riſing hills, we then rode on to Caſtlebarr.

* Sund. 27. The rector having left word, that I ſhould have the uſe of the church, I preached there morning and afternoon, to ſuch a congregation as (they ſaid) was never there before. And ſurely the word of God had free courſe: I ſaw not one light or inattentive hearer. Mr. Walſh afterward preached in the ſeſſion-houſe, to another large and ſerious congregation. And Tueſ. 29. being St. Peter's day, I read prayers and preached to as large a congregation as on Sunday. In the afternoon I rode over to Newport, eleven miles from Caſtlebarr. About thirty years ago, a little company of proteſtants ſettled here, by a river-ſide, on the very extremity of the land, and built a ſmall town. It has a fruitful hill on each ſide, and a large bay to the weſt, full of ſmall fertile iſlands, containing from one to ſeveral thouſand acres. Of theſe they

they compute above three hundred; and near an hundred are inhabited: but by papiſts alone, there not being ſo much as a ſingle proteſtant among them! I went directly to the rector's, who had before given me an invitation. Between ſeven and eight I preached to (I ſuppoſe) more than all the proteſtants in the town. Deep attention ſat on every face. Perhaps God touched ſome hearts.

Wednesday 30. At eleven Mr. H. read prayers, and I preached on Gal. vi. 14. The church ſtands at a diſtance from the town, and it rained hard; but that could not ſtop the congregation. In the afternoon, I returned to Caſtlebarr.

* Thurſ. July 1. There is juſt ſuch a work here as was ſome years ſince at Athlone. The whole town is *pleaſed*, but few are *convinced*. The ſtream runs very wide, but very ſhallow.

Sund. 4. I read prayers and preached at Ballyhean, Mr. E——'s other church. The congregation at Caſtlebarr in the afternoon was larger than ever before. In the morning, Mond. 5. the greater half of them were preſent, and we had a ſolemn parting. In the afternoon we came to Hollymount, ſome years ſince one of the pleaſanteſt places in Ireland. * Dr. Veſey, then archbiſhop of Tuam, fixt on this ſpot, nine miles from his ſee, built a neat commodious houſe on a little eminence, laid out fruit and flower gardens round it, brought a river to run through them,

them, and incompaſſed the whole with walks and groves of ſtately trees. When he had finiſhed his plan, round a ſtone-pillar which ſtands in a baſon ſurrounded by a ſmall green plat of ground, he placed the following inſcription:

Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens
Uxor, cum numeroſa et ſpecioſa prole,
Chara charæ Matris ſobole:
Neque harum quas colis arborum
Te præter inviſam cupreſſum
Ulla brevem dominum ſequetur!

I was juſt going to preach in the church-yard: when Mr. C. ſent his ſon with the key of the church. Almoſt half the congregation were papiſts, whom all the threats of their prieſt could not keep away. Not expecting to ſee any of them again, I ſpake very plain once for all.

In the morning we rode through Tuam, a neat little town, ſcarce half ſo large as Iſlington: nor is the cathedral half ſo large as Iſlington church. The old church at Killconnel, two miles from Aghrim, is abundantly larger. If one may judge by the vaſt ruins that remain (over all which we walked in the afternoon) it was a far more ſtately pile of building, than any that is now ſtanding in Ireland. Adjoining to it are the ruins of a large monaſtry; many of the cells and apartments

ments are pretty entire. At the weſt end of the church lie abundance of ſculls, piled one upon another; with innumerable bones round about, ſcattered as dung upon the earth. O ſin, what haſt thou done?

Wedneſ. 7. I preached at Aghrim, morning and evening, and then rode over to Caſtlebarr. Mr. M. has now loſt both his brother and his two daughters, two of the moſt agreeable women in the kingdom, caught away in the full bloom of youth and beauty: if they can be termed *loſt*, who all committed their ſouls unto him they loved, in the full triumph of faith.

Thurſ. 8. A coach full of us, with ſeveral horſemen, and others on foot, went to Ahaſkra in the morning. The reſt of the congregation were moſtly papiſts. But all heard with earneſt attention. I preached in the evening at Athlone, where on Frid. 9. we had a ſolemn watch-night.

Sund. 11. We had a bleſſed opportunity in the evening on the Connaught ſide of the river. Almoſt all the proteſtants in the town were preſent, with abundance of papiſts. And many of them acknowledged the doctrine of Chriſt *crucified* to be the power of God and the wiſdom of God.

Mond. 12. After preaching at Abidarrig about noon, I went on to Longford. Many ſuppoſed the mob would be too violent there, to allow me a peace-

a peaceable hearing. I began at five in the yard of the Old Barrack. An huge croud ſoon flocked in: but moſt of the papiſts ſtood at the gate, or juſt without the wall. They were all ſtill as night: nor did I hear an uncivil word while we afterwards walked from one end of the town to the other.

Tueſ. 13. A large congregation was preſent at five, and ſtood unmoved, notwithſtanding ſome heavy ſhowers. At noon I preached at Cleghill: at five in the barrack-yard again, where the concourſe of people was greater than before: Mr. P. the miniſter of a neighbouring pariſh, and another clergyman who came with him, received the truth in love: Mrs. P. (his wife) found reſt to her ſoul.

* But how is it, that almoſt in every place, even where there is no laſting fruit, there is ſo great an impreſſion made at firſt, upon a conſiderable number of people? The fact is this. Every where the work of God riſes higher and higher, till it comes to a point. Here it ſeems for a ſhort time to be at a ſtay. And then it gradually ſinks again.

All this may eaſily be accounted for. At firſt curioſity brings many hearers: at the ſame time God draws many by his preventing grace to hear his word, and comforts them in hearing. One then tells another. By this means on the one hand curioſity ſpreads and increaſes: and on the other, drawings of God's Spirit touch more

hearts; and many of them more powerfully than before. He now offers grace to all that hear; moſt of whom are in ſome meaſure affected, and more or leſs moved with approbation of what they hear, deſire to pleaſe God, and good-will to his meſſenger; theſe principles variouſly combined and increaſing, raiſe the general work to its higheſt point. But it cannot ſtand here. For in the nature of things, curioſity muſt ſoon decline. Again, the drawings of God are not followed, and thereby the Spirit of God is grieved. The conſequence is, he ſtrives with this and this man, no more, and ſo his drawings end. Thus both the natural and ſupernatural power declining, moſt of the hearers will be leſs and leſs affected. Add to this, that in the proceſs of the work, *it muſt be, that offences will come.* Some of the hearers, if not preachers alſo, will act contrary to their profeſſion. Either their follies or faults will be told from one to another, and loſe nothing in the telling. Men once curious to hear, will now draw back: men once drawn, having ſtifled their good deſires, will diſapprove what they approved before, and feel diſlike inſtead of good-will, to the preacher. Others who were more or leſs convinced, will be afraid or aſhamed to acknowledge that conviction. And all theſe will catch at ill ſtories (true or falſe) in order to juſtify their change. When by this means, all who do not ſavingly believe, have quenched

quenched the Spirit of God, the little flock goes on from faith to faith; the reſt ſleep on and take their reſt. And thus the number of hearers in every place, may be expected, firſt to increaſe, and then decreaſe.

Wedneſ. 14. At noon I preached at Cooly-lough, where the preachers and ſtewards met.

Thurſ. 15. In the evening I preached at Tullamore in Barrack-ſtreet. And many who never had ſo much curioſity, as to walk an hundred yards to hear the preaching, vouchſafed to hear it at their own doors. In the middle of the ſermon came a quarter-maſter very drunk, and ruſhed in among the people. In a ſhort time, he ſlipped off his hat, and gave all the attention of which he was capable. So did many of the ſoldiers and many officers. O let ſome lay it to heart!

* Frid. 16. We walked down to Lord Tullamore's, (that was his title then) an old mile from the town. His gardens are extremely pleaſant. They contain groves, little meadows, kitchen gardens, plats of flowers, and little orchards intermixt with fine canals and pieces of water. And will not all theſe make their owner happy! Not if he has one unholy temper! Not unleſs he has in himſelf a fountain of water, ſpringing up into everlaſting life.

* About this time I received a letter without a name, part of which I have ſubjoined.

SIR,

" Having obſerved your Chriſtian condeſcenſion in thoſe labours of love, ſo truly calculated for the uſe of *common people*, I preſume to beg your pen in behalf of the *next claſs* of God's creatures. And I would aſk, if nature, reaſon and revelation do not all plead in favour even of the *brute creation?* Is it not *unnatural* and inhuman, to put them to more pain than is neceſſary for the ſervice of man? Can *reaſon* conſent to the making ſport with the life or miſery of any creature? May not the great law of equity, doing as we would be done to, be extended even to them? May we not ſuppoſe ourſelves in *their* place, and thence determine, what they may fairly expect from us? Hath not the ſupreme Being given injunctions againſt cruelty toward them, and commanded, that they ſhould enjoy the reſt of his day? Did he not rebuke the prophet, for ſmiting his beaſt without cauſe? And mention the *much cattle*, as one motive to the divine compaſſion, in ſparing the *great city?* The ſcripture ſaith, *a good man is merciful to his beaſt.* And can he be a good man that is not ſo, if goodneſs conſiſts in imitating him, whoſe *mercy is over all his works?* For *he openeth his hand, and ſatisfieth the deſire of every living thing.*

If tenderneſs, mercy and compaſſion to the brute creatures were impreſſed on the infant breaſt, and conducted into action according to

its

its little power, would it not be confirmed in the human heart? And might not this early prepoſſeſſion be for ever eſtabliſhed there, and through an happy bias extend its benevolence to the whole creation?

Does not experience ſhew the ſad effects of a contrary education? While children inſtead of being taught benevolence to irrationals, are ſuffered to torment firſt poor, little inſects, and then every helpleſs creature that comes in their way: can it be expected, that being thus inured to cruelty and oppreſſion even in their tender years, they ſhould relent when they come to age, and be ſuſceptible of compaſſion, even to rationals? It cannot. For is pity ſhewn to man, only becauſe he has reaſon? If ſo, thoſe would loſe their claim to our compaſſion, who ſtand in the greateſt need of it, namely, children, ideots and lunatics. But if pity is ſhewn to all that are capable of pain, then may it juſtly be expected that we ſhould ſympathize with every thing that has life.

I am perſuaded you are not inſenſible of the pain given to every Chriſtian, every humane heart, by thoſe ſavage diverſions, bull-baiting, cock-fighting, horſe-racing and hunting. Can any of theſe irrational and unnatural ſports appear otherwiſe than cruel, unleſs through early prejudice, or entire want of conſideration and reflection? And if man is void of theſe, does he deſerve the name of man? Or is he fit for ſo-

ciety? And beſides; how dreadful are the concomitant and the conſequent vices of theſe ſavage routs? Yet ſuch cowards are we grown, that ſcarce any man has courage to draw his pen againſt them!"

Satur. 17. I preached in Tyrrels-paſs at five, and T. Walſh at eight. Hence we rode to Ballybeg, near Drumcree, where we found a little company of earneſt people, moſt of them rejoicing in the love of God. To theſe were added a few from the county of Cavan. Joſeph Charles going thither, ſome time ſince, on temporal buſineſs, occaſionally ſpoke of the things of God. Many believed his report: and ſome found his words *the power of God unto ſalvation.*

Sund. 18. A little before twelve (the uſual hour in Ireland) the morning ſervice began at Roſmead church, where Mr. Booker preached an uſeful ſermon. I preached at five to abundance of plain country people, and two coach-full's of gentry. O how hard is it for theſe to enter into the kingdom of heaven?

Mond. 19. No ſooner did we enter Ulſter, than we obſerved the difference. The ground was cultivated juſt as in England, and the cottages not only neat, but with doors, chimneys and windows. Newry, the firſt town we came to (allowing for the ſize) is built much after the manner of Liverpool. I preached ſoon after ſeven

ſeven to a large congregation, and to great part of them at five in the morning. Afterwards I ſpoke to the members of the ſociety, conſiſting of churchmen, diſſenters, and papiſts (that were.) But there is no ſtriving among them, unleſs to *enter in at the ſtrait gate.*

Wedneſ. 21. In the morning there was ſuch violent lightning, thunder and rain, that the very beaſts ran out of the fields, and the birds flew from their uſual coverts, to take ſhelter in the houſes. But before we took horſe, the ſky cleared up, and we had a pleaſant ride to Terryhugan, near Scarva. The road lay on the edge of a ſmooth canal, with fruitful, gently-riſing hills on either ſide. We were at a lone houſe: but the people found their way thither in the evening from all quarters. I preached in a meadow near the houſe, the congregation ſitting on the graſs. And ſurely they had ears to hear. God give them hearts to underſtand!

Thurſ. 22. We rode through heavy rain to Liſburn. I preached in the market-houſe at ſeven. One man only gainſaid: but the by-ſtanders uſed him ſo roughly, that he was ſoon glad to hold his peace.

* Frid. 23. The rector with his curate called upon me, candidly propoſed their objections, and ſpent about two hours, in free, ſerious, friendly converſation. How much evil might be prevented or removed, would other clergymen follow their example?

I rode in the afternoon to Belfaſt, the largeſt town in Ulſter. Some think, it contains near as many people as Limerick: it is far cleaner and pleaſanter. At ſeven I preached in the market-houſe to as large a congregation as at Liſburn: and to near the ſame number in the morning. But ſome of them did not ſtay till I concluded. They went away in haſte when I ſhewed, how *Chriſt crucified* is *to the Greeks fooliſhneſs.*

Hence we rode along the ſhore to Carrickfergus, ſaid to be the moſt antient town in Ulſter. The walls are ſtill, as it were, ſtanding; and the caſtle built upon a rock. But it is little more than a heap of ruins, with eight or nine old, diſmounted, ruſty cannon. What it was, in the reign of its founder, King Fergus, does not much concern us to know.

I preached in the ſeſſion-houſe at ſeven, to moſt of the inhabitants of the town. But Satan had prepared one of his inſtruments when I had done, to catch the ſeed out of their hearts. A poor enthuſiaſt began a dull, pointleſs harrangue about hirelings and falſe prophets. But the door-keeper crying out, "I am going to lock the doors," cut his diſcourſe ſhort.

Sund. 25. I preached at nine in the upper Court-houſe, which was conſiderably larger than the other. James Rely began his bad work again, as ſoon as I had done ſpeaking. But

But I walked quietly away; as did alſo the congregation.

* At eleven I went to church, to the ſurprize of many, and heard a lively, uſeful ſermon. After dinner one of our brethren aſked, "If I was ready to go to the meeting?" I told him, "I never go to a meeting." He ſeemed as much aſtoniſhed as the old Scot at Newcaſtle, who left us, "becauſe we were mere *church of England* men." We are ſo: although we condemn none, *who have been brought up* in another way.

* About five, even the larger Court-houſe being too ſmall to contain the congregation, I the more readily complied with the deſire of the priſoners, to preach in the ſtreet, near the priſon door. I ſpoke as plain and as home as ever in my life, on, *Ye muſt be born again.* Poor James was now reſolved to ſpeak, and got on a little eminence on purpoſe. And what could hinder him? Why

Vox faucibus hæſit!

He cawed and cawed, but could utter nothing, hardly three words together. This alſo hath God wrought. He hath ſtopped the mouth of the gainſayer, and preſerved the weak from being offended.

Mond. 26. Mr. Walſh met me at Belfaſt, and informed me, that the day before he was at

Newtown, intending to preach. But while he was at prayer, Mr. M———r came with a drunken mob, ſeized him by the throat and dragged him along, till a ſtout man ſeized him, and conſtrained him to quit his hold. Mr. W. having refreſhed himſelf at a friend's houſe, began a ſecond time. But in a quarter of an hour, Mr. M. having rallied his mob, came again: on which Mr. W. gave him the ground, and walked away over the fields.

In the evening I ſpoke very plain at Liſburn, both to the great vulgar and the ſmall. But between ſeceders, old ſelf-conceited preſbyterians, new-light men, Moravians, Cameronians, and formal churchmen, it is a miracle of miracles, if any here bring forth fruit to perfection.

The country between Liſburn and Moyra, is much like Berkſhire, having fruitful vales on each ſide of the road, and well-wooded hills running even with them, at a ſmall diſtance. At ſeven I preached in the market-houſe at Lurgan. Many of the gentry were met in the room over it, it being the time of the aſſembly. The violins were juſt tuning. But they ceaſed till I had done: and the novelty (at leaſt) drew and fixt the attention of the whole company.

Wedneſ. 28. I read Mr. Barton's ingenious lectures on Lough Neagh, near Lurgan, which turns

turns wood into ſtone, and cures the king's evil, and moſt cutaneous diſtempers. Under part of this lake, there is firſt a ſtratum of firm clay, and under that a ſtratum of trees four foot thick, all compacted into one maſs, doubtleſs by the preſſure of the incumbent earth (perhaps water too) which it has probably ſuſtained ever ſince the general deluge.

In the evening we had the largeſt congregation which I have ſeen ſince we left Corke. It was almoſt as large at five in the morning. Why ſhould we deſpair of doing good at Lurgan alſo?

Thurſ. 29. I preached at Newry, and the three following days; on Mond. Aug. 2. I returned to Roſmead.

Tueſ. 3. We rode to Tullamore through heavy rain, which a ſtrong wind drove full in our face. The only *wild Iriſh* whom I have ſeen yet, a knot of officers, were preſent at the preaching in the evening, and behaved tolerably well.

Wedneſ. 4. I preached at Portarlington in the evening, and was going to take horſe in the morning, when a gentleman came and ſaid, he was juſt ſetting out for Dublin, and would be glad of my company in his chariot. I accompanied him to Johnſtown where we dined; and then took horſe and rode on to Dublin.

Frid. 6. On this and the next day I finiſhed

my buſineſs in Ireland, ſo as to be ready to ſail at an hour's warning.

* Sund. 8. We were to ſail, the wind being fair; but as we were going abroad, it turned full eaſt. I find it of great uſe, to be in ſuſpence. It is an excellent means of breaking our will. May we be ready, either to ſtay longer on this ſhore, as to launch into eternity.

On Tueſday evening I preached my farewell-ſermon. Mr. Walſh did the ſame in the morning. We then walked to the key. But it was ſtill a doubt, whether we were to ſail or no: Sir T. P. having ſent word to the captain of the packet, that if the wind was fair, he would go over; and it being his cuſtom (*hominis magnificentiam!*) to keep the whole ſhip to himſelf. But the wind coming to the eaſt, he would not go: ſo about noon we went on board. In two or three hours we reached the *mouth* of the *harbour*. It then fell calm. We had five cabin paſſengers, beſide Mr. Walſh, Haughton, Morgan and me. They were all civil, and tolerably ſerious; the ſailors likewiſe behaved uncommonly well.

Thurſ. 12. About eight we begun ſinging on the quarter-deck, which ſoon drew all our fellow-paſſengers, as well as the captain, with the greateſt part of his men. I afterwards gave an exhortation. We then ſpent ſome time in prayer. They all kneeled down with us. Nor did their ſeriouſneſs wear off all the day. About nine we landed

landed at Holy-head, after a pleaſant paſſage of twenty-three hours.

Friday 13. Having hired horſes for Cheſter, we ſet out about ſeven. Before one we reached Bangor, the ſituation of which is delightful beyond expreſſion. Here we ſaw a large and handſome cathedral, but no trace of the good, old monks of Bangor, ſo many hundreds of whom fell a ſacrifice at once to cruelty and revenge. The country from hence to Penmenmaur is far pleaſanter than any garden. Mountains of every ſhape and ſize, vales clothed with graſs or corn, woods and ſmaller tufts of trees, were continually varying on the one hand, as was the ſea proſpect on the other. Penmenmaur itſelf riſes almoſt perpendicular to an enormous height from the ſea. The road runs along the ſide of it ſo far above the beach, that one could not venture to look down, but that there is a wall built all along, about four foot high. Mean time the ragged cliff hangs over ones head, as if it would fall every moment. An hour after we had left this awful place, we came to the antient town of Conway. It is walled round. And the walls are in tolerably good repair. The caſtle is the nobleſt ruin I ever ſaw. It is four ſquare, and has four large round towers, on each ſide, the inſide of which have been ſtately apartments. One ſide of the caſtle is a large church, the windows and arches of which have been curiouſly wrought. An arm of the ſea runs round

two

two ſides of the hill on which the caſtle ſtands: once the delight of Kings, now overgrown with thorns, and inhabited by doleful birds only.

About eight we reached Place-bagh, where as ſoon as I named my name, William Roberts received us with all gladneſs. But neither he nor any of his family could ſpeak one ſentence of Engliſh. Yet our guide helped us out pretty well: after ſupper we ſung and went to prayers. Tho' they could not ſpeak it, moſt of them underſtood Engliſh. And God ſpoke to their hearts.

Saturday 14. Several of the neighbours came early in the morning, and gladly received a few words of exhortation. We then rode on, thro' one of the pleaſanteſt countries in the world, by Holy-well, to Cheſter. Here we had a comfortable meeting in the evening; as well as the next day, both in the room, and in the ſquare.

Monday 16. The rain was ſuſpended, while I preached to a large and quiet congregation.

Tueſday 17. I rode to Bolton. Tho' I came unexpected, the houſe was well filled. After reſting a day, on Thurſday 19. I went on to Mancheſter and preached in the evening to a large congregation, without the leaſt diſturbance. The tumults here are now at an end; chiefly thro' the courage and activity of a ſingle conſtable.

Friday 20. I rode to Chelmorton in the Peak. Altho' the poor people had no previous notice, they ſupplied the want of it, by ſending quickly

to

to the nighbouring villages. Between ſeven and eight the houſe was pretty well filled. And many of them were extremely thankful.

Satur. 21. We ſet out early and after ſpending an hour at Aſhbourn, haſtened on to Litchfield. But it was not without difficulty, the waters being out, to a very uncommon degree in many places. About eight we reached Wedneſbury, tired enough. There we ſtayed the next day.

Monday 23. We rode forward to Redditch, It had rained all the way, ſo that Mr. Walſh was obliged to go to bed as ſoon as we came in. Having dried ſome of our cloaths, Mr.Bruce and I took horſe again about two : Having one with us who knew the by-roads, the common road being unpaſſable thro' the floods. About five we came to a broad water, which our guide did not care to paſs. Mr. Bruce ſeeing a foot bridge, walked over it, leading his horſe by a long rein thro' the water. But in an inſtant the horſe diſappeared. However he ſoon emerged and gained the bank. I rode thro' at a ſmall diſtance very ſafely, and in the evening preached at Eveſham.

Tueſday 24. Finding we could not ride the uſual way, we procured another guide, and rode by Andover Ford to Stroud. Mr. Jones and my brother met us here.

Wedneſday 25. we rode on to Briſtol.

Thurſday 26. About fifty of us being met, the rules of the ſociety were read over, and carefully

fully conſidered one by one. But we did not find any that could be ſpared. So we all agreed, to abide by them all, and to recommend them with our might.

We then largely conſidered, the neceſſity of keeping in the church, and uſing the clergy with tenderneſs; and there was no diſſenting voice. God gave us all to be of one mind and of one judgment.

Friday 27. The rules of the bands were read over and conſidered, one by one; which after ſome verbal alterations, we all agreed to obſerve and inforce.

Saturday 28. The rules of Kingſwood ſchool were read and conſidered, one by one. And we were all convinced, they were agreeable to ſcripture and reaſon. In conſequence of which it was agreed;

1. That a ſhort account of the deſign and preſent ſtate of the ſchool, be read by every aſſiſtant in every ſociety: And

2. That a ſubſcription for it be begun in every place, and (if need be) a collection made every year.

My brother and I cloſed the conference by a ſolemn declartion of our purpoſe, never to ſeparate from the church. And all our brethren concurred therein.

For a few days I was laid up with a flux. But on Sunday, September 5. I crept out again and preached

preached at Kingſwood in the morning, and Stokes-Croft in the afternoon.

Monday 6. I ſet out in the machine, and on Tueſday evening came to London.

Wedneſday and Thurſday I ſettled my temporal buſineſs. It is now about eighteen years, ſince I began writing and printing books. And how much in that time have I gained by printing? Why, on ſumming up my accounts, I found that on March 1, 1756, (the day I left London laſt) I had gained by printing and preaching together, a debt of twelve hundred and thirty ſix pounds.

Friday 10. I preached at a famous place, commonly called *The Bull and Mouth meeting*, which had belonged, I ſuppoſe, near an hundred years, to the people called Quakers. As much of real religion as was ever preached there, I truſt, will be preached there ſtill: and perhaps in a more rational, ſcriptural and intelligible manner.

Saturday 11. I read over Mr. Fry's "caſe of marriage between near relations, conſidered." It is the beſt tract I ever read upon the ſubject: I ſuppoſe the beſt that is extant. And two points, I think, he has fully proved, 1. That many marriages commonly ſuppoſed to be unlawful, are neither contrary to the law of nature, nor the revealed law of God, nor the law of the land: 2. That eccleſiaſtical courts have no right to meddle with any caſe of this kind.

Thurſday 16. I walked over to Biſhop Bonner's,

ner's, and preached to a large and ſerious congregation. I found ſome faintneſs, the ſun being extreamly hot; but more in walking from thence to Weſtminſter, where I preached at Seven. In the night my old diſorder returned and gradually increaſed, in ſpite of all medicines. However on Sunday and Monday it was ſo far ſuſpended, that I abated nothing of my uſual employment.

Wedneſday 22. I was conſidering I had not yet aſked help of the great Phyſician, and I reſolved to delay no longer. In that hour I felt a change. I ſlept ſound that night, and was well the next day.

Sunday, October 3. My diſorder returned as violent as ever. But I regarded it not, while I was performing the ſervice at Snowfields in the morning, or afterward at Spittlefields, till I went to the Lord's table in order to adminiſter. A thought then came into my mind, "Why do I not apply to God, in the beginning rather than the end of an illneſs"? I did ſo, and found immediate relief, ſo that I needed no farther medicines.

Tueſday 5. I wrote a ſecond letter to the authors of the *Monthly Review:* ingenious men, but no friends to the Godhead of Chriſt. Yet upon farther conſideration, I judged it beſt, to drop the controverſy. It is enough that I have delivered my own ſoul: *if* they ſcorn, they *alone ſhall bear it.*

Sunday 10. I preached to an huge multitude in

in Moorfields, on *Why will ye die, O houſe of Iſrael?* It is field-preaching which does the execution ſtill. For uſefulneſs there is none comparable to it.

Monday 11. I went to Leigh. Where we dined, a poor woman came to the door, with two little children. They ſeemed to be half-ſtarved, as well as their mother, who was alſo ſhivering with an ague. She was extremely thankful for a little food, and ſtill more ſo for a few pills, which ſeldom fail to cure that diſorder.

* In this little journey I read over a curioſity indeed, a French heroic poem: *Voltaire's Henriade.* He is a very lively writer, of a fine imagination: and allowed, I ſuppoſe, by all competent judges, to he a perfect maſter of the French language. And by him I was more than ever convinced, that the French is the pooreſt, meaneſt language in Europe: that it is no more comparable to the German or Spaniſh, than a bag-pipe is to an organ: and that with regard to poetry in particular, conſidering the incorrigible uncouthneſs of their meaſure, and their always writing in rhyme, (to ſay nothing of their vile double rhymes, nay and frequent falſe rhymes) it is as impoſſible to write a fine poem in French, as to make fine muſic upon a Jews-harp.

Saturday 16. I baptized Hannah C——, late a Quaker. God, as uſual, bore witneſs to his ordinance. A ſolemn awe ſpread over the whole

whole congregation, and many could not refrain from tears.

Wednesday 20. I received the following letter.

Rev. Sir,

" The glory of God and the good of mankind are the motives that induce me to write the following——

" As it is our duty to do all we can to make all around us happy, I think there is one thing that may be done to promote so blessed an end, which will at the same time be very advantageous to them that practise it, namely, To efface all the obscene words which are written on houses, doors, or walls, by evil-minded men. This which I recommend to others I constantly practise myself: and if ever I omit doing it, I am severely checked, unless I can produce some good reason for that omission. I do it with a sponge which for that purpose I carry in my pocket. The advantages I reap from hence are, 1. Peace of conscience in doing my duty, 2. It helps me to conquer the fear of man, which is one of my greatest trials, 3. It is matter of joy, that I can do any, the least service to any one. And as all persons, especially the young, are liable to temptations to impurity, I cannot do too much to remove such temptations, either from myself or others. Perhaps too, when the unhappy writers pass by, and see their bad labours

bours soon effaced, they may be discouraged from pursuing so shameful a work, yea, and brought to a better mind.

" Perhaps in some places it might not be amiss in the room of what is effaced, to write some serious sentence, or short text of scripture. And wherever we do this, would it not be well to lift up our heart to God, in behalf of those sinners, in this or the like manner, " Lord, lay not this sin to their charge: Father, forgive them: For they know now not what they do."

Monday 25. I began reading that excellent book, *The Gospel-glass*, to the morning congregation; a method which I find more profitable for *instruction in righteousness*, than any other manner of preaching.

Tuesday 26. I began reading over with the preachers that were in town, Mr. Pike's *Philosophia Sacra*. It contains the marrow of Mr. Hutchinson's philosophy clearly and modestly proposed. But upon a close examination, I found the proofs were grievously defective. I shall never receive Mr. Hu—'s creed, unless *ipse dixit* pass for evidence.

Saturday 30. I yielded to importunity, and spent an hour with poor Mr. V——, who was awakened and found peace in attending our preaching, and soon after turned Quaker. I did wonder at it once, but I no not now. One so full of himself might turn Papist and Mahometan.

Monday, November 1. Was a day of triumphant

phant joy as All-saints day generally is. How superstitious are they who scruple giving God solemn thanks for the lives and deaths of his saints!

Tuesday 9. Having procured an apparatus on purpose, I ordered several persons to be electrified, who were ill of various disorders: some of whom found an immediate, some a gradual cure. From this time I appointed, first some hours in every week, and afterward an hour in every day, wherein any that desired it, might try the virtue of this surprizing medicine. Two or there years after, our patients were so numerous, that we were obliged to divide them: so part were electrified in Southwark, part at the Foundery: others, near St. Paul's: and the rest, near the Seven-dials: the same method we have taken ever since. And to this day, while hundreds, perhaps thousands, have received unspeakable good, I have not known one man, woman or child, who has received any hurt thereby. So that when I hear any talk of the danger of being electrified, (especially if they are medical men who talk so) I cannot but impute it to great want either of sense or honesty.

Friday 12. I read over Leusden's disseration, in defence of the Hebrew points, and was fully convinced, there, is at least as much to be said, on this as on the other side of the question. But how is it, that men are so positive on both sides, while demonstration is to be had on neither?

neither? Certainly to be peremptory and dogmatial can never be ſo inexcuſable, as in a point ſo doubtful as this!

Mon. 22. I read with the preachers this week the Glaſgow Abridgment of Mr. Hutchinſon's works. Wherein the abridgers have expreſſed with ſuprizing exactneſs, not only his ſenſe, but his very ſpirit. But in truth I cannot admire either: nay, I admire his hypotheſis leſs and leſs: as I ſee the whole is unſupported by ſcripture: very ingenious, but quite precarious.

Wedneſ. December 1. One or two remarkable letters were put into my hands, part of the firſt ran thus.

"Bleſſed be God, who deſireth not the death of a ſinner! It pleaſed him, not to cut off my ſon in his ſins. He gave him time to repent, and not only ſo but a heart to repent. He ſhewed him his loſt eſtate by nature, and that unleſs he was reconciled to God by his Son, and waſhed in his blood from all his ſins, he could never be ſaved. After he was condemned at York for a robbery on the highway, I attended him in the condemned room. And bleſſed be God, he enabled me to preach the everlaſting goſpel to him. It was on Saturday he was condemned. It was on the Saturday following the Lord touched his heart. He then began to wreſtle with God in prayer, and left not off, till Sunday in the afternoon, when God who is rich in mercy, applied the blood of his Son, and convinced him, he had

had forgiven him all his ſins. He felt his ſoul at peace with God, and longed to depart and to be with Chriſt. The following week his peace increaſed daily, till on Saturday, the day he was to die, he came out of the condemned room cloathed in his ſhroud, and went into the cart. As he went on, the chearfulneſs and compoſure of his countenance were amazing to all the ſpectors. At the place of execution, after he had ſpent ſome time in prayer, he roſe up, took a chearful leave of his friends, and ſaid, " Glory be to God for free grace." His laſt words were, " Lord Jeſus, receive my ſoul."

Part of the other letter wrote by himſelf to his wife, was as follows.

" My dear,

Righteous is the Lord, and juſt are his judgments! His hand of juſtice cuts my life ſhort, but his hand of mercy ſaves my ſoul. You for one are a witneſs of the courſe of life I led. Were it in my power I would gladly make amends, to you and every one elſe that I have wronged. But ſeeing it is not, I hope that God and you, and every one elſe, will accept of my willing mind. In a few hours I ſhall be delivered out of this miſerable world. But glory be to God, he has given repentance and remiſſion of ſins to me, the worſt of ſinners. He has taken away the ſting of death, and I am prepared to meet my God. Let my example encourage every ſinner, to forſake ſin and come unto God thro'

Jeſus

Jeſus Chriſt. As a dying man I give you this advice, give yourſelf wholly up to God. Pray to him and never reſt, 'till you have ſecured an intereſt in the blood of Chriſt. Live in his fear, and you (as well as I) ſhall die in his favour. So no more from,

York Caſtle, Your dying huſband,
Auguſt 20. Richard Varley."

Monday 6. I began reading to our preachers the late biſhop of Corke's excellent treatiſe on Human Underſtanding: in moſt points far clearer and more judicious than Mr. Locke's, as well as deſigned to advance a better cauſe.

Friday 20. A Perſon who was dying of a cancer in her breaſt, and deeply convinced of ſin, ſent a poſt-chaiſe, in which I went to her at Epſom. I left her on Saturday morning in ſtrong hope, ſhe ſhould not go hence, 'till her eyes had ſeen his ſalvation.

In my fragments of time in the following week, I read Mr. Hanway's accurate hiſtory of Shah Nadir, commonly called Kouli Khan: a ſcourge of God indeed! A prodigy of valour and conduct, but an unparallelled monſter of rapine and cruelty. *Alexander the Great*, yea *Nero or Domitian*, was an innocent in compariſon of him.

Sunday 26. I buried the remains of Joſeph Yarner, an Iſraelite indeed. The peace which filled his heart during his laſt hours, gave ſuch a bloom to his very countenance, as remained

after death, to the ſurprize of all, who remembered the cloud that uſed to hang upon it.

Monday, January 3, 1757. I viſited a poor dying backſlider, full of good reſolutions. But who can tell, when theſe imply a real change of heart? And when they do not, when they ſpring from fear only, what will they avail before God?

Monday 10. I walked to biſhop Bonner's, with Mr. D—, lately entered at Cambridge, full of good reſolutions. May God continue him ſimple of heart! Then his ſenſe and learning will do him good. But how great are the odds againſt him?

Saturday 22. I called upon one, who did run well for ſeveral years. But for a conſiderable time he had caſt off the very form of religion. Yet his heart was not utterly hardened. He determined to ſet out once more. And ſince that time, he has been more confirmed in walking ſuitably to the goſpel.

Friday 28. Mr. Meier, chaplain to one of the Hanoverian regiments, called and ſpent an hour with me. I am ſurprized at the ſerioufneſs of all the German miniſters, with whom I have had occaſion to converſe: entirely different from that pertneſs and affectation of wit, which is too common in our own country.

* The following letter (which I received two or three months after) was dated on this day.

" Though you and I may differ in ſome little things I have long loved you and your brother, and

and wiſhed and prayed for your ſucceſs, as zealous revivers of experimental Chriſtianity. If I differ from you in temper and deſign, or in the eſſentials of religion, I am ſure the error muſt lie on my ſide. Bleſſed be God for hearts to love one another!

As I knew your correſpondence muſt be very extenſive, and your labours various and inceſſant, I intended to have kept my peculiar love for you a ſecret, till we arrived where ſeas ſhall no more roll between us. But your late pious charity conſtrains me to give you the trouble of a letter. I am confident God will attend it with his bleſſing, and render you uſeful at the diſtance of near 4000 miles.

How great is the honour God has conferred upon you, in making you a reſtorer of declining religion? And after ſtruggling through ſo much oppoſition, and ſtanding almoſt ſingle, with what pleaſure muſt you behold ſo many raiſed up, zealous in the ſame cauſe, though perhaps not ranked under the ſame name, nor openly connected with you!

I am endeavouring in my poor manner to promote the ſame cauſe in this part of our guilty globe. My ſucceſs is not equal to my wiſhes; but it vaſtly ſurpaſſes both my deſerts and my expectation. I have baptized near an hundred and fifty adult negroes, of whom about ſixty are communicants. Unpoliſhed as they are, I find ſome of them have the art to diſſemble. But,

bleſſed be God, the generality of them, as far as I can learn, are real Chriſtians. And I have no doubt, but ſundry of them are genuine children of Abraham. Among them, in the firſt place, and then among the poor white people, I have diſtributed the books you ſent me.

I deſire you to communicate this to your brother, as equally intended for him. And let me and my congregation, particularly my poor negro-converts, be favoured with your prayers. In return for which, I hope neither you nor your cauſe will be forgotten, by

Reverend Sir, Your affectionate fellow-labourer, and obliged ſervant,

Hanover (in Virginia) Samuel Davis.

Jan. 28, 1757.

Sunday 30. Knowing God was able to ſtregthen me for his own work, I officiated at Snowfields as uſual, before I went to Weſt-ſtreet, where the ſervice took me up between four and five hours. I preached in the evening and met the ſociety: and my ſtrength was as my day. I felt no more wearineſs at night, than at eight in the morning.

Sunday, February 6. The number of communicants at Spittlefields, made this Lord's-day a little more laborious than the former. But God added proportionably to my ſtrength. So I felt no difference.

* Thurſday 10. At the requeſt of the author, I took ſome pains, in correcting an ingenious book,

book, ſhortly to be publiſhed. But the more I conſider them, the more I doubt, of all ſyſtems of aſtronomy. I doubt whether we can certainly know, either the diſtance or magnitude of any ſtar in the firmament. Elſe why do aſtronomers ſo immenſely differ, even with regard to the diſtance of the ſun from the earth? Some affirming it to be only twelve, others ninety millions of miles!

About this time the following note was given into my hand at Wapping.

"John White, maſter at arms, aboard his Majeſty's ſhip Tartar, now at Plymouth, deſires to return Almighty God thanks, for himſelf and all the ſhip's company, for their preſervation in four different engagements they have had with four privateers which they have taken; particularly the laſt, wherein the enemy firſt boarded them. They cleared the deck, boarded in their turn, and took the ſhip, 30 of the enemy being killed, and 50 more wounded. Only two of our crew were wounded, who, it is hoped, will recover."

* Wedneſday 16. Calling on a friend, I found him juſt ſeized with all the ſymptoms of a pleuriſy. I adviſed him to apply a brimſtone-plaiſter, and in a few hours he was perfectly well. Now, to what end ſhould this patient have taken a heap of drugs, and loſt twenty ounces of blood? "To what end? Why, to oblige the doctor and apothecary." Enough! Reaſon good!

Tueſday 22. I preached at Deptford. Even

this wilderneſs does at length *bloſſom and bud as the roſe*. Never was there ſuch life in this little flock before, nor ſuch an increaſe in the num-number of hearers.

The following letter was wrote on Sat. 28.

" Reverend and dear Sir,

" When I was at Freſhford, on January 30, in the morning, I ſcrupled ſinging thoſe words,

Ye now afflicted are,
And hated for his name,
And in your bodies bear
The tokens of the Lamb.

I thought I was not afflicted or hated for the name of Chriſt. But this ſcruple was ſoon removed. For at Bradford, in the evening, I was preſt for a ſoldier, and carried to an inn, where the gentlemen were. Mr. Pearſe hearing of it, came, and offered bail for my appearance the next day. They ſaid, " They would-take his word for ten thouſand pound: but not for me; I muſt go to the round-houſe:" the little ſtone-room on the ſide of the bridge. So thither I was conveyed by five ſoldiers. There I found nothing to ſit on but a ſtone, and nothing to lie on but a little ſtraw. But ſoon after a friend ſent me a chair, on which I ſat all night. I had a double guard, twelve ſoldiers in all: two without, one in the door, and the reſt within. I paſſed the night without ſleep, but not without reſt;

reſt; for, bleſſed be God, my peace was not broken a moment. My body was in priſon; but I was Chriſt's freeman: my ſoul was at liberty. And even there I found ſome work to do for God: I had fair opportunity, of ſpeaking to them who durſt not leave me. And I hope it was not in vain.

In the morning I had leave to go to a private houſe with only one ſoldier to guard me. About three in the afternoon I was carried before the commiſſioners, and part of the act read, which impowered them to take "Such able-bodied men, as followed no buſineſs, and had no lawful or ſufficient maintenance." Then I ſaid, "If theſe are the men you are to take I am not a proper perſon. For I do follow a lawful calling in partnerſhip with my brother, and have alſo an eſtate." The juſtice ſaid, "If you will make oath of that, I think, we muſt let you go." But the commiſſioners ſaid, "no man could ſwear for himſelf." I ſaid, "Gentlemen, give me time and you ſhall have full proof." After a long debate they took a fifty pound bond, for my appearance on that day three weeks. All the time I could bleſs God that he counted me worthy to ſuffer for his name's ſake.

"The next day I ſet out for Cornwall. I tarried at home four days, and then ſetting out with my brother James, came to Bradford laſt Saturday. On Monday in the afternoon I appeared before the commiſſioners, with the writ-

tings of my eſtate. When the juſtice had perufed them, and my brother had taken his oath, I was ſet at liberty. So the fierceneſs of man turns to God's praiſe, and all this is for the furtherance of the goſpel. I hope you will return God thanks for my deliverance out of the hands of unreaſonable and wicked men.

William Hitchens."

Sunday 27. After the ſervice at Snow-fields, I found myſelf much weaker than uſual, and feared I ſhould not be able to go thro' the work of the day, which is equal to preaching eight times. I therefore prayed that God would ſend me help: and as ſoon as I had done preaching at Weſt-ſtreet, a clergyman who was come to town for a few days, came and offered me his ſervice. So when I aſked for ſtrength God gave me ſtrength: when for help, he gave this alſo.

I had been long deſired to ſee the little flock at Norwich. But this I could not decently do, 'till I was able to re-build part of the Foundery there, to which I was engaged by my leaſe. A ſum ſufficient for that end was now unexpectedly given me, by one of whom I had no perſonal knowledge. So I ſet out on Monday 28, and preached in Norwich on Tueſday evening, Mr. Walſh had been there twelve or fourteen days; and not without a bleſſing. After preaching I entered into contract with a builder, and gave him part of the money in hand. On

Wedneſday

Wednesday and Thursday I settled all our spiritual and temporal business, and on Friday and Saturday returned with Mr. Walsh to London.

Sunday 6. I had no help, and I wanted none, for God renewed my strength. But on Sunday 13, finding myself weak at Snow-fields, I prayed (if he saw good) that God would send me help at the chappel. And I had it. A clergyman whom I never saw before, came and offered me his assistance. And as soon as I had done preaching, Mr. Fletcher came, who had just then been ordained priest, and hastened to the chappel, on purpose to assist, as he supposed me to be alone.

Monday 14. I went with T. Walsh to Canterbury, where I preached in the evening with great enlargement of spirit: but with greater in the morning, being much refreshed at the sight of so large a number of soldiers. And is not God able to kindle the same fire in the fleet which he has already begun to kindle in the army?

Wednesday 16. I had the satisfaction to find an old stout-hearted sinner, who had been defying God for near four-score years, now become as a little child, and complaining of his own ignorance and ingratitude to God.

Frid. 18. I returned to London.

Sund. 20. Mr. Fletcher helped me again. How wonderful are the ways of God! when my bodily strength failed, and none in England were

able and willing to aſſiſt me, he ſent me help from the mountains of Swiſſerland! And an help meet for me in every reſpect: where could I have found ſuch another?

Frid. 25. After I had read to a ſerious clergyman the concluſion of "The Doctrine of Original Sin, he moved, that we might ſpend ſome time in prayer." And I found great liberty of ſpirit, in praying for Dr. Taylor, and a ſtrong hope, that God would ſhew him *the truth as it is in Jeſus.*

About this time, many of the children of God reſted from their labours.

On Sund. 13. I buried Elizabeth Langdon, who after ſevere inward trials, was for ſeveral days in great pain, but in great peace.

On Sund. 25. I buried Hannah Lee, a pattern of induſtry, meekneſs and patience.

* And on Sund. 27. I buried Mary Naylor, who for ſeveral years was a moſt eminent pattern, of truly Chriſtian courage, plainneſs of ſpeech, and plainneſs of apparel. A week before, I had an opportunity of telling her all that was in my heart, concerning her change, (not for the better) in all theſe particulars. In the beginning of her illneſs, ſhe was in great darkneſs and diſtreſs of ſoul. But while prayer was made for her, her bodily pain ceaſed, and her ſoul received comfort.

And on Mond. 21. juſt at midnight, ſhe quietly fell aſleep.

Wedneſ.

Wedneſ. 30. I rode to a gentleman's near Beconsfield, and preached at ſix in the evening, in a large, convenient place, filled with ſerious hearers, ſeveral of whom had come five or ſix miles.

Satur. 31. I was earneſtly importuned, to go over to High Wycombe. I went and preached there at noon, on *the parable of the ſower*. Perhaps ſome of the ſeed which has been ſown here for many years, will at length bring forth fruit.

At ſix it ſeemed as if the whole town of Beconsfield was aſſembled together. And I bear them witneſs, they gave earneſt heed, high and low, to the things which were ſpoken. A large number of them were preſent in the morning, on Friday April 1. Fair beginnings, theſe! But *he that endureth to the end, the ſame ſhall be ſaved*.

In returning to London, I read a tract on "the Law of Nature," wrote by a counſellor of Geneva. I am ſorry to find Dr. Taylor's poiſon, ſpread to the Alps alſo! And even printed and publiſhed at Geneva, without any hindrance or animadverſion!

Sund. 3. I paid one more viſit to Thomas Singleton, an amiable young man, called away at five and twenty, in the dawn of a flouriſhing buſineſs. The next day his ſpirit returned to God.

On Good-friday in the evening at the meeting of the fociety, God was eminently prefent with us. I read over and enlarged upon Joſeph Alleyne's directions for a thorough converſion to God; and deſired, all who were able would meet me on Monday that we might *perform our vows unto the Lord.*

* Mond. 11. At five in the evening about twelve hundred of the fociety met me, at Spittlefields. I expected two to help me, but none came. I held out till between ſeven and eight. I was then ſcarce able to walk or ſpeak: but I looked up and received ſtrength. At half hour after nine, God broke in mightily upon the congregation. *Great* indeed *was our glorying* in him: we were *filled with conſolation.* And when I returned home between ten and eleven, I was no more tired than at ten in the morning.

Mond. 12. I ſet out at five for Bedford. About ſeven the rain began. It did not intermit till noon, and was driven upon us by a moſt furious wind. In the afternoon we had ſome intervals of fair weather, and before five we reached Bedford.

Mr. Parker, now mayor, received us gladly. He hath not borne the ſword in vain. There is no curſing or ſwearing heard in theſe ſtreets: no work done on the Lord's day. Indeed there is no open wickedneſs of any kind now to be ſeen in Bedford. O what may not one magiſtrate

trate do, who has a ſingle eye and a confidence in God?

Both in the evening and the following morning, I preached the law, as well as the goſpel. The next evening I preached on, *All things are ready: come ye to the marriage.* And God eminently confirmed his word. It ſeemed as if not one would be left behind.

Wedneſ. 14. We rode to Leiceſter, where John Brandan has gathered a ſmall ſociety. I preached at ſeven. The houſe (ſuppoſed to contain a thouſand people) was throughly filled. I believe there were forty or fifty ſoldiers: and all heard, as for life.

Thurſ. 15. Being informed the ſtrait road to Birmingham was ſcarce paſſable, we went round by Coventry. Before ſix we reached Birmingham.

Satur. 16. I ſpoke to each member of the ſociety. What havock have the two oppoſite extreams, myſticiſm and antinomianiſm made, among this once-earneſt and ſimple people! Had it not been good for thoſe men, not to have been born, by whom theſe little ones have been offended?

In the afternoon I rode to Dudley, where the work of God increaſes greatly, notwithſtanding the immenſe ſcandal which has been given, by thoſe who once rejoiced in the love of God. One of theſe has lately killed his own child, by a blow upon the head. After preaching I talked with M.

B.

B. who has been long *a mother in Iſrael.* " I was under ſtrong convictions, ſaid ſhe, when twelve or thirteen years old, and ſoon after found peace with God. But I loſt it by degrees, and then contented myſelf with living a quiet, harmleſs life, till Mr. Charles Weſley came to Wedneſbury, in the year 1742. Soon after this my convictions returned though not with terror, as before, but with ſtrong hope, and in a little time, I recovered peace and joy in believing. This I never loſt ſince, but for forty-eight hours (by ſpeaking angrily to my child.) Not long after, Mr. Jones talked particularly with me, about the wickedneſs of my heart. I went home in great trouble, which did not ceaſe, till one day, ſitting in my houſe, I heard a voice ſay, in my inmoſt ſoul, " Be ye holy; for I am holy." From that hour for a year and a quarter, (though I never loſt my peace) I did nothing but long, and weep, and pray, for inward holineſs. I was then ſitting one day, Aug. 23, 1744, about eight in the morning, muſing and praying as uſual, when I ſeemed to hear a loud voice, ſaying at once to my heart and to my outward ears, " This day ſhall ſalvation come to this houſe." I ran up ſtairs, and preſently the power of God came upon me, ſo that I ſhook all over like a leaf. Then a voice ſaid, " This day is ſalvation come to this houſe." At the inſtant I felt an entire change. I was full of love, and full of God. I had the witneſs in myſelf,

ſelf. That he had made an end of ſin, and taken my whole heart for ever. And from that moment, I have never loſt the witneſs, nor felt any thing in my heart but pure love."

Sund. 17. The rain conſtrained me to preach within at eight, though the houſe would ill contain the congregation: but we prayed, that God, if he ſaw good, would *ſtay the bottles of heaven*, for the ſake of thoſe at Wedneſbury. And before we came thither, the rain ſtayed, ſo that I proclaimed Chriſt crucified, in the open air, to ſuch a congregation as no houſe could have contained. At five I preached to a ſtill larger congregation, on, *He that believeth ſhall be ſaved.* As ſoon as I had done, the rain returned, and continued great part of the night.

Mond. 18. In the evening I preached at Bilbrook to an earneſt congregation, and joined twenty of them in a ſociety: one of whom had Chriſt clearly revealed in him, thirty years ago. But he could find none who underſtood what he ſaid, till the *Methodiſts* (ſo called) came. He clave to them immediately, rejoicing with them and over them, who were partakers of like precious faith.

Tueſ. 19. Between Nantwich and Poole, a thick, black cloud came acroſs us, out of which iſſued ſuch a violent wind, as was ready to bear us off our horſes. But in five minutes time, the wind fell, and the cloud bore clear away.

Wedneſ.

Wedneſ. 20. The congregation at Cheſter in the evening was as quiet and ſerious as that at the Foundery: and the ſociety was near a third part larger, than when I was here in autumn.

Thurſ. 21. I rode to Liverpool, where I found about half of thoſe I left in the ſociety. James S——ld, had ſwept away the reſt, in order to which he had told lies innumerable. But none who make lies their refuge will proſper. A little while and his building will moulder away.

Sund. 24. We had two very uſeful ſermons at St. Thomas church: the one, on *counting the coſt*, before we *begin to build*; the other on, *Be ye angry, and ſin not.* And both of them were exactly ſuitable to the preſent caſe of many in the congregation.

The upper part of the high ſpire of the church, was blown down in the late ſtorm. The ſtones being bound together by ſtrong iron-cramps, hung waving in the air for ſome time. Then they broke through roof, gallery, pews and pavement, and made a deep dint in the ground.

Mond. 25. I walked to the infirmary, ſtanding on an hill, at the north-end of the town. The ſeamens hoſpital is joined to it, on each ſide, by ſemi-circular piazzas. All is extremely clean and neat, at leaſt equal to any thing in London. The old ſeamen have ſmaller or larger allowance, according

cording to their families. So that nothing is wanting to make their lives eaſy and comfortable—but the love of God.

I afterward ſpent an hour with Mr. Peter Whitefield, a man of ſtrong underſtanding and various learning. His diſſertation in defence of the Hebrew points (which he ſent me the next morning) is far more ſatisfactory than any thing, which I ever heard or read upon the ſubject.

Thurſ. 28. I talked with one, who by the advice of his paſtor, had very calmly and deliberately, beat his wife with a large ſtick, till ſhe was black and blue, almoſt from head to foot. And he inſiſted, "It was his duty ſo to do, becauſe ſhe was ſurly and ill-natured: and that he was full of faith all the time he was doing it, and had been ſo ever ſince!"

Satur. 30. I took a view of the free-ſchool, a truly noble benefaction. Here ſeventy boys and thirty girls are entirely provided for. The building forms three ſides of a ſquare, and is rather elegant than magnificent. The children are taught to work, in their ſeveral ways, as well as to read and write. The ſchool, the dining-rooms and the lodgings are plain and clean. The whole was the gift of one man, Mr. Blundell, a merchant of Liverpool.

Mond. May 2. I preached at Warrington about noon, to a wild, ſtaring people (very few excepted) who ſeemed juſt ripe for miſchief. But

the

the *bridle* was *in their jaws.* In the evening I preached at Manchefter.

Wednefday 4. I rode over to Hayfield, and preached at one in the church, to a congregation, gathered from all parts.

* Thurfday 5. I enquired of John Johnfon, concerning Mifs Berresford. The fum of his account was this. She was always an innocent fober young woman, having the form of godlinefs, till fhe was convinced of fin, and foon after juftified. She was a pattern both of piety and induftry. Notwithftanding her fortune and her ficklinefs, fhe was never unemployed; when fhe had no other work, working for the poor. And the whole tenor of her converfation was fuch, that it is ftill a common faying, "If Mifs Berresford is not gone to heaven, no body ever will."

She had a vehement love to the word of God, and fpared no pains in order to hear it. Frequently fhe would not go to bed all night, left fhe fhould mifs the morning preaching. She loft no opportunity of meeting with her brethren, to whom her heart was clofely united: nor was fhe afraid or afhamed to own the pooreft of them, wherever fhe met them, and whatever company fhe was in. The very fight of them occafioned a joy in her foul, which fhe neither could, nor defired to hide.

When her weaknefs confined her to her room, fhe rejoiced with joy unfpeakable: more efpecially

cially when she was delivered from all her doubts, concerning Christian perfection. Never was any one more athirst for this, for the whole mind that was in Christ. And she earnestly exhorted all her brethren, vehemently to press after it.

The more her bodily strength decayed, the more she was strengthened in spirit. She called upon all that were with her: "Help me to rejoice; help me to praise God." Having no fear, but a jealousy over herself, lest she should exceed in her desire to be with Christ.

As soon as I came to Ashbourn, she sent for me and broke out, "I am just at my journey's end. What a mercy, that I who have done so little for God, should be so soon taken up to him! O, I am full of the love of God. I dare not exercise my faith fully upon God: the glory of the Lord is so great, that I cannot bear it. I am overwhelmed. My natural life is almost gone, with the brightness of his presence. Sometimes I am even forced to cry out, "Lord, stay thy hand, till I come into glory." I asked, "Have you lately felt any remains of sin in you?" She said, I felt pride some weeks ago." And it seems, this was the last time. She added, I have now no will: the will of God is mine. I can bring my dearest friends before the Lord. And while I am praying for them, the glory of the Lord so overpowers me that I am lost, and adore in silence the God of heaven." She cried out, "Tell all from me, That perfection is attainable, and exhort

exhort all to preſs after it, What a bleſſing is it, that I have no weary hours? Tho' I am confined to my bed, night and day and can take ſcarce any thing but water to refreſh me, yet I am like a giant refreſhed with wine."

Afterward ſhe broke out, "If I had lived in what the world calls pleaſure, what a miſerable creature ſhould I have been now? What ſhould I be, if I had no God on my ſide? When the fire has made me bright, then I ſhall go to my God."

She prayed largely for all ſtates of mankind: but particularly, for the proſperity of the church: and for the ſociety at Aſhbourn, that God would continue and increaſe his work among them.

When ſhe altered for death, ſhe called for her mother and brothers, to each of whom ſhe gave an earneſt exhortation. Then ſhe ſaid, "Now I have no more to do here. I am ready to die. Send to Mr. W. and tell him I am ſorry, I did not ſooner believe the doctrine of perfect holineſs. Bleſſed be God I now know it to be the truth!" After greatly rejoicing in God for two days more, ſhe ſaid one morning, "I dreamed laſt night, I heard a voice, "Chriſt will come to day for his bride. It is for me. He will come for me to day." And a few hours after without one ſtruggle, or ſigh, or groan, ſhe ſweetly fell aſleep.

One who was intimately acquainted with her writes thus; "Glory be to God for the bleſſed privilege I enjoyed, of being with her, night and day,

day, for a month before she died. When I went to her first, she had kept her bed some days, and was extremely weak. And yet she spoke considerably plainer, than ever I heard her in my life. She called as soon as I entered the room, "My dear friend, give me your hand. Let us rejoice that my time is so near approaching. Do not mourn: you know it is what we expected." I was soon brought to wish her safe on the happy shore. She said, "this is true friendship." But how is it that I do not feel greater transports of love now I am so near the time of seeing my Lord face to face? Indeed I am ashamed to approach him, before whom the angels veil their faces!" She often said, "I take it as a fresh token of his love, that he sent you to me at this time." Her pains were great: but she bore all with invincible patience and resignation, and often said, "I find it good for me to be afflicted; in his time I shall come out throughly purified." Afterward she said, "I experience more upon this bed of my own nothingness, and the free grace of God in Christ than ever I did in all my life." The best of my performances, would be damnable without Christ.

Several days before her death her love was so great that she cried, "I am overcome, I am over come, I am overcome." And when she had scarce strength to speak, she praised God in a wonderful manner. Even when she was light-headed, her talk was wholly concerning the things

of

of God. She called to Mr. Wesley, as if he had been by her, and said, "O sir, how hard it is for the rich to enter into the kingdom of heaven? I am saved. But I am but just saved." When her fever abated, she told me, "She had dreamed that she was with him." And sometimes I could scarce persuade her but he had been there.

She after asked, "If I saw no more appearance of death in her face yet?" When I told her, there was, she begged I would indulge her with a looking-glass. And looking earnestly into it, she said with transport, "I never saw myself with so much pleasure in my life."

On Saturday morning at six she said, "My Saviour will come to day, and fetch his bride." Yet about eight she said, "If you had felt what I have done this morning, it would have killed you. I had lost sight of God." (Perhaps in the last conflict *with principalities and powers)* From this time she was filled with joy, but spoke little. Her eyes were still lifted up to heaven, till her soul was released, with so much ease, that I did not know when she drew her last breath.

So died Judith Berresford, as it were an hundred years old, at the age of four and twenty. A little more of her life and of her spirit, may be learned from one or two of her letters.

* "How can you love me, since there is still such a mixture of evil in all I say and do? But why should I ask this question? The Lord himself loves me: and in the late dispensation of his

his providence he has mercifully discovered to me some sins of a refined nature, which before I was almost ignorant of, and now wait and pray to be delivered from. And I can joyfully add, the Lord is nigh to all that call upon him. He will fulfil my desire, though not *as* I desired——His way and his will are best. But how long shall I acknowledge this, without implicitly submitting to it? My own will I am apt to think good in such cases, and to grieve when it is crost. So that I easily discern, how needful it is for me to be tried, and made to sacrifice to the Lord of that which costs me something. I need not say, for the above, alas! will tell you, that I cannot answer all your questions in the affirmative. For did I continually find God present with me, and always walk in the light of his countenance, most surely there could be no part dark in me. Yet this I can say, that I see his hand stretched out to save and to deliver. And my trust is, that before I go hence, I shall behold all his salvation. And if it can serve any good purpose, he will open my lips to declare his praise, and let a poor creature glorify him in her death. For this I pray, and rejoice in hope, knowing the God whom I serve is able to fulfil in me all the good pleasure of his will, and the work of faith with power.

As to the shadows of this world, I think I may truly say, they are as nothing to me. The evil (for certainly it must be some) that at times interposes

interpoſes between God and my ſoul, is I believe of a more ſpiritual nature. The ſtirrings of pride I ſometimes feel, and I truſt, ſhall bewail as long as one ſpark remains.

My dear friend, adieu! I truſt we ſhall have an happy meeting at laſt. In the mean time I am perſuaded, a few lines from you would add greatly to my peace and comfort.

I am
Your very loving, and (I hope)
obedient child,

Sept. 7, 1756. I. B.

* In anſwer to a letter wherein I deſired ſome account of her experience, ſhe wrote as follows.

" How does it add to the glory of the Almighty Saviour, that from my very infancy, this rebel heart has felt the drawings of his love? Therefore ſince you deſire to know, how I was firſt convinced, that I was a poor, guilty ſinner, I muſt begin with ſaying, that goodneſs and mercy have followed me all my days. But I know not how to proceed, the workings of ſin and grace that I have felt are beyond deſcription. Yet out of the mouth of babes and ſucklings the Lord can perfect praiſe.

My childhood was ſpent in much ſimplicity and peace. The Lord drew me to himſelf with the cords of love and I found great joy, in pouring out my ſoul before him. Original ſin I was quite ignorant of; but actual ſins I felt and bewailed,

wailed, and after ſome time ſpent in weeping for them, I felt peace and renewed my reſolutions. But they could not laſt long: for pride, envy, and all manner of evil, now ſprung up in my heart. Yet at times I had ſtrong convictions, and often reſolved to be very ſerious when I was older.

So I went on from eight or ten years old till ſeventeen. Then I was indeed as bad as bad could be; deſired nothing but to be admired, and was filled with all that fooliſh vanity, which poor young women are moſt prone to. Chriſtmas 1750, I was adviſed, to partake of the Lord's ſupper. I knew it was right, but was conſcious of my ignorance and unfitneſs for it. However I endeavoured to prepare myſelf, and was pretty well ſatisfied, after I had made a formal confeſſion of my ſins, and ſhed ſome tears for them.

About this time there was a great talk of Methodiſm, and a couſin of mine was brought to ſeek the Lord. I went to viſit her in January 1751, and told her before I came away, "I knew I was not what I ought to be, and ſhould be glad to be inſtructed." From this time we carried on a correſpondence, and by degrees light broke in upon my heart. But alas! tho' I well knew, that in me was no good thing, and ſeemed to diſclaim my own righteouſneſs, yet the idol lurked within, and I really truſted in my own prayers and other duties. In this manner I went on that whole year, toward the end

of which my corruptions were more violent. Sin took occaſion by the commandment, and I was often ready to be carried away by the torrent.

February 1752, It pleaſed God to take my dear friend. This appeared to me a heavy judgment. Yet I afterwards ſaw how it was tempered with mercy, as it taught me, to truſt in none but the everl aſting arm. Her death happily proved the occaſion of her elder ſiſter's converſion. The bleſſing of a Chriſtian friend was reſtored to me, and we received each other as from the Lord.

In 53 and 54, I had great outward afflictions, and at times ſtrong inward conflicts, though bleſſed be God, I generally found comfort in pouring out my complaints before him. But towards the end of 1754 I began to feel my hope decline: and for ſeveral nights in ſecret prayer I was in ſtrong agony of ſpirit. The Lord then, while I was upon my knees ſtripped off all my figleaves. At the ſame time he ſhewed me the allſufficiency of Jeſus Chriſt to ſave ſinners, to ſave me, the chief, and I was enabled to cry out, "My Lord, and my God! I have redemption in thy blood." From this happy time I went on my way rejoicing, though I was at times grievouſly aſſaulted, both by the ſtirrings of my old corruptions, and temptations from the devil, blaſphemous thoughts in particular. I always experinced

perienced something of this before the sacrament: but the Lord made a way for me to escape.

In the beginning of the year 1755, we had preaching near Ashbourn. This I had wished for long. And now I was honoured with suffering a little for the name of Christ. At first I was rather ashamed: but the Lord strengthened me. And so great a blessing did I find, by conversing with these dear people, that I feared none of those things, which I did, or might suffer. My acquaintance were now less fond of my company, and they that looked upon me shaked their heads. This proved an unspeakable blessing: for often I had cause to fear the love of men.

From the time of my becoming serious, or rather beginning to aim at it, my health visibly declined. This at first occasioned me some trouble; because all cried out, "It was being too religious." But afterwards I saw great mercy in this chastisement and the consequences of it: one of which was, that I had a *just excuse*, even in the judgment of others, for refraining from many things which in my circumstances could not otherwise have been avoided, without great opposition from those who were near and dear unto me. Not that I ever fasted: God knows I have been deficient in this, as well as every other duty. But I had an happy liberty of using some little self-denial: for which the Lord be praised!

O how has he led me and carried me in his bosom! Is it not wonderful? And yet I have not told you a tenth part. But the time fails. And my strength fails. Praise God with me, and let us magnify his name together.

Oct. 1, 1756.

I believe, this was one of the last letters she wrote. Shortly after she was called hence.

" So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refin'd,
Heaven as it's purest gold with torture try'd;
The saint sustained it; but the woman dy'd."

An account of a widely different nature I received about this time from Ireland. " Thomas B. about three miles from Tyrrel's-pass, was at the point of death, by a violent rupture. While they were praying for him in the society, he was at once restored to perfect health. He continued in health for several years, and in the knowledge and love of God. But no sooner did he return to folly, than his disorder returned. And in some months it put an end to his life. He died as stupid as an ox."

Monday 9. I rode over the mountains to Huddersfield. A wilder people I never saw in England. The men, women and children, filled the street as we rode along, and appeared just ready to devour us. They were however tolerably quiet while I preached; only, a few pieces of dirt were

were thrown: and the bellman came in the middle of the ſermon: but was ſtopped by a gentleman of the town. I had almoſt done, when they began to ring the bells; ſo that it did us ſmall diſſervice. How intolerable a thing is the goſpel of Chriſt, to them who are reſolved to ſerve the devil!

Wedneſday 11. I preached about one at Wakefield, in a ſmall meadow near the town. When I began the ſun ſhone exceeding hot: But in a few minutes it was covered with clouds. The congregation was more quiet and ſerious than ever I ſaw there before. Almoſt as ſoon as I had done ſpeaking, the ſun broke out again.

Thur. 12. I finiſhed Dr. Roger's "Eſſay on the learning of the antients." I think he has clearly proved that they had microſcopes and teleſcopes, and knew all that is valuable in the modern aſtronomy. But indeed he has fully ſhewn the whole frame of this, to be quite uncertain, if not ſelf-contradictory.

The latter end of the week I ſpent at Bradford.

Sunday 13. At five the houſe contained the congregation: but at eight they covered the plain adjoining to it. The ſun was hot, 'till the clouds interpoſed. It was a ſolemn and comfortable ſeaſon. As ſoon as the ſervice of the church was ended, I began at the end of the houſe again, and exhorted a willing multitude, to *follow after charity*. A ſhower of rain and hail

fell as I drew to a concluſion: but it did not diſturb the congregation.

Soon after I took horſe for Birſtal. The congregation here was treble to that at Bradford. But as they ſtood one above another, on the circular ſlope of the hill, my voice commanded them all. Though I ſpoke longer than I uſually do, I found no wearineſs or weakneſs. Shall not *they that truſt in the Lord renew their ſtrength?* Yea, as long as the ſun and moon endureth.

On Monday and Tueſday I preached in the neighbouring towns.

* Wedneſday 18. I rode in the afternoon from Haliſax, over the huge, but extremely pleaſant and fruitful mountains to Heptonſtall. A large congregation was waiting for us, not only on the ground, but on the ſide and tops of the neighbouring houſes. But no ſcoffer or trifler was ſeen among them. It rained in the adjoining valley, all or moſt of the time that I was preaching. But it was fair with us, on the top of the mountain. What an emblem of God's taking up his people into a place of ſafety, while the ſtorm falls on all below?

Here I was informed of the earthquake the day before. On Tueſday, May 17. many perſons in ſeveral parts within five or ſix miles, heard a ſtrange noiſe under the ground, which ſome compared to thunder, others to the rumbling of carts: quickly after they felt the earth rock under

under them, and wave to and fro. Many who were within doors heard their pewter and glaſs clatter, many in the fields felt the ground ſhake under their feet: and all agreed as to the time, though they knew nothing of each other's account.

Thurſ. 19. I preached at Ewood about ſeven, not intending to preach again till the evening. But Mr. Grimſhaw begged I would give them one ſermon at Gawkſham; after which we climbed up the enormous mountain, I think equal to any I ſaw in Germany, on the brow of which we were ſaluted by a ſevere ſhower, which an high wind drove full in our faces, almoſt till we came to Haſlenden. * Here I learned, that the earthquake obſerved near Heptonſtal, had been ſenſibly felt by very many perſons, from Bingley, three miles eaſtward of Kighley, to the neighbourhood of Preſton. It was every where preceded by an hoarſe rumbling, about three o'clock: ſo that in a few minutes it had run from eaſt to weſt, between fifty and ſixty miles.

Frid. 20. I preached near Paddiham at eight, to a large, wild congregation: about noon at Rough Lee, where thoſe who ſtood firm in the ſtorm, had melted away in the calm. At Kighley I had neither voice nor ſtrength left. But while I was preaching my ſtrength returned.

Satur. 21. I had a little conference with our preachers. In the afternoon I preached at Bing-

ley. I have not lately ſeen ſo genteel a congregation: yet the word of God fell heavy upon them.

Sund. 22. After preaching at five, I took horſe for Haworth. A December ſtorm met us upon the mountain. But this did not hinder ſuch a congregation, as the church could not contain. I ſuppoſe we had near a thouſand communicants, and ſcarce a trifler among them. In the afternoon, the church not containing more than a third of the people, I was conſtrained to be in the church-yard. The rain began as ſoon as I began to ſpeak. But they regarded it not. For God ſent into their hearts

The former and the latter rain;
The love of God, and love of man.

Mond. 23. I took horſe at four. It rained till noon without intermiſſion. And we had heavy ſhowers in the afternoon. However we reached Ambleſide in the evening.

Tueſ. 24. We rode by Keſwick to Whitehaven. Within a few miles of the town, I was ſo tired that I could ſcarce either ride or walk. But all wearineſs was gone before I had preached a quarter of an hour.

* Wedneſ. 25. I was ſurprized to ſee not only hedges and ſhrubs without a green leaf upon them,

them, but abundance of trees likewiſe naked as in the depth of winter. Upon enquiring I found that ſome time before a violent wind had gone through all theſe parts, which not only threw down chimneys, walls and barns, and tore up trees by the roots, but ſcorched every green thing it touched, as with fire, ſo that all the leaves immediately fell off, and not only buſhes and fruit trees, but elms, oaks and firs, withered away to the very roots.

Frid. 27. I preached at Branthwait about noon. Many of the congregation came from far. The rain was ſuſpended from ten till evening, ſo that they had opportunity both of coming and returning. This alſo was an anſwer to prayer. And is any ſuch too little to be remembered?

Whitſunday, May 29. After preaching at eight and at two, I haſtened to Cockermouth. I began without delay, and cried to a liſtening multitude, *If any man thirſt, let him come unto me and drink.* The word had free courſe. Even the gentry ſeemed deſirous to drink of the *living water.*

Mond. 30. I rode to Wigton, a neat, well-built town, on the edge of Cumberland. I preached in the market-place at twelve. The congregation was large and heavily attentive. Between four and five we croſſed Solway Frith, and before ſeven reached an ill-looking houſe,

called The Brow, which we came to by miſtake, having paſſed the houſe we were directed to. I believe, God directed us better than man. Two young women, we found, kept the houſe, who had loſt both their parents; their mother very lately. I had great liberty in praying with them and for them. Who knows but God will faſten ſomething upon them, which they will not eaſily ſhake off?

Tueſ. 31. I breakfaſted at Dumfries, and ſpent an hour with a poor backſlider of London, who had been for ſome years ſettled there. We then rode through an uncommonly-pleaſant country, (ſo widely diſtant is common report from truth) to Thorny-hill, two or three miles from the Duke of Queenſborough's ſeat, an antient and noble pile of building, delightfully ſituated, on the ſide of a pleaſant and fruitful hill. But it gives no pleaſure to its owner: for he does not even behold it with his eyes. Surely this is a ſore evil under the ſun: a man *has* all things, and *enjoys* nothing.

We rode afterward partly over, and partly between ſome of the fineſt mountains, I believe, in Europe, higher than moſt, if not, than any in England, and cloathed with graſs to the very top. Soon after four we came to Lead-hill, a little town at the foot of the mountains, wholly inhabited by miners.

Wedneſ. June 1. We rode on to Glaſgow: a mile

mile ſhort of which, we met Mr. Gillies, riding out to meet us.

* In the evening the tent (ſo they call a covered pulpit) was placed in the yard of the poor-houſe, a very large and commodious place. Fronting the pulpit was the infirmary, with moſt of the patients at or near the windows. Adjoining to this was the hoſpital for lunatics: ſeveral of them gave deep attention. And cannot God give them alſo the ſpirit of a ſound mind? After ſermon, they brought four children to baptize. I was at the kirk in the morning, while the miniſter baptized ſeveral, immediately after ſermon. So I was not at a loſs, as to their *manner* of baptizing. I believe this removed much prejudice.

Frid. 3. At ſeven the congregation was increaſed, and earneſt attention ſat on every face. In the afternoon we walked to the college and ſaw the new library, with the collection of pictures. Many of them are by Raphael, Rubens, Vandyke, and other eminent hands. But they have not room to place them to advantage, their whole building being very ſmall.

* Satur. 4. I walked through all parts of the old cathedral, a very large and once beautiful ſtructure; I think, more lofty than that at Canterbury, and nearly the ſame length and breadth. We then went up the main ſteeple, which gave us a fine proſpect, both of the city and the adja-

cent country. A more fruitful and better cultivated plain, is ſcarce to be ſeen in England. Indeed nothing is wanting but more trade (which would naturally bring more people) to make a great part of Scotland no way inferior to the beſt counties in England.

I was much pleaſed with the ſerioufneſs of the people in the evening. But ſtill I prefer the Engliſh congregation. I cannot be reconciled to men ſitting at prayer, or covering their heads while they are ſinging praiſe to God.

Sund. 5. At ſeven the congregation was juſt as large as my voice could reach. And I did not ſpare them at all. So if any *will* deceive himſelf I am clear of his blood. In the afternoon, it was judged two thouſand, at leaſt, went away, not being able to hear. But ſeveral thouſands heard very diſtinctly, the evening being calm and ſtill. After preaching I met as many as deſired it, of the members of the praying ſocieties. I earneſtly adviſed them, to meet Mr. Gillies every week: and at their other meetings, not to talk looſely and in general (as their manner had been) on ſome head of religion, but to examine each others hearts and lives.

* Mond. 6. We took horſe early, and in three hours reached the Kirk of Shots: where the landlord ſeemed to be unuſually affected, by a few minutes converſation: as did alſo the woman of the houſe where we dined. We came to Muſſelborough at five. I went to an inn, and ſent for

Mr.

Mr. Bailiff Lindſey, whom I had ſeen ſeveral years ago. He came immediately, and deſired me, to make his houſe my home. At ſeven I preached in the poor-houſe to a large and deeply attentive congregation. But the number of people making the room extremely hot, I preached in the morning before the door. Speaking aftewards to the members of the ſociety, I was agreeably ſurprized, to find more than two-thirds knew in whom they had believed. And the tree was known by its fruits. The national ſhyneſs and ſtubbornneſs were gone, and they were as open and teachable as little children. At ſeven five or ſix and forty of the fifty dragoons, and multitudes of the towns-people attended. Is the time come, that even theſe wiſe Scots ſhall become fools for Chriſt's ſake?

Wedneſ. 8. I rode to Dunbar. Here alſo I found a little ſociety, moſt of them rejoicing in God their Saviour. At eleven I went out into the main ſtreet, and began ſpeaking to a congregation of two men and two women. Theſe were ſoon joined by above twenty little children, and not long after by a large number of young and old. On a ſudden the ſun broke out and ſhone full in my face: but in a few moments I felt it not. In the afternoon I rode to Berwick-upon-Tweed. They did not expect me till the next day: however a congregation quickly aſſembled:

and

and one as large, if not larger, at five in the morning.

Thurſ. 9. To-day, Douglas, the play which has made ſo much noiſe, was put into my hands. I was aſtoniſhed to find, it is one of the fineſt tragedies I ever read. What pity, that a few lines were not left out! And that it was ever acted at Edinburgh!

Frid. 10. I found myſelf much out of order, till the flux ſtopt at once, without any medicine. But being ſtill weak, and the ſun ſhining extremely hot, I was afraid I ſhould not be able to go round by Kelſo. Vain fear! God took care for this alſo. The wind which had been full eaſt for ſeveral days, turned this morning full weſt; and blew juſt in our face. And about ten the clouds roſe, and kept us cool till we came to Kelſo.

* At ſix William Coward and I went to the market-houſe. We ſtayed ſome time, and neither man, woman nor child came near us. At length I began ſinging a Scotch pſalm, and fifteen or twenty people came within hearing, but with great circumſpection, keeping their diſtance, as though they knew not what might follow. But while I prayed, their number increaſed, ſo that in a few minutes there was a pretty large congregation. I ſuppoſe the chief men of the town were there: and I ſpared neither rich nor poor. I almoſt wondered at myſelf, it not being

being uſual with me to uſe keen and cutting expreſſions. And I believe, many felt, that for all their form, they were but Heathens ſtill.

* Satur. 11. Near as many were preſent at five, to whom I ſpoke full as plain as before. Many looked, as if they would look us through: but the ſhyneſs peculiar to this nation, prevented their ſaying any thing to me, good or bad, while I walked through them to our inn.

About noon I preached at Woller, a pretty large town, eighteen miles from Kelſo. I ſtood on one ſide of the main ſtreet, near the middle of the town. And I *might* ſtand. For no creature came near me, till I had ſung part of a pſalm. Then a row of children ſtood before me, and in ſome time, about an hundred men and women. I ſpoke full as plain as I did at Kelſo. And Phariſees themſelves are not out of God's reach.

In the afternoon we came to Alnwick, and at ſix I preached in the Court-houſe to a congregation of another ſpirit.

Sund. 12. At ſeven they were gathered from all parts, and I was greatly refreſhed among them. At five the Court-houſe being too ſmall, I was obliged to go out into the market-place. O what a difference is there between theſe living ſtones, and the dead, unfeeling multitudes in Scotland?

* Mond. 13. I proclaimed the love of Chriſt to ſinners, in the market-place at Morpeth. Thence

Thence we rode to Placey. The ſociety of colliers here may be a pattern to all the ſocieties in England. No perſon ever miſſes his band or claſs: they have no jar of any kind among them: but with one heart and one mind provoke one another to love and to good works. After preaching I met the ſociety in a room as warm as any in Georgia: this, with the ſcorching heat of the ſun, when we rode on, quite exhauſted my ſtrength. But after we came to Newcaſtle I ſoon recovered, and preached with as much eaſe as in the morning.

* Thurſ. 16. In the evening I preached at Sunderland. I then met the ſociety, and told them plain, None could ſtay with us, unleſs he would part with all ſin: particularly robbing the king, ſelling or buying run goods, which I could no more ſuffer than robbing on the highway. This I inforced on every member the next day. A few would not promiſe to refrain. So theſe I was forced to cut off. About two hundred and fifty were of a better mind.

Satur. 18. The deſk was placed in the evening juſt oppoſite the ſun, which when I begun was covered with a cloud. But it broke out in a few minutes, and ſhone full in my face, for three quarters of an hour. But it was no inconvenience at all: nor were my eyes any more dazled, than if it had been under the earth.

Sund. 19. I preached at eight to the uſual congre-

congregation, and haſtened to Shields, leſt I ſhould be too late for the church. Between twelve and one I preached in a kind of ſquare. But here we had a new kind of inconvenience. Every four or five minutes, a ſtrong wind covered us over with a ſhower of duſt: ſo that it was not eaſy to look up, or to keep ones eyes open. But not long after, the rain began, which conſtrained me to preach within, at Newcaſtle. I took the opportunity of making a collection for the poor: many of whom can very hardly ſupport life, in the preſent ſcarcity.

Wedneſ. 22. In the evening and the following morning I preached at Cheſter on the Strate. Obſerving ſome very fine but not very modeſt pictures in the parlour where we ſupped, I deſired my companion when the company was gone, to put them where they could do no hurt. He piled them on an heap in a corner of the room, and they have not appeared ſince.

Thurſ. 23. I preached at Southbiddick about noon, on *I will heal thy backſliding:* God was with us at Sunderland in the evening, in an uncommon manner. And the next day I left the people there more in earneſt than they have been for ſome years.

Satur. 25. We walked to Swalwell about noon. The ſun was ſcorching hot, and there was no wind or cloud. But it did us no hurt. The congregation was ſuch as I never ſaw there before.

fore. And I believe God bleſſed his word to them that were nigh, and them that had been far from him.

Sund. 26. I preached at Gateſhead at eight, at Sheep-hill about noon, and at five in the evening at Newcaſtle, near Pandon-gate. The rain only threatned till I had done, but ſoon after, poured down. How well does God *time* great and ſmall events, for the furtherance of his kingdom!

Mond. 27. I preached at Horſeley, and found ſome life even there. Thence we rode acroſs the Tyne to Prudhoe, a little town on the top of an high hill. I preached at the ſide of Mr. H.'s houſe, and I ſuppoſe, all the town who could get out were preſent, and moſt of them at five in the morning. At both times it pleaſed God to make bare his arm, not only to wound, but to heal.

Tueſ. 28. I returned to Newcaſtle, hoarſe and weak. But who can be ſpent in a better cauſe?

* Thurſ. 30. I read Mr. Baxter's account of his own life and times. It ſeems to be the moſt impartial account of thoſe times which has yet ever appeared. And none that I have ſeen, ſo accurately points out the real ſprings of thoſe public calamities.

Sund. July 3. The high wind obliged me to ſtand on the weſtern ſide of Gateſhead. By this means the ſun was juſt in my face. But it was not

not long before the clouds covered it. As I began ſpeaking in the afternoon near Pandon-gate, the rain began, ſcattered the careleſs hearers, and ceaſed. An earneſt, attentive multitude remained, to whom I explained part of the ſecond leſſon for the day, concerning the *joy* which *is in heaven, over one ſinner that repenteth.*

Monday 4. I took my leave of Newcaſtle, and about noon preached at Durham, in a pleaſant meadow, near the river's ſide. The congregation was large, and wild enough. Yet in a ſhort time they were deeply attentive. Only three or four gentlemen put me in mind, of the honeſt man at London, who was ſo gay and unconcerned, while Dr. Sherlock was preaching concerning the day of judgment. One aſked, "Do you not hear what the doctor ſays?" He anſwered, "Yes: but I am not of this pariſh!" Toward the cloſe I was conſtrained to mention the groſs ignorance I had obſerved, in the rich and genteel people throughout the nation. On this they drew near, and ſhewed as ſerious an attention, as if they had been poor colliers.

We took horſe at two. The clouds and wind in our face kept us cool, till we came to Hartlepool. Mr. Romaine has been an inſtrument of awakening ſeveral here: but for want of help, they ſoon ſlept again. I preached in the main ſtreet to near all the town. And they behaved with ſerioufneſs.

Tueſday

Tuesday 5. At seven in the evening I preach in the main street at Stockton. None but two or three gentlemen seemed unconcerned. I went thence to meet the society. But many others begged to stay with them; and so earnestly that I could not refuse. And indeed it was a day of God's power. I scarce know when we have found the like.

Wednesday 6. At eleven I preached near the Market-place in Yarm. Many gentry were there, and all serious. I find in all these parts, a solid serious people, quite simple of heart, strangers to various opinions, and seeking only the faith that worketh by love. And most of the believers are waiting and longing for the fulness of the promises.

One young woman, late a papist, I talked with at large, who last night took leave of her priest. Instead of staying to be sent for, she sent for him, and after asking him several questions, frankly told him, "She had now found the true religion, and by the grace of God would continue therein." She has been concerned for her soul from thirteen years of age. About two years ago she began to hear our preachers. Soon after she found the peace of God, and has never lost it since.

About seven I preached at Osmotherly.

Thursday 7. I rode through one of the pleasantest parts of England to Hornby. Here the zealous landlord turned all the Methodists out of their

their houſes. This proved a ſingular kindneſs: For they built ſome little houſes at the end of the town, in which forty or fifty of them live together. Hence with much ado I found my way to Robinhood's bay, and preached on the Kay to the greateſt part of the town. All (except one or two, who were very wiſe in their own eyes) ſeemed to receive the truth in love.

This day, between Hemſley and Kirkby-Moorſide, we rode over a little river, which ſuddenly diſappears, and after running a mile under ground, riſes again and purſues its courſe.

Sunday 10. I preached at ſeven, on *Repent and believe the goſpel.* At the church, which ſtands on the hill, a mile from the town, we had a ſound, uſeful ſermon. After I preached at a little village called Normanby: and about five on the Kay. In the evening, talking with the ſociety, I ſaw more than ever the care of God over them that fear him. What was it which ſtopped their growing in grace? Why they had a well-meaning preacher among them, who was inflaming them more and more againſt the clergy. Nor could he adviſe them to attend the public ordinances: for he never went either to church or ſacrament himſelf. This I knew not: but God did: and by his wiſe providence prevented the conſequences which would naturally have enſued. William Manuel was preſt for a ſoldier: ſo the people go to church and ſacrament as before.

* Monday

* Monday 11. We ſet out early. This and the three next days were the hotteſt I ever knew in England. A gentleman who formerly traded to Guinea, aſſured me, that the ſpirits in his thermometer (the ſame he had when abroad) roſe as high as they did within a few degrees of the line. About nine we ſhould have been glad to baiſ: but there being no inn to be found, we lay down for a quarter of an hour under ſome trees, and then rode on to Slingſby. The miniſter, an old acquaintance of my father's, having deſired to ſee me, I called at his houſe before I preached. And I could gladly have ſtayed longer with him, but I knew the congregation waited. One poor drunkard made a little diſturbance: but after he was ſilenced, all were ſtill, and ſteadily attentive.

It continued intenſely hot. But having the wind in our faces, (as we generally had, all along from Newcaſtle; and that, which way ſo ever we rode) we received no hurt, till we came to York. But the difficulty was, how to preach there, in a room which in winter uſed to be as hot as an oven? I cut the knot, by preaching in Blake's ſquare, where (the mob not being aware of us,) I began and ended my diſcourſe to a numerous congregation, without the leaſt diſturbance.

Tueſday 12. I ſet a ſubſcription on foot for building a more commodious room. In the evening I preached at Acombe, to a calm, ſolid congregation.

congregation. The next evening I preached at Popleton, where the poor gladly received the goſpel. The rich heard it and even ſeemed to *approve*. God give them to *underſtand* and *practiſe* it.

Thurſday 14. I reſolved to preach in the ſquare once more, knowing God has the hearts of all men in his hands. One egg was thrown and ſome bits of dirt. But this did not hinder a large congregation, from taking earneſt heed to what was ſpoken, of Chriſt *the wiſdom of God and the power of God.*

Friday 15. At three in the morning there were all the probable ſigns of a violently hot day. But about four God ſent a cooling rain. It ceaſed about ſeven. But the clouds continued and ſhaded us to Pocklington. Yet it was too hot to bear the houſe. So I ſtood in the main ſtreet and cried, *If any man thirſt, let him come unto me and drink.* A large mob ſoon gathered on the other ſide. And for fear they ſhould not make noiſe enough, the good church-warden hired men to ring the bells. But it was loſt labour. For ſtill the bulk of the congregation heard, 'till I quietly finiſhed my diſcourſe.

Before ſeven I reached Epworth, and preached in the market-place to a liſtening multitude.

Saturday 16. I rode on to Laſeby, about thirty meaſured miles. After ſo many long journies which I hardly felt, this ſhort one quite exhauſted my ſtrength. However I quickly recovered, ſo

as

as to preach at three in a meadow, to a large congregation. They all kneeled when I prayed, and ſhewed ſuch a genuine ſimplicity as greatly revived my ſpirit. At ſeven I preached in the New room, which they have juſt finiſhed at Grimſby.

Sunday 17. At ſeven in the morning, the houſe juſt contained the people. I deſigned to preach abroad in the afternoon: but the rain drove us into the houſe again; as many as could crouded in. The reſt ſtood without, tho' many I fear, were wet to the ſkin.

Tueſday 19. Before I left Newcaſtle I heard a ſtrange relation which I knew not what to think of. I then deſired T. Lee, who was going to the place, to enquire particularly concerning it. He did ſo, and in conſequence of that enquiry, wrote me the following account.

"R—— J—— lived about twelve miles from Newcaſtle.

His ſon ſome time ſince married without his conſent. At this he was ſo enraged, that he wiſhed his "Right arm might burn off, if ever he gave or left him ſixpence."

* However in March laſt, being taken ill, he made his will, and left him all his eſtate. The ſame evening he died. On Thurſday 10, his widow laying her hand on his back, found it warm. In the evening, thoſe who were with him, went into the next room, to take a little refreſhment. As they were eating, they obſerved a diſagreeable ſmell, but could find nothing in

in the room to cauſe it. Returning into the room where the corps lay, they found it full of ſmoke. Removing the ſheet which covered the corpſe, they ſaw (to their no ſmall amazement) the body ſo burnt, that the entrails were bare, and might be ſeen through the ribs. His right arm was nearly burnt off, his head ſo burnt, that the brains appeared. And a ſmoke came out of the crown of his head, like the ſteam of boiling water. When they caſt water upon his body, it hiſſed, juſt as if caſt on red-hot iron. Yet the ſheet which was upon him was not ſinged; but that under him, with the pillow-beer and pillow, and the plank on which he lay, were all burned, and looked as black as charcoal.

They haſtened to put what was left of him into the coffin, leaving ſome to watch by it. But after it was nailed up, a noiſe of burning and crackling was heard therein. None was permited to look into it, till it was carried to Abcheſter church-yard. It was buried near the ſteeple. As ſoon as it was brought to the grave, the ſteeple was obſerved to ſhake. The people haſtened away; and it was well they did: for preſently part of the ſteeple fell. So that had they ſtayed two minutes longer, they muſt have been cruſhed in pieces. All theſe circumſtances were related to me and my wife, by thoſe who were eye and ear witneſſes."

I preached in a ground adjoining to the houſe. Toward the concluſion of my ſermon, the per-

ſon with whom I lodged was much offended at one, who ſunk down and cried aloud for mercy. Herſelf dropt down next and cried as loud as her: ſo did ſeveral others quickly after. When prayer was made for them, one was preſently filled with peace and joy in believing. In the morning I left the reſt refuſing to be comforted, 'till Chriſt ſhould be revealed in their hearts.

Wedneſday 20. I preached at Ferry in my way, and in Epworth market-place about ſeven. The rain began juſt as I began ſpeaking. But God heard the prayer, and it was ſtayed.

Saturday 23. I preached a Weſtwood-ſide where the breach of fifteen years is now healed: all the wanderers being returned to the fold, with him who led them aſtray.

* Sunday 24. As we rode over Haxey-Car towards Miſterton, one was relating a ſurprizing thing that happened lately. A Woman of Stockwith told her ſiſter who lived with her, "I do not think to go to market to day, for I dreamed, that I was drowned in riding acroſs one of the drains on Haxey-Car." But ſhe was ſoon laughed out of it, and went. She rode over the Car with many other market-folks, and in croſſing one of the drains, where the water was ſcarce a yard deep, ſlipt off her horſe. Several looked on, but none once thought of pulling her out till ſhe was paſt recovery.

At One I preached to the largeſt congregation I have ſeen ſince I left Newcaſtle. All behaved

haved with deep ſerioufneſs but one man, whom I afterward learnt to be a Baptiſt-preacher. Juſt as I was taking horſe he came again, and laboured hard to begin a diſpute. But having neither time nor ſtrength to ſpare, I gave him the ground and rode away.

The congregation at Epworth was full as large, if not larger than that at Miſterton. Among them was a poor grey-headed ſinner, a mocker at all religion. But his mocking is paſt. He was in tears moſt of the time, and is now *feeling after God.*

Monday 25. I left Epworth with great ſatisfaction, and about one preached at Clayworth. I think none was unmoved, but Michael Fenwick, who fell faſt aſleep under an adjoining hay-rick. From thence we rode to Rotherham. When I came in, I had no ſtrength and no voice left. However in an hour I was able to preach to the largeſt congregation that I ſuppoſe, was ever ſeen there.

Tueſday 26. I was not able to ſit up above two or three hours together. However I preached in the morning and evening, and ſpoke ſeverally to the members of the ſociety.

Wedneſday 27. I preached about noon at Barley-hall, and in the evening at Sheffield. After ſpending a ſhort time with the ſociety, I lay down as ſoon as poſſible. But I could not ſleep before twelve o'clock; and not long together after.

Yet I felt no faintneſs in the morning, but roſe lively and well, and had my voice more clear and ſtrong in preaching, than it had been for ſeveral days.

* Thurſday 28. I received a ſtrange account from Edward Bennet's eldeſt daughter. "On Tueſday, the 12th of this month, I told my huſband in the morning, I deſire you will not go into the water to day: at leaſt, not into the deep water, on the far ſide of the town. For I dreamed, I ſaw you there out of your depth, and only your head came up juſt above the water. He promiſed me, "he would not, and went to work." Soon after four in the afternoon, being at John Hanſon's, his partner's houſe, ſhe was on a ſudden extremely ſick, ſo that for ſome minutes ſhe ſeemed juſt ready to expire. Then ſhe was well in a moment. Juſt at that time, John Hanſon, who was an excellent ſwimmer, perſuaded her huſband to go into the water on the far ſide of the town. He objected, the water was deep, and he could not ſwim; and being much importuned to go in, ſtood ſome time after he was undreſt, and then kneeling down, prayed with an earneſt and loud voice. When he roſe from his knees, John who was ſwimming, called him again, and treading the water, ſaid, "See, it is only breaſt high." He ſtepped in, and ſunk. A man who was near, cutting fern, and had obſerved him for ſome time,

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ran to the bank, and ſaw his head come up juſt above the water. The ſecond or third time he roſe, he claſped his hands, and cried aloud, "Lord Jeſus receive my ſpirit." Immediately he ſunk and roſe no more.

"One might naturally inquire, what became of John Hanſon? As ſoon as he ſaw his partner ſink, he ſwam from him to the other ſide, put on his cloaths and went ſtrait home."

About noon I preached at Woodſeats; in the evening at Sheffield. I do indeed live by preaching!

How quiet is this country now? Since the chief perſecutors are no more ſeen. How many of them have been ſnatched away, in an hour when they looked not for it? Some time ſince a woman of Thorpe often ſwore ſhe would waſh her hands in the heart's blood of the next preacher that came. But before the next preacher came ſhe was carried to her long home. A little before John Johnſon ſettled at Wentworth, a ſtout healthy man who lived there, told his neighbours. "After May-day, we ſhall have nothing but praying and preaching. But I will make noiſe enough to ſtop it." But before May-day he was ſilent in his grave. A ſervant of Lord R—— was as bitter as him, and told many lies, purpoſely to make miſchief. But before this was done, his mouth was ſtopped. He was drowned in one of the fiſhponds.

Friday 29. I preached at Nottingham. We want nothing here but a larger houſe.

Saturday 30. I preached in the evening at Leiceſter to a large congregation.

Sunday 31. I rode over to Markfield. The church contained us tolerably well in the morning: but in the afternoon, though many ſtayed without, it was much crouded and ſultry hot. I was quite faint and weary while I read prayers; but in preaching my ſtrength was reſtored. At ſix I preached once more at Leiceſter, and delivered my own ſoul.

Monday, Auguſt 1. I had much converſation, with Mr. —— (whom againſt a thouſand appearances, I *will* believe to be an honeſt, though irreſolute man) * " While I was very uneaſy (ſaid he) in the year 1741, my brother brought me to Mr. Spangenberg, and then to others of the German brethren, to whom I was more and more attached till in the year 1743, I went over to Marienborn. There I ſaw many things which I could not approve; and was more and more uneaſy till I returned to England. I was afterward much employed by the brethren. I was ordained deacon. But ſtill I had a ſore and burdened conſcience, and gained no ground in my ſpiritual warfare: rather, having laid aſide prayer, and ſearching the ſcripture, I was more and more dead to God. But in 1750, I awoke again, and was under great agonies of mind. And from this time I wrote to the Count again and

and again, and to moſt of the labourers ; but to no purpoſe. Andrew Frey's account is true. The ſpirit of levity and frolickſomeneſs, which he juſtly deſcribes broke in about 1746, and is not purged out yet. In May laſt I wrote and delivered a declaration to the brethren met in conference, at Lindſey-houſe, that I did not dare to remain in their connexion any longer. The ſame declaration I made to them here, a few days ago. What farther I am to do, I know not. But I truſt, God will direct me."

Tueſday 2. On his expreſſing a deſire to be preſent at our conference, I invited him to it: and on Wedneſday 3. In the evening, he came to the Foundery. Our conference began the next morning, and continued till the Thurſday following. From the firſt hour to the laſt, there was no jarring ſtring, but all was harmony and love.

* Monday 8. I took a walk in the Charter-houſe. I wondered, that all the ſquares, and buildings, and eſpecially the ſchool-boys, looked ſo little. But this is eaſily acounted for. I was little myſelf when I was at ſchool, and meaſured all about me by myſelf. Accordingly the upper boys being then bigger than myſelf, ſeemed to me very big and tall: quite contrary to what they appear now when I am taller and bigger than them. I queſtion, if this is not the real ground of the common imagination, that our foreſathers, and in general men in paſt ages, were

much larger than now: an imagination current in the world, eighteen hundred years ago. So Virgil ſuppoſes his warrior to throw a ſtone, that could ſcarce be wielded by twelve men,

Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.

So Homer long before. Οἷοι νυν βροτοι εἰσι.

Whereas in reality men have been, at leaſt, ever ſince the deluge, very nearly the ſame as we find them now, both for ſtature and underſtanding.

Mond. 22. I ſet out in the machine, and the next evening reached Briſtol.

Frid. 26. I preached at nine to a ſmall congregation of earneſt people at Clutton: and in the evening at Middleſey. On Satur. 27. we rode on to Tiverton.

Sund. 28. I preached in the market-houſe, to as large a congregation as ever I ſaw here. And all were quiet. So can God make, when it is beſt, all our enemies to be at peace with us.

Mond. 29. We rode through vehement wind, and many hard ſhowers to Launceſton. This gave me a violent fit of the tooth-ach, which however did not hinder my preaching. Such a night I never remember to have paſſed before:

fore: but all is good which lies in the way to glory.

Tuef. 30. We rode to Camelford, where my tooth-ach was cured, by rubbing treacle upon my cheek. At ſix I preached in the market-place. How are the lions in this town alſo become lambs!

Wedneſ. 31. I preached about noon at Trewalder, and in the evening at Port-Iſaac. This was long a barren ſoil: but is at length likely to bring forth much fruit.

Frid. September 2. I rode to St. Agnes. We found the great man, Mr. Donythorne, was dead. His mother and ſiſter ſent, to invite me to their houſe. After preaching I went thither, and was received into a comfortable lodging, with the moſt free and cordial affection. So in this place the knowledge of God has already travelled, *from the leaſt unto the greateſt.*

* Satur. 3. Some who live here, gave me an account of the earthquake on July 15. There was firſt a rumbling noiſe under the ground, hoarſer and deeper than common thunder. Then followed a trembling of the earth, which afterward waved once or twice to and fro: ſo violently, that one ſaid, he was obliged to take a back ſtep, or he ſhould have fallen down: and another, that the wall againſt which he was leaning, ſeemed to be ſhrinking from him.

* This morning I talked at large with old Mrs.

Donythorne, who has her underſtanding entire, reads without ſpectacles, walks without a ſtaff, and has ſcarce a wrinkle, at ninety years of age. But what is more than all this, ſhe is teachable as a child, and groaning for ſalvation. In the afternoon I ſpent an hour with Mr. Vowler, curate of the pariſh, who rejoices in the love of God, and both preaches and lives the goſpel.

Sund. 4. I. T. preached at five. I could ſcarce have believed if I had not heard it, that few men of learning *write* ſo correctly, as an unlearned tinner ſpeaks *extempore*. Mr. V. preached two ſuch thundering ſermons at church, as I have ſcarce heard theſe twenty years. O how gracious is God to the poor ſinners of St. Agnes! In the church and out of the church, they hear the ſame great truths of the wrath of God againſt ſin, and his love to thoſe that are in Chriſt Jeſus!

Mond. 5. I rode on to Illugan: but not to the houſe where I uſed to preach. Indeed his wife promiſed Mr. P. before he died, that ſhe would always receive the preachers. But ſhe ſoon changed her mind. God had juſt taken her only ſon, ſuddenly killed by a pit falling upon him. And on Tueſday laſt, a young, ſtrong man, riding to his burial, dropped off his horſe, ſtone dead. The concurrence of theſe awful providences, added conſiderably to our congregation.

Tuef. 6. I went on to Cambourn, and rejoiced

to

to hear, that the gentleman who preſſed Mr. Maxfield, no longer perſecutes the *Methodiſts*, nor will ſuffer any one elſe to do it. And in the late dearth he relieved great numbers of the poor, and ſaved many families from periſhing. I preached at ſix, on *I will heal their backſliding*; and God applied his word. Several who had left the ſociety for ſome years, came after ſermon, and deſired to be re-admitted. O how ſhould our bowels yearn over all, that did once run well? This is the very thing we want: or how many ſouls might we yet pluck out of the jaws of the lion!

* Wedneſ. 7. I obſerved more and more the effects of that burning wind which was in theſe parts on Sunday the 28th of laſt month. It not only ſcorched all the leaves of the trees, ſo as to bring mid-winter upon them in two hours, but burnt up all the leaves of potatoes and cabbage, and every green thing which it touched. What a mercy that it did not come a month ſooner? Then it would have left little work for the reapers.

* Thurſ. 8. As we rode through Gwithian pariſh, Mr. Harris pointed out the place, where his father and many of his anceſtors lived. It is now only a mountain of ſand. Within a few years this ſo increaſed, as to bury both the church and the whole town.

I preached at ſix to a numerous congregation

in Ligeon. Some years ſince when there was a flouriſhing ſociety in Gulval, (the pariſh adjoining) there was none at all here. But how is the ſcene changed? In Gulval not one claſs, not one member remains: in Ligeon there is a lively ſociety!

Frid. 9. I preached in the new houſe at St. Juſt, the largeſt and moſt commodious in the county.

* Satur. 10. We rode to the Land's-end. I know no natural curioſity like this. The vaſt, ragged ſtones riſe on every ſide, when you are near the point of land, with green turf between, as level and ſmooth as if it were the effect of art. And the rocks which terminate the land, are ſo torn by the ſea, that they appear like great heaps of ruins.

Sund. 11. I preached at St. Juſt at nine. At one the congregation in Morva, ſtood on a ſloping ground, rank above rank, as in a theatre. Many of them bewailed their want of God. And many taſted how gracious he is.

At five I preached in Newlin to an huge multitude. And one only ſeemed to be offended: a very *good ſort of woman*, who took great pains to get away, crying aloud, "Nay, if going to church and ſacrament will not *put us to heaven*, I know not what will."

* Mond. 12. I preached in Lelant at one. Many from St. Ives were preſent, from whom I learned, that Mr. Swindells would have preached abroad

abroad the day before, but was hindered. It is well he was: for this occaſioned the offer of a meadow near the town, far more convenient than the ſtreet. At ſix I ſtood at the bottom of it, the people riſing higher and higher before me. I believe, not many were left in the town: and all behaved as in the preſence of God. The next evening the congregation was enlarged, by the addition of many from the country. And Wedneſ. 14. their number was larger ſtill. We did not open the door of the room, till juſt half hour paſt eight: by which means the heat was not intolerable, till I had done preaching. I then retired, and left the other preachers, to perform the reſt of the ſervice.

Thurſ. 15. As we rode toward Helſton, I think the ſun was near as hot, as it was at midſummer. Yet all along the trees looked as in the depth of winter, that ſcorching wind having deſtroyed all it touched.

Frid. 16. I looked over Mr. Borlaſe's *Antiquities of Cornwall.* He is a fine writer, and quite maſter of his ſubject, who has diſtinguiſhed with amazing accuracy, the antient Saxon monuments from the more antient Roman, and from thoſe of the Druids, the moſt antient of all.

Satur. 17. I preached at Portkellis at one, and at Redruth in the evening.

Sund. 18. At eight, many of the French priſoners were mixt with the uſual congregation.

This

This was double d at one; but ſtill came nothing near to that which aſſembled at Gwenap in the evening. It rained all the time I preached: but none went away. A ſhower of rain will not fright experienced ſoldiers.

* Here I learnt a remarkable occurrence. A few days ago, ſome hundred Engliſh, who had been priſoners in France, were landed at Penzance, by a cartel ſhip. Many of theſe paſſed through Redruth, going home; but in a moſt forlorn condition. None ſhewed more compaſſion to them than the French. They gave them food, cloaths, or money, and told them, "We wiſh we could do more. But we have little for ourſelves here." Several who had only two ſhirts, gave a naked Engliſhman one. A French boy, meeting an Engliſh boy who was half naked, took hold of him, and ſtopt him; cried over him a while, and then pulled off his own coat, and put it upon him!

Mond. 19. In the evening both the houſe and court at Penryn were more than filled. So that I willingly embraced the offer of Mr. H. and preached before his door at twelve on Tueſday. It was an extremely pleaſant place, on the ſide of an hill, commanding a fruitful vale, the oppoſite hills, and Falmouth harbour. Tall trees hung over me, and ſurrounded a bowling-green which was behind me. A wide door is now open at Penryn alſo. O that none may ſhut it!

* At ſix in the evening I reached Bezore, and began

began preaching immediately. It was a ſeaſon of uncommon, refreſhment; particularly to ſome of Truro. Afterwards I met the ſociety in the houſe. A young man was cut to the heart, and cried aloud: then another and another, till my voice was quite loſt. But I continued crying to God, and he heard, and gave an anſwer of peace. Many were filled with conſolation; and four, who had wandered for ſome years, reſolved to ſet out anew.

Yet I was not quite reconciled to my lodging. Not but the grotto itſelf was very venerable; but I did not like the circumſtance of having a man and his wife in the ſame room. I therefore willingly accepted an invitation from Mr. Painter, and walked over with him to Truro.

* Wedneſ. 21. I walked to Bezore and preached at five. Afterwards I ſpoke to each member of the ſociety. They ſurprized me much. So lively and tender-hearted a people I have not lately ſeen! After ſpending an hour with a few friends in Truro, I rode forward to Grampond, a mean, inconſiderable, dirty village. However it is a borough town! Between twelve and one I began preaching in a meadow, to a numerous congregation. While we were ſinging, I obſerved a perſon in black on the far ſide of the meadow, who ſaid, "Come down: you have no buſineſs there." Some boys who were on a wall, taking it for granted, that he ſpoke to them, got down in all haſte. I went on, and he walked

walked away. I afterwards underſtood, that he was the miniſter and the mayor of Grampond. Soon after two conſtables came and ſaid, "Sir, the mayor ſays, you ſhall not preach within his borough." I anſwered, "The mayor has no authority to hinder me. But it is a point not worth conteſting." So I went about a muſket-ſhot farther, and left the borough to Mr. mayor's diſpoſal.

* A large congregation was at St. Ewe's in the evening, many of whom were in Mr. Walker's ſocieties. Some of them came from St. Columb's, twelve miles off. And they did not come in vain. The flame of love ran from heart to heart: and ſcarce any remained unmoved.

Thurſ. 22. I rode to Mevagizzy, which lies on the ſouth ſea, juſt oppoſite to Port-Iſaac on the north. When I was here laſt, we had no place in the town: I could only preach about half a mile from it. But things are altered now. I preached juſt over the town, to almoſt all the inhabitants. And all were ſtill as night. The next evening a drunken man made ſome noiſe behind me. But after a few words were ſpoken to him, he quietly liſtened to the reſt of the diſcourſe.

On the ſouth ſide of the town, there is an extremely fine walk, broad and ſmooth, over the top of high rocks, from whence is a view of the main

main ſea at a vaſt diſtance below, and all the coaſt, eaſt and weſt.

Satur. 24. At half hour after twelve, I preached once more, and took my leave of them. All the time I ſtayed, the wind blue from the ſea, ſo that no boat could ſtir out. By this means all the fiſhermen (who are the chief part of the town) had opportunity of hearing.

At ſix I preached at St. Awſtle, a neat little town, on the ſide of a fruitful hill.

* Sund. 25. The whole church ſervice was performed, by a clergyman, above ninety years of age. His name is Stephen Hugo. He has been vicar of St. Awſtle between ſixty and ſeventy years. O what might a man full of faith and zeal have done for God in ſuch a courſe of time!

At two I preached in St. Stephen's near a lone houſe, on the ſide of a barren mountain. But neither the houſe nor the court could contain the people. So we went into a meadow, where all might kneel, (which they generally do in Cornwall) as well as ſtand and hear. And they did hear, and ſing, and pray as for life. I ſaw none careleſs or inattentive among them.

About five I preached at St. Awſtle to an exceeding civil people. But when will they be wounded, that they may be healed?

Mond. 26. I rode to Medros, in Luxillian pariſh.

* I have

* I have not seen so stately a room in Cornwall, as either this hall, or the chamber over it. The place likewise where the gardens were, the remains of the terrace walk, the stately trees still left, with many other tokens, shew that grand men lived here once. But they are vanished like smoke, their estates torn in pieces, and well nigh their memory perished.

* Tues. 27. We rode to Lescard, I think one of the largest and pleasantest towns in Cornwall. I preached about the middle of the town, in a broad, convenient place. No person made any noise at all. At six in the morning I had nearly the same congregation. Afterwards I examined the society, and was agreeably surprized to hear, that every one of them had found peace with God: and (what was still more remarkable) that none of them has left their first love: that at this day, not one is in darkness!

Wednes. 28. We rode on to the Dock, which gave us a very different prospect. Of those whom I joined several years ago, hardly one half remained. Such is the fruit of disputing! And yet the congregations are more numerous than ever: and as deeply attentive as any in the kingdom. So there is hope, God will yet revive his work.

Saturday, October 1. I preached at Launceston.

Sunday 2. I rode to Mary-Week. A large congre-

congregation was gathered there, many of whom came seven or eight miles. The house stands in the midst of orchards and meadows, surrounded by gently-rising hills. I preached on the side of a meadow newly-mown, to a deeply attentive people.

Mond. 3. I rode to Bideford; but did not reach it till after five, the hour appointed for my preaching. So I began without delay, in an open part of the street where we alighted. One man made a little noise at first: but he was easily silenced. All the rest (a large number) quietly attended, though the wind was piercing cold, while I opened and applied, *God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

Tues. 4. Between twelve and one I reached North Moulton, and finding the congregation ready, began immediately. There have been great tumults here since I saw them before: but God has now rebuked the storm. When the gentry would neither head nor pay the mob any more, the poor rabble were quiet as lambs.

We rode on to Tiverton in the afternoon. On the three following days I saw as many of the societies as I could.

Saturday 8. We had heavy rain for some miles. Then it cleared up, and we had a pleasant ride to Bristol.

Monday 10. I rose at my usual hour. But the soreness and swelling of my face, occasioned by my

my taking cold on Saturday made it impracticable for me to preach. In the evening I applied boiled nettles. They took away the pain in a moment, and the ſwelling in a few hours.

Sunday 16. I began viſiting the claſſes at Kingſwood, ſteddy, but not zealous. It is impoſſible they ſhould ſtand here long; they muſt go on, or go back.

Monday 17. About two I preached at Paulton: but no houſe could contain us. So that I was forced to ſtand in the open air, tho' the wind was very high and very cold. Thence we rode to the honeſt colliers at Coleford. Theſe have the zeal which their brethren at Kingſwood want. In conſequence of which, they are the moſt numerous, as well as the moſt lively ſociety in Somerſetſhire.

Tueſday 18. I preached to a very different congregation at Bradford, well-dreſt and well-bred: and yet of the very ſame ſpirit, hungering and thirſting after righteouſneſs.

Wedneſday 19. After preaching at Freſhford, I rode on to Kingſwood.

* Friday 21. Being at dinner, in a moment I felt as if a ſmall bone had ſtuck in the palate of my mouth. Nothing was to be ſeen, but the ſwelling and inflammation increaſed till toward evening (notwithſtanding all means that could be uſed) and then ſpread to both the tonſils. In the morning I was rather worſe than better, till about half an hour after eight. Then as the diſ-

order

order came in a moment, it went in a moment, and I was as well as ever.

Monday 24. I preached about noon at Bath, and in the evening at Efcot, near Lavington.

* Tuefday 25. In my return, a man met me near Hannam, and told me the fchool-houfe at Kingfwood was burnt down I felt not one moment's pain, knowing that God does all things well. When I came thither, I received a fuller account. About eight on Monday evening, two or three boys went into the gallery, up two pair of ftairs. One of them heard a ftrange crackling in the room above. Opening the ftair-cafe door, he was beat back by fmoke, on which he cried out, "Fire, Murder, Fire." Mr. Baynes hearing this, ran immediately down, and brought up a pail of water. But when he went into the room and faw the blaze, he had not prefence of mind to go up to it, but threw the water upon the floor. Meantime one of the boys rung the bell; another called John Maddern from the next houfe, who ran up, as did James Burges quickly after, and found the room all in a flame. The deal-partitions took fire immediately, which fpread to the roof of the houfe. Plenty of water was now brought; but they could not come nigh the place where it was wanted, the room being fo filled with flame and fmoke, that none could go into it. At laft a long ladder which lay in the garden was reared up againft the wall of the houfe. But it was then obferved, that one of the

the ſides of it was broke in two, and the othe quite rotten. However John How (a young ma who lived next door) ran up it, with an axe i his hand. But he then found the ladder was ſ ſhort, that as he ſtood on the top of it, he coul but juſt lay one hand over the battlements. Ho he got over to the leads none can tell: but h did ſo and quickly broke thro' the roof, on whic a vent being made, the ſmoke and flame iſſue out as from a furnace: thoſe who were at th foot of the ſtairs with water, being able to go n further, then went thro' the ſmoke to the door o the leads, and poured it down through the tiling By this means the fire was quickly quenched having only conſumed a part of the partition with a box of cloaths. and a little damaged th roof and the floor beneath.

It is amazing that ſo little hurt was done. Fo the fire, which began in the middle of the lon room (none can imagine how; for no perſo had been there for ſeveral hours before) was ſ violent, that it broke every pane of glaſs bu two, in the window both at the eaſt and weſt end What was more amazing ſtill, was that it did no hurt either the beds, (which when James Burge came in, ſeemed all covered with flame) nor th deal partitions on the other ſide of the room tho' it beat againſt them for a conſiderable time What can we ſay to theſe things, but that Go had fixt the bounds, which it could not paſs?

We obſerved Friday the 28th as a ſolem

faſ

faſt. And from this time the work of God revived in Briſtol. We were indeed brought very low. A ſociety of nine hundred members was ſhrunk to little more then half the number. But God now began to turn our captivity, and put a new ſong in our mouth.

Thurſ. November 3. I preached in the New preaching-houſe at Pill. How is the face of things changed here! Such a ſink of ſin was ſcarce to be found! And now how many are rejoicing in God their Saviour?

Monday 7. Leaving the flame juſt kindling in Briſtol, I rode to Newbury, and on Tueſday to London. I found the ſame fire kindled here alſo and increaſing more and more.

Monday 14. I rode to Bedford and talked largely with Mr. —— whom God had well nigh ſet at liberty. But his feet are again in the net. He did not indeed deny, nor much extenuate any of the things he had often related. But at length he told me in terms, "There are ſuch things among the brethren, that I can never join them more. Yet I dare not ſpeak againſt them, and join any other people, for fear of grieving the Saviour?" O Lord, when ſhall this witchcraft come to an end? When wilt thou maintain thine own cauſe?

Wedneſday 16. We rode to Newmarket, and the next day to Norwich, where I now found a proſpect of doing good. The congregation daily increaſed and grew more and more ſerious. I

ſpoke

ſpoke to many who were deeply convinced of ſin, and ſome who were rejoicing in God, and walking in the light of his countenance.

Wedneſday 23. I was ſhewn Dr. Taylor's new meeting-houſe, perhaps the moſt elegant one in Europe. It is eight ſquare, built of the fineſt brick, with ſixteen ſaſh-windows below, as many above, and eight ſkylights in the dome, which indeed are purely ornamental. The inſide is finiſhed in the higheſt taſte, and is as clean as any nobleman's ſaloon. The communion table is fine mahogany; the very latches of the pew-doors are poliſhed braſs. How can it be thought that the old, coarſe goſpel ſhould find admiſſion here?

Thurſday 24. A man had ſpoken to me the laſt week, as I was going thro' Thetford, and deſired me to preach at Lakenheth near Mildenhall in Suffolk: I now purpoſed ſo to do, and rode thither from Thetford. One Mr. Evans had lately built a large and convenient preaching houſe there at his own expence. It was more then filled at ſix o'clock, many ſtanding at the door. At five in the morning (as uncommon a thing as this was in thoſe parts) the houſe was nearly filled again, with earneſt, loving, ſimple people, ſeveral of them came in to Mr. E's, houſe afterward, ſtood a while and then burſt into tears. I promiſed to call upon them again, and left them much comforted.

Saturday 26. I returned to London. Much confuſion

confuſion had been in my abſence, occaſioned by ſome imprudent words, ſpoken by one who ſeemed to be ſtrong in the faith.

Monday 28. I heard all who were concerned face to face, but was utterly unable to judge, whether there was wilful ſin, lying, on either ſide, or only human infirmity. For the preſent I leave it to the ſearcher of hearts, who will bring all things to light in due ſeaſon.

Wed. 30. I had another long hearing of the ſame intricate cauſe. But with no more ſucceſs: one ſide flatly affirmed, the other flatly denied: This is ſtrange! But it is more ſtrange, that thoſe who *ſeem* ſo ſtrong in faith, ſhould have no union of ſpirit with each other.

Friday, Dec. 5. I baptized Henriquez Judah Seniore, a Portugueze Jew, more than ſixty years of age: he ſeemed to have no confidence in himſelf, but to be waiting for *the conſolation of Iſrael.*

Sunday 11. In the evening I retired to Lewiſham, and ſpent the following days, in finiſhing, "A preſervative againſt unſettled notions in religion:" deſigned for the uſe of all thoſe who are under my care, but chiefly of the young preachers.

Sunday 18. I had an opportunity (which I had long deſired) of ſpending an hour or two, with the Rev. Mr. ——. I would have appointed a time for our meeting weekly. But he declined it. Why? I cannot tell.

Friday 23. John Nelſon wrote me a letter, part of which I have ſubjoined.

" We have had four triumphant deaths lately, of three men and one woman. The woman was Hannah Richardſon of Breſtfield. When Enoch Williams preached there, ſhe was the bittereſt perſecutor in the town, and vowed if ever he preached there again, ſhe would help to ſtone him to death. But he never went to try. The only one *of this way* in the town was Ruth Blacker. Againſt her ſhe was violently inraged, till Ruth went to her houſe, reaſoned the caſe, and at length perſuaded her to go to Dewſbury, to hear Mr. Charles Weſley. That day God begot her by his word, ſo that ſhe could never reſt till ſhe found Chriſt in her own heart. And for two years ſhe has been a ſteady follower of him. By her zeal and circumſpect walking, many have been ſince ſtirred up to ſeek the Lord. As ſoon as ſhe was taken ill, ſhe began to praiſe God more than ever, for the work he had wrought in her ſoul. She ſaid, " At firſt I thought, I had no will, and that God's love was all that was in my heart. But when my little child gave a ſudden ſhriek, I found my heart was not free. And it damped the love of God in my ſoul for two hours. But the Lord is come again, and now I am fully aſſured, he does take up all the room in my heart. He has ſanctified me throughout, body, ſoul, and ſpirit. I am a witneſs for Jeſus Chriſt, that he is a greater

a greater Saviour, than Adam was a ſinner. O watch and pray, and ye ſhall not be overcome in the hour of temptation. Keep cloſe to your meetings, and the Lord will meet you. If you neglect theſe or private prayer, you will become barren in your own ſouls, and the God of this world will get an advantage over you. But if you keep cloſe to God and one another, you will find Jeſus a Saviour to the uttermoſt, as I, the moſt unworthy of mankind, do." For ſome time before ſhe died, her prayer was turned into praiſe. All her prayer then was, "Thy will be done." We have one by us, that we think will hardly live till to-morrow, who is above ſeventy, and is as a ſhock of corn full ripe, crying out, "Come Lord Jeſus!"

In the Chriſtmas week I rode down to Briſtol: where, Sunday, January 1, 1758, we began the year with the great congregation at four, rejoicing and praiſing God.

Tueſday 3. At the requeſt of ſeveral of my friends, I wrote "A letter to a gentleman of Briſtol," in order to guard them from ſeeking ſalvation by works on one hand, and antinomianiſm on the other. From thoſe who lean to either extreme I ſhall have no thanks. But *wiſdom is juſtified of her children.*

Wedneſday 4. I rode to Kingſwood, and rejoiced over the ſchool, which is at length what I have ſo long wiſhed it to be, a bleſſing to all that

are therein, and an honour to the whole body of Methodists.

* Monday 9. I began a letter to Mr. Toogood, author of "the dissenting gentleman's reasons:" I think, the most saucy and virulent satire on the church of England, that ever my eyes beheld. How much rather would I write practically than controversially? But even this talent I dare not bury in the earth.

Friday 13. Having ended my business at Bristol, I rode to Newbury, and the next day to London. Now if it be the will of God, I should be glad of a little rest. If not, let me rejoice to be without it.

Tuesday 17. I preached at Wandsworth. A gentleman come from America, has again opend a door in this desolate place. In the morning I preached in Mr. Gilbert's house. Two negro servants of his, and a malatto appear to be much awakened. Shall not his saving health be made known to all nations?

Saturday 28. I was enquiring of William Hurd, who discharged him from the army? And he might fairly say, God discharged him: his officers being determined not to do it. Nevertheless he stood among the men whom they had picked out for that purpose. And when he came in his turn, his discharge was written, and no man gainsayed.

Sunday 29. We had an uncommon blessing at West-street, and a still greater at Spittlefields. Some

Some could not refrain from crying aloud to God. And he did not caſt out their prayers. Many thankſgivings have ſince been offered to God, for the bleſſings of that hour.

Wedneſday, February 1. I talked with a gentlewoman who had been a mighty good Chriſtian for near ſeventy years. But ſhe now found herſelf out, and began to cry with many tears to the friend of ſinners for pardoning mercy.

Friday 3. Mr. Parker (laſt year mayor of Bedford) preached at the foundery. A more artleſs preacher I never heard; but not deſtitute of pathos. I doubt not, he may be of much uſe, among honeſt ſimple-hearted people.

Sunday 12. At the requeſt of the vicar, Mr. J. I rode over to Uxbridge. I preached for him both morning and afternoon, to a large and ſerious congregation. How uncommon a providence is this? The goſpel was preached in the church at Hyes. Several of the pariſhioners ran from it, and took pews at Hillingdon. It followed them into Hillingdon church, where I preached twice in one day. Some of them went to Uxbridge. And now it is come to torment them at Uxbridge alſo!

Wedneſday 15. I read over the "memoirs of the houſe of *Brandenburgh*." *Quanta de ſpe decidi!* 'Tis hard to determine from his writing, whether the author be a *Mahometan* or a *Chriſtian*. I ſuppoſe, he is as near one as the other!

On Friday 17. the public faſt, I preached at

Weſt-ſtreet in the morning, at Spittlefields in the afternoon, and Bull and Mouth in the evening, every where to a crouded audience. Indeed every place of worſhip throughout the city was extremely crouded all the day long. Surely all the prayers which have been offered up this day, will not fall to the ground!

Monday 20. I rode, thro' much rain, to Maldon in Eſſex. Their new preaching houſe is large: but it would in no wiſe contain the congregation, which flocked together in the evening. For a time there was much perſecution here; but all is now calm and quiet. And probably good will be done, if thoſe who now run well, do not draw back to perdition. We had a large congregation at five in the morning, and more than we had room for in the evening. Fair bloſſoms! But which of theſe will bring forth fruit? O Lord, thou knoweſt!

Wedneſday 22. It rained without ceaſing, till we came to a ſmall inn, nineteen miles from Maldon. Here we dried our cloaths. Soon after the rain ceaſed, and we had a pleaſant ride to London.

Monday 27. Having a ſermon to write againſt the aſſizes at Bedford, I retired for a few days to Lewiſham.

Friday, March 3. I returned to London.

Monday 6. I took horſe about ſeven o'clock. The wind being eaſt, I was pleaſing myſelf, that we ſhould have it on our back. But in a quarter

ter of an hour, it ſhifted to the north-weſt, and blew the rain full in our face. And both increaſed, ſo that when we came to Finchley common, it was hard work to ſit our horſes. The rain continued all the way to Dunſtable, where we exchanged the main road for the fields, which having been juſt ploughed were deep enough. However before three we came to Sundon.

Hence on Thurſday 9. I rode to Bedford, and found the ſermon was not to be preached till Friday. Had I known this in time, I ſhould never have thought of preaching it, having engaged to be at Epworth on Saturday.

* Mr. ——— came to me in the evening, and ſaid, "He could not remain as he was any longer; that he had no reſt in his ſpirit while he was thus halting between two, and therefore deſired to go with me without delay." I anſwered, "If he was ſo reſolved, he was welcome to ſet out with me for Epworth the next day." He ſaid, he would. We ſpent ſome time in prayer, and parted for the preſent.

Friday 10. The congregation at St. Paul's was very large and very attentive. The judge, immediately after ſermon ſent me an invitation to dine with him. But having no time, I was obliged to ſend my excuſe, and ſet out between one and two. The north-eaſt wind was piercing cold, and blowing exactly in our face, ſoon brought an heavy ſhower of ſnow, then of ſleet, and afterwards of hail. However we reached

Stilton at ſeven, about thirty miles from Bedford.

Reſt was now the more ſweet, becauſe both our horſes were lame. However reſolving to reach Epworth at the time appointed, I ſet out in a poſt-chaiſe between four and five in the Morning: But the froſt made it ſo bad driving, that my companion came with the lame horſes into Stamford as ſoon as me. The next ſtage I went on horſe-back: but I was then obliged to leave my mare, and take another poſt-chaiſe. I came to Bawtry about ſix. Some from Epworth had come to meet me; but were gone half an hour before I came. I knew no chaiſe could go the reſt of the road. So it remained only to hire horſes and a guide. We ſet out about ſeven, but I ſoon found my guide knew no more of the way than myſelf. However we got pretty well to Idle-ſtop, about four miles from Bawtry, where we had juſt light to diſcern the river at our ſide, and the country covered with water. I had heard, that one Richard Wright lived thereabouts, who knew the road over the moor perfectly well. Hearing one ſpeak (for we could not ſee him) I called, "Who is there?" He anſwered, "Richard Wright." I ſoon agreed with him, and he quickly mounted his horſe and rode boldly forward. The north-eaſt wind blew full in our face: and I heard them ſay, "It is very cold!" But neither my face, nor hands, nor feet were cold, till between nine ten

and ten we came to Epworth: after travelling more than ninety miles, I was little more tired than when I rose in the morning.

Sunday 12. I was much comforted at church, both morning and afternoon, by the serious behaviour of the whole congregation, so different from what it was formerly. After evening service I took my stand in the market place, with a multitude of people from all parts. Toward the end of the sermon the rain was heavy: but it neither lessened nor disturbed the congregation.

Monday 13. I preached in the shell of the new house, and then set out for York. The banks over which we crept along, were ready to swallow up man and beast. However we came safe to York in the afternoon. After settling the little affairs, on Wednesday 15. I rode to Leeds, where in the evening a multitude of people were present. I never before saw things in so good order here, and took knowledge, the assistant had not been idle.

I was apprehensive, having been at an uncommon expence, of being a little straintened for money. But after preaching, one with whom I had never exchanged a word, put a letter into my hand, in which was a bill for ten pounds. Is not *the earth the Lord's, and the fullness thereof?*

Thursday 16. I rode through heavy rain to Manchester. I was scarce set down, when Mr. ——— came from Bedford. If he comes sin-

cerely (as I believe) God will bleſs him: but if not, *Ego in portu navigo.* He can *find out* nothing with regard to *me*; I have no ſecrets.

Frid. 17. In riding from Manchester to Bolton, I read the life of Theodore, King of Corſica: a great man, both as a general and as a prince: and one who if he had not been ſacrificed to the French, might have made a ſhining figure in hiſtory.

Satur. 18. We rode to Liverpool.

Thurſ. 23. I walked over to Mr. E.'s a gentleman who had little thought of God, till his favourite child lay at the point of death. It then came into his mind, to pray for his life. He did ſo, and the child recovered. This ſtruck him to the heart, and he reſted no more, till his own ſoul was healed.

I never ſaw the houſe ſo crouded as it was on Eaſter-day, March 26: eſpecially with rich and genteel people: whom I did not at all ſpare. They are now warned to flee from the wrath to come. God grant they may remember the warning!

Tueſ. 28. We went on board and ſet ſail for Dublin. The wind was fair, and the day extremely fine. Seven or eight miles from the town, a ſmall boat overtook us, which brought me letters from London. Some of theſe earneſtly preſſed me to return to London, or however, "Not to go to Ireland." I conſulted my friends,

friends, and juſt as we began our little debate, the wind which till then was fair and ſmall, turned from eaſt to weſt, and blew harder and harder. But the point was ſoon decided. For upon enquiry, we found the boat was gone back, and no other was to be had. Preſently after the wind returned to the eaſt, and we ſaw the hand of God.

The Liverpool boat went away in ſuch haſte that it left a young man, James Gaſsbrook behind: ſo we were five in all. We had ſeven more cabbin paſſengers, and many common ones. So good-natured a company I never met with in a ſhip before. The ſea was as ſmooth as glaſs, the ſun ſhone without a cloud, and the wind was ſmall and quite fair. So we glided on, till about nine, I went to prayers with them, and then quietly lay down.

Wedneſ. 29. We were even with the great Welſh mountain, Penmenmaur, at five in the morning. But it then fell calm, ſo that we were ſcarce abreaſt of Holyhead in the evening. This gave us time to ſpeak to all our fellow-paſſengers. And ſome fruit quickly appeared. For no oath, no immodeſt, or paſſionate word, was any more heard in the ſhip while we were on board.

Thurſ. 30. Having no wind ſtill, I deſired our brethren to come upon the quarter deck: where we no ſooner began ſinging an hymn, than both

paſſengers and ſailors gladly aſſembled. The wind ſprung up almoſt as ſoon as I began, and about nine the next day we entered Dublin bay: after ſo ſmooth and pleaſant a paſſage, as the captain declared, he had not had at that time of year for forty years.

Conſidering the ſhortneſs of the warning, we had a large congregation in the evening; but a very ſmall one in the morning, April 1. At this I did not wonder when I was informed, that the preaching at five had been diſcontinued for near a year and an half. At eight likewiſe, Sund. 2. the congregation was ſmall. I took knowledge, that the people of Dublin, had neither ſeen nor heard much of ſelf-denial, ſince T. Walſh left the kingdom.

* All the evenings of the following week we had numerous congregations. Nothing is wanting here but rigorous diſcipline. Which is more needful in this than in any other nation: the people in general being ſo ſoft and delicate, that the leaſt ſlackneſs utterly deſtroys them.

Thurſ. 6. We walked round the college, and ſaw what was accounted moſt worthy of obſervation. The new front is exceeding grand; and the whole ſquare (about as large as Peckwater in Chriſt-church) would be beautiful, were not the windows too ſmall, as every one will ſee, when the preſent faſhion is out of date.

Frid.

Frid. 7. I preached in the evening on Reuben's character, *unſtable as water*, ſo applicable to moſt of this nation. Some were deeply convinced, and reſolved, not to reſt, till they were eſtabliſhed in grace.

Sund. 9. I exhorted the ſociety, To follow the example of their Engliſh brethren, by jointly renewing their covenant with God. On Tueſday evening I read the letters; by one of which a poor backſlider, who had been wandring near eleven years, was cut to the heart, and determined to return to him from whom he had ſo deeply revolted.

Thurſ. 13. I explained at large the nature and manner of entering into covenant with God, and deſired all who were purpoſed ſo to do, to ſet Friday apart for ſolemn faſting and prayer. Many did ſo, and met both at five in the morning, at noon, and in the evening.

Sund. 16. I was much grieved at St. Peter's church at ſuch a ſight as I never ſaw in England, communicants as well as others, behaving in a manner that ſhocked common ſenſe as well as religion. O who has the courage to ſpeak plain to theſe rich and honourable ſinners? If they periſh in their iniquity, will not their blood be on the watchman's head?

Mond. 17. We met in the evening, to renew our covenant with God. It was a glorious ſeaſon. I believe all that were preſent found that God was there.

*Tuef. 18. Among the letters I read in public laſt week, was one of Mr. Gillies, giving an account of a ſociety lately formed at Glaſgow, for promoting Chriſtian knowledge among the poor, chiefly by diſtributing bibles among them, and other religious books. I could not then help expreſſing my amazement, that nothing of this kind had been attempted in Ireland: and enquiring, if it was not high time, that ſuch a ſociety ſhould be formed in Dublin? This morning Dr. Tiſdale ſhewed me a paper, which the archbiſhop had juſt ſent to each of his clergy: exhorting them to "erect a ſociety, for the diſtribution of books among the poor." Thanks be to God for this! Whether we or they, it is all one, ſo God be known, loved, and obeyed.

Thurſ. 20. In the evening I met all the married men and women of the ſociety. I believe it was high time. For many of them ſeemed to know very little of relative duties. So that I brought ſtrange things to their ears, when I enlarged on the duties of huſbands, and wives, and parents.

Frid. 21. I dined at lady ———. We need great grace to converſe with great people! From which therefore (unleſs in ſome rare inſtances) I am glad to be excuſed. *Horæ fugiunt & imputantur!* Of theſe two hours I can give no good account.

Sund.

Sund. 23. I was much concerned to ſee two gentlemen, who were cloſe to me at St. Patrick's church, fall a talking together, in the moſt trifling manner, immediately after they had received the Lord's ſupper. Indeed one who ſat by could not but reprove them, whom I ſeconded in ſtrong terms. And ſo far (at leaſt) we gained: they talked no more till the ſervice was ended.

Mond. 24. I left Dublin. But our chaiſe-horſe tired before we had drove eight miles. So I went into another chaiſe, and reached Killcock between eleven and twelve. We were agreeably ſurprized to hear the maid of the inn ſinging one of our hymns, and to find, that her miſtreſs had the evening before been at the preaching in Dublin. This accounted for the profound civility, with which all the ſervants behaved. About one I took horſe and rode on with Robert Swindells to Edinderry.

* On the road I read Mr. Walker's account of the ſiege of Londonderry, and the relation of that of Drogheda, by Dr. Bernard, a vain, childiſh, affected writer. Sir Henry Titchburn's account of that ſiege, is wrote in a ſtrong and maſculine manner, and is worthy to be joined with Mr. Walker's plain and clear account of that other amazing ſcene of providence.

Tueſ. 15. I read an account of the Iriſh rebellion wrote by Dr. Curry, a Papiſt of Dublin, who labours to waſh the Ethiop white, by numberleſs

numberleſs falſhoods and prevarications. But he is treated according to his merit by Mr. Harris, in a tract intitled, "Fiction Unmaſked."

In the evening I preached under the caſtle-wall, to a very numerous congregation, though ſome of the quakers (ſo called) had laboured much, to diſſuade their people from coming. And one poor man, lately reclaimed by hearing our preachers from a courſe of open, ſcandalous ſin, they did perſuade to ſtay at home. When he turns back to his vomit, who ſhall anſwer for *his* blood?

Wedneſ. 26. I walked round the poor remains of the caſtle. The ſituation is extremely fine. It ſtands on the top of a gently-riſing hill, commanding the proſpect all four ways, and having rows of tall trees reaching down to the vale on three ſides, with a grove covering it on the north-eaſt. But the houſe, as well as the gardens round about it, are now utterly run to ruin. I wonder none has re-built it: unleſs there is a curſe on the place, for the ſins of its former inhabitants!

* Thurſ. 26. I finiſhed Mr. Spearman's Enquiry; an ingenious, ſenſible book. But I cannot at all agree with his ſcheme: I ſtill think Mr. Hutchinſon's whole ſyſtem, is not only quite unſupported by ſcripture, but loaded with inſuperable difficulties. I cannot yet ſee the poſſibility

of

of any motion, without ſo much as a *vacuum diſſeminatum*. Is it not flatly impoſſible, if all be full, and all matter be impenetrable? Much leſs can I conceive, how the ſtreams of light and air, can move continually in oppoſite directions, and that in ſpace abſolutely full, without juſtling with each other!

In the evening I preached at Portarlington. Both this day and the next I was much concerned for my rich, gay hearers, and God gave me ſuch a word for them, as I ſcarce ever had before.

Hence at his earneſt requeſt, I rode over to Mr. L———y, who ſaid, "He could not die in peace till he had ſeen me." For ſome time he had been quite diſtracted: but he ſpoke quite ſenſibly yeſterday, while Mr. Swindells was there, ſaying with many tears, "He had never proſpered in any thing, ſince he uſed Mr. W. ſo ill." That night he had ſound and refreſhing ſleep, which he had not had for many weeks before: and when we called, moſt of what he ſaid was reaſonable and connected. Perhaps God may put an end to the troubles, which have lately incompaſt him on every ſide.

Satur. 29. I preached in the market-place at Mountmelick in the evening, and at eight in the morning. At eleven I went to church. Soon after, ſeven or eight troopers came in to the ſame pew. Several were in the next pew, and others

ſcattered

ſcattered up and down the church. In the middle of the ſervice a perſon came in, and whiſpered to one of them in our pew: ſoon after another perſon came in, and whiſpered to the corporal. Several of them then whiſpered together; after which four went out, but quickly returned with many ſwords and piſtols. After whiſpering together again, they all roſe up from all parts, and went out of the church in a body. This put the whole congregation in an uproar, and many ran out in all haſte. Afterwards the ſecret appeared to be this. Three weeks ago a man of the town groſly abuſed a trooper, whoſe patience at length being worne out, he gave him a cut acroſs the head. A report now came, that the man was dead. On this the mob gathered to ſeize the trooper. But the others reſolved, not to give him up to a mob, but to the peace-officer.

I ſuppoſe moſt of the proteſtants in the town, were preſent at the evening ſermon. Many papiſts alſo ſtood in the ſkirts of the congregation, though liable to heavy penance for it. I preached much longer than I am accuſtomed, finding it an acceptable time. Well might Kempis ſay, "He rides eaſily, whom the grace of God carries."

Mond. May 1. I ſtrove to put an end to the bitter contentions which had well nigh torn the ſociety in pieces. I heard the contending parties face to face, and deſired them to ſpeak at large.

large. God gave his bleſſing therewith: the ſnare was broken, and they were cordially reconciled. Only one perſon was out of all patience, and formally renounced us all. But within an hour God broke her heart alſo, and ſhe aſked pardon with many tears. So there is reaſon to hope, they will for the time to come *bear one another's burdens.*

In the evening I preached at Tullamore, not only to a large number of proteſtants, but to many papiſts, and almoſt all the troopers in the town.

Tueſ. 2. I wrote a ſhort anſwer, to Dr. Free's weak, bitter, ſcurrilous invective, againſt the people called *Methodiſts.* But I doubt, whether I ſhall meddle with *him* any more. He is too *dirty* a writer for *me* to touch.

Wedneſ. 3. I preached at four in the afternoon at Coolylough, and at eight in the morning: after which I rode on to Tyrrel's-paſs. The letters which I received here were ſeaſonable as rain in drought. I had before found much wearineſs: but God thereby gave a check to my faintneſs of ſpirit, and enabled me to *gird up the loins of my mind.*

In the evening, the weather being calm and mild, I preached on the ſide of a meadow, the people ſtanding before me, one above another, on the ſide of a gently-riſing hill. And many did indeed, at that hour, *taſte and ſee that the Lord is gracious.*

Frid.

Frid. 5. In the evening I preached at Drumcree, in the new room, built in the taſte of the country. The roof is thatch, the walls mud; on which a ladder was ſuſpended by ropes of ſtraw. Hence we rode to Rolmead. The congregation here was not large, but deeply ſerious

Sund. 7. I preached at eight and at five. Afterward I was deſired to make a collection for a diſtreſt family. Mr. Booker, the miniſter of the pariſh, willingly ſtood at the door to receive it: and encouraged all that went by, to be *merciful after their power.*

Monday 8. I rode to Newry, and preached at ſeven to a large and ſerious congregation.

* Tueſday 9. We rode by the ſide of the canal, through a pleaſant vale, to Terry-hugan. The room built on purpoſe for us here, is three yards long, two and a quarter broad, and ſix foot high. The walls, floor and ceiling are mud: and we had a clean, chaff bed. At ſeven I preached in a neighbouring ground, having a rock behind me, and a large congregation ſitting on the graſs before me. Thence we retired to our hut, and found it true,

Licet ſub paupere tecto
Reges & regum vita præcurrere amicos.

Wedneſday 10. I ſuppoſe all the inhabitants of

of the village with many others, were present at five in the morning. Among these was a poor woman, brought to bed ten days before, who had walked four Irish miles, (seven English) with her child in her arms, to have it baptized by *me*. Another, who had lived at Terry-hugan had earnestly desired the same thing, if she was delivered before I left the country. She was delivered two or three hours before the preaching. So God gave her what she asked of him.

In riding to Lisburn, I read Mr. Rollin's Antient History. Could so masterly a writer make so palpable blunders! Or are they owing to the translator? I have observed many as gross as that in the fourth volume. "A revered old age was the fruit of Gelon's wisdom—He was succeeded by Hiero, his eldest brother. This young prince"——How? If Gelon enjoyed revered *old age*, could his *eldest brother* be *young* after his death?

Abundance of people attended the preaching in the evening, as well as in the morning.

Friday 12. I preached about noon at Comber, and then rode on to Newtown. This seems to have been a place of strength, large fragments of walls still remaining. I preached at seven on the green, to the largest congregation I have seen since I came into the kingdom. All were quietly atten-

attentive, and when I had done, went away in deep ſilence.

Saturday 13. We went into the church, the burial-place of Mr. Colvin's father and anceſtors. The quire, turned into a chappel many years ago, is grand, and finely finiſhed. But as no man cares for it, ſince the eſtate was ſold, it is ſwiftly running to ruin.

In the evening we had a larger congregation than before. I was afraid my voice would not reach them all. But God gave me ſtrength, ſo that I believe every one preſent might hear diſtinctly.

Sunday 14. I preached in the market-houſe at Belfaſt about one, and in the court-houſe at Carrickfergus in the evening.

Monday 15. I rode over the mountains to Larn, a ſmall ſeaport, ten miles north of Carrickfergus. The ſun ſhone bright and exceeding hot, and the wind was pretty high. They fixed the table juſt fronting the mid-day ſun, and where an eddy of wind poured in continually. And it was well they did. For the ſun tempered the wind, ſo that I could bear both, better than either. I ſuppoſe moſt of the town were preſent, rich and poor: and I believe the word of God did not return empty.

In the evening I preached at Carrick again. The old earl of Donnegal, one of the richeſt peers in Ireland, took much pleaſure here, in his ſtately houſe ſurrounded by large and elegant gardens.

dens. But his only ſon proved an ideot. And the preſent heir regards them not. So the roof of the houſe is fallen in: and the horſes and ſheep which feed in the gardens, make wild work with the parterres, and curious trees, which the old Lord ſo carefully planted!

Tueſ. 16. We rode to Lurgan. In the morning I walked to Lough-Neagh, the moſt beautiful lake I ever ſaw. On the ſouth eaſt ſhore ſtands a ſmall mount, ſuppoſed to be raiſed by the Danes; on the top of which is a kind of arbour, benched round with turf, which might contain twenty or thirty people.

This was the hotteſt day I ever felt in Ireland: near as hot as any I remember in Georgia. The next morning I was deſired to ſee the houſe of an eminent ſcholar near the town. The door into the yard, we found nailed up: but we got in at a gap which was ſtopt with thorns. I took the houſe at firſt for a very old barn, but was aſſured he had built it within five years: not indeed by any old, vulgar model, but purely to his own taſte. The walls were part mud, part brick, part ſtone, and part bones and wood. There were four windows, but no glaſs in any, leſt the pure air ſhould be kept out. The houſe had two ſtories, but no ſtair-caſe and no door: into the upper floor, we went by a ladder, thro' one of the windows: thro' one of the lower windows, into the lower floor, which was about four foot high. This floor had three rooms, one three ſquare,

the

the ſecond had five ſides, the third, I know not how many. I give a particular deſcription of this wonderful edifice, to illuſtrate that great truth; there is no folly too great even for a man of ſenſe, if he reſolve to follow his own imagination!

I ſpent Friday and Saturday at Newry, a town riſen out of its aſhes within theſe twenty years.

Sunday 21. I was much pleaſed with the ſeriouſneſs and decency of the congregation at church. But they were a little hurried in the middle of the ſervice. A young man dropped down as dead. In a little time however he came to himſelf, and was led out of church.

Monday 22. I rode tho' a barren, dreary country, and by a miſerable road, to Caſtle-Blaney. The morning was extremely hot; but we had a cooler ride in the afternoon to Coot-hill. I preached at ſeven in an open place near the ſtreet, to a tolerably ſerious congregation. At ſix in the morning there were more rather than fewer, who then ſeemed to feel as well as hear. I walked afterward to the German houſe, about as large as the chappel in Snow-fields. They have pitched upon a delightful ſituation, laid out a garden by it, planted trees round the ground, and every way approved themſelves *wiſe in their generation*. They often put me in mind of the monks of old, who had picked out the pleaſanteſt ſpots in our nation. But when their time was come, God ſwept them away in an hour they looked not for it.

In

In the evening I preached at Dingins, in the county of Cavan, on the very edge of Ulſter. Many came from far, a few of whom have taſted that the Lord is gracious.

Wedneſday 24. I preached in the morning at Granard, in the barrack yard. I have rarely ſeen a congregation in a new place ſo much affected. About one I preached at Edgeworthtown, to a very genteel congregation: extremely different from that which gathered at Longford, in the yard of the great Inn; the rudeſt, furlieſt, wildeſt people that I have found ſince I came into the kingdom. However they ſtood pretty quiet, till ſome pieces of turf were thrown among them over the houſes. And when they had recovered from the hurry it put them into, they behaved decently till I concluded.

* Thurſday 25. I preached at Cleg hill about one, and then rode on to Drumerſnave. Wood, water, fruitful land, and gently-riſing hills, contribute to make this place a little paradiſe. Mr. Campbell, the proprietor of the whole, reſolved to make it ſuch. So he planted groves, laid out walks, formed the plan of a new town, with a barrack at one end, and his own ſeat at the other. But alas! Death ſtepped in between, and all his plan fell to the ground.

I lodged at the only gentleman's houſe in the town, whoſe wife adorns the goſpel.

Saturday 27. I rode through James's Town, once a ſtrong place, now an heap of ruins, and

through Carrick and Boyle, both incloſed by a pleaſant and fruitful country. Soon after, we entered the county of Sligoe, the beſt peopled that I have ſeen in the kingdom. Eight villages we counted within ſeven miles; the town itſelf I think is little leſs than Limerick. The country round it is fertile and well-improved; even the mountains, to the very top. It lies two miles from the ſea, having a large harbour, covered by mountains on each ſide.

The mob had been in motion all the day. But their buſineſs was only with the foreſtallers of the market, who had bought up all the corn far and near, to ſtarve the poor, and load a Dutch ſhip, which lay at the kay. But the mob brought it all out into the market, and ſold it for the owners at the common price. And this they did, with all the calmneſs and compoſure imaginable, and without ſtriking or hurting any one.

I preached in the evening near the main ſtreet, to a ſmall, quiet, ſerious company: at nine Sunday 28, in the market-houſe, to a numerous congregation. But they were doubled at five in the afternoon: and God made his word quick and powerful. Even the rich and genteel part of the audience appeared to be deeply affected. O for labourers! for a few γνήσια τέκνα. Deſirous only to ſpend and be ſpent for their brethren!

Monday 29. I rode to Caſtlebarr.

Thurſday

Thurſday, June 1. I went to Newport. I believe all the proteſtants in the town gladly attended the evening preaching: and few of them were wanting at five in the morning. How white are theſe fields to the harveſt!

Friday, June 2. I rode to Hollymount, and preached in the church-yard. I then viſited my antagoniſt, Mr. Clark, who was lying extremely ill.

Saturday 3. I preached at Minulla, a village four miles from Caſtlebarr. I was ſurprized to find, how little the Iriſh papiſts are changed in an hundred years. Moſt of them retain the ſame bitterneſs, yea and thirſt for blood as ever: and would as freely now cut the throats of all the proteſtants, as they did in the laſt century.

Sunday 4. As they have the Lord's ſupper here but four times a year, I adminiſtred it in the evening to about ſixty perſons. Scarce one of them went empty away. Many were filled with conſolation.

Tueſday 6. I ſet out at four (the hour I had appointed) on foot, the horſe brought for me having neither bridle nor ſaddle. After a time one galloped after me full ſpeed, till juſt as he overtook me, horſe and man came down together. The horſe's knee ſpouted out blood, as if an artery had been cut. But on a ſudden the blood ſtopped: nor did he bleed any more all the way to Aghrim.

I found a few here, and left more, *striving to enter in at the strait gate.*

Friday 9. About eight I preached at Ahaskra, to a congregation, of whom four fifths were papists. Would to God the government would insure to all the papists in the land, so much liberty of conscience, that none might *hinder them from hearing* the true word of God! Then, as they hear, so let them judge. In the evening I preached at Athlone.

Sunday 11. We had an excellent sermon at church on the intercession of Christ. In the afternoon abundance of papists, as well as protestants, were present on the Connaught side of the river, while I explained the *joy* that is *in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.* Toward the close two or three eggs were thrown, and not long after, two stones. One of them fell on a gentleman's servant, the other on a drummer, which so enraged the dragoons (many of whom were in the congregation) that as soon as I concluded, they run all ways to find the man that threw. The spirit they shewed did much good, by striking a terror into the rabble. But I was glad they did not discover the offender. I believe his fright was punishment enough.

Tuesday 14. I met the preachers and stewards at Cooly-lough. The congregation at noon was the largest I ever saw there. In the afternoon the perplext case of I. C. and I. A. was referred to Mr. S. and Mr. H. who after a long hearing judged

judged (as did all preſent) "That I. C. had acted wrong, in ſeizing and ſelling I. A.'s goods for rent, when no rent was due."

After preaching in the evening, I talked with Kath. Shea of Athlone, concerning a ſtrange account which I had heard: there are many now living, who atteſt, on their perſonal knowledge, moſt of the particulars of it. She ſaid, "When I was ten years old, the preaching began at Athlone. I liked, and often heard it, though my parents were zealous papiſts, till they removed into the country. I then grew as zealous as them, and was diligent in reading the popiſh prayers, till I was about thirteen: when taking the maſs-book one day, to read my prayers, I could not ſee one word. I continued blind, juſt able to diſcern light from darkneſs, but not to read or do any work: till after three months, caſting my eye on a New Teſtament, I could read clearly. I ſaid to myſelf, "I won't read this proteſtant book: I will read my own book." Accordingly I opened the maſs-book, but could not ſee one word: it appeared all dark and black. I made the trial thrice over, holding the maſs-book in one hand, and the teſtament in the other. I could not ſee any thing in the maſs-book, but could read the teſtament as well as ever. On this I threw away the maſs-book, fully reſolved to meddle with it no more.

"Afterwards my parents returned to Athlone. Then I heard the preaching at all oppor-

tunities. For this they beat me many times, and at laſt turned me out of doors. Yet after this, my father brought me to the prieſt, who diſputed with me very warmly. At length my father ſaid, "I think, the girl is in the right." And he oppoſed me no more to the day of his death."

Wedneſ. 14. I preached at Tullamore about eleven, and at Birr in the evening.

Frid. 16. I ſet out for Limerick. I was wet through from head to foot, before I came thither, but received no hurt. Here I had a particular account of the melancholy affair, which was in the mouths of all men. On Sunday evening laſt, two officers were playing at dice, when they quarrelled about a leud woman. This occaſioned a challenge from Mr. I. which the other would fain have declined. But he would not be denied, and was ſo bent upon it, that he would not go to bed. About three in the morning they went out, with their ſeconds, to the Iſland. Mr. B. propoſed firing at twelve yards diſtance. But Mr. I. ſaid, "No, no, ſix is enough." So they kiſſed one another (poor farce!) and before they were five paces aſunder, both fired at the ſame inſtant. The ball went into Mr. I.'s breaſt, who turned round twice or thrice, and fell. He was carried home, made his will, and about three in the afternoon died like a man of honour!

* How are *the judgments of the Lord abroad in the*

the earth! About Eaſter laſt Mr. Beauchamp was at a gentleman's houſe in the county of Clare, when a gentleman who was occaſionally there, finding they were going to family prayers, ran away in all haſte, ſwearing, "He would have none of their ſwadling prayers." Two or three weeks after, he imagined himſelf to be not very well. A phyſician was called, who for three or four days ſucceſſively, affirmed, there was no danger at all. On the fifth day a ſecond phyſician was called: who feeling his pulſe ſaid, "Why do you ſend for *me?* I can do nothing. He is a dead man." Hearing this, he cried out, "Doctor, you have deceived me. I leave money enough. But my ſoul is loſt," He catched hold of one and another, crying, "Save me, ſave me." He endeavoured to throw himſelf into the fire. Being hindered from doing this, he ſeized upon his own arm, and tore it with his teeth. And after a ſhort time, in all the agony of rage, deſpair and horror, expired.

AN EXTRACT OF THE Rev. Mr. JOHN WESLEY'S JOURNAL,

From JUNE 17, 1758, to MAY 5, 1760.

NUMBER X.

SATURDAY, June 17.

* I Met Thomas Walſh once more, in Limerick, alive, and but juſt alive. Three of the beſt phyſicians in theſe parts have attended him,

him, and all agree, that it is a loſt caſe: that by violent ſtraining of his voice, added to frequent colds, he has contracted a pulmonary conſumption, which is now in the laſt ſtage, and conſequently beyond the reach of any human help. O what a man, to be ſnatched away in the ſtrength of his years? Surely thy judgments are a great deep!

Wedneſ. 21. Our little conference began, at which fourteen preachers were preſent. We ſettled all things here, which we judged would be of uſe to the preachers or the ſocieties, and conſulted how to remove whatever might be an hindrance to the work of God.

Frid. 23. I rode over to Court-Mattreſs, a colony of Germans, whoſe parents came out of the Palatinate, about fifty years ago. Twenty families of them ſettled here, twenty more at Killiheen, a mile off; fifty at Balligarane, about two miles eaſtward, and twenty at Pallas, four miles farther. Each family had a few acres of ground, on which they built as many little houſes. They are ſince conſiderably increaſed in number of ſouls, though decreaſed in number of families. Having no miniſter, they were become eminent for drunkenneſs, curſing, ſwearing, and an utter neglect of religion. But they are waſhed, ſince they heard and received the truth, which is able to ſave their ſouls. An oath is now rarely heard among them, or a drunkard ſeen in their borders. Court-Mattreſs is built in the form of a

ſquare, in the middle of which they have placed a pretty large preaching-houſe. But it would not contain one half of the congregation: ſo I ſtood in a large yard. The wind kept off the rain while I was preaching. As ſoon as I ended, it began.

Sund. 25. About ſix I preached in the Iſland in a ſquare, green incloſure, which was formerly Oliver Cromwell's camp. I have not ſeen ſuch a congregation ſince we left London. To how much better purpoſe is this ground employed, than it was in the laſt century?

Thurſ. 29. I rode to Clare, and at ſix preached in the ſtreet to many poor papiſts and rich proteſtants, almoſt all the gentry in the country being aſſembled together. Thence I went on to Ennis, and at ten the next morning, had another genteel congregation in the Court-houſe. In Ennis many ſuppoſe, there are not leſs than fifty papiſts to one proteſtant. They would have been very ready to ſhew their good-will. But the ſight of Mr. B———, kept them in awe. A report however was ſpread of ſome terrible things they were to do in the evening: and many were ſurprized to obſerve, that more than nine in ten of the congregation were papiſts. But none ſpoke an unkind or uncivil word, either while I preached or after I had done.

* How unſpeakable is the advantage, in point of common ſenſe, which middling people have over

over the rich! There is so much paint and affectation, so many unmeaning words and senseless customs among people of rank, as fully justify the remark made seventeen hundred years ago,

Sensus, communis in illa Fortuna rarus.

Sunday, July 2. I preached in the Island near Limerick, both morning and evening, standing on the side of a large hollow, adjoining to the old camp. The ground on the sides of it sloped upward, so that the people sat on the grass, row above row. Such an amphitheatre I never saw before, in which thousands of hearers were so commodiously placed. And they seemed earnestly to attend to our Lord's invitation, *Come, for all things are now ready!*

I did not then observe, that I strained myself. But in the morning I was extremely hoarse. This increased all day, together with a load and stoppage in my breast. On Tuesday morning I began spitting blood, found a pain in my left side, a sensible decay of strength, and a deep wheezing cough; just the symptoms which I had some years since. I immediately applied a brimstone plaister to my side, and used a linctus of roasted lemon and honey. Wednesday 5. My side was quite easy, and my hoarseness much abated. So in the evening I made shift to preach

again, though not without difficulty. I had purpoſed preaching the next day at Shronill, about twenty-four Engliſh miles from Limerick: and at Clonmell about the ſame diſtance from Shronill. But perceiving my ſtrength would not ſuffice, and yielding to the advice of my friends, I reſted another day.

Thurſ. 6. The news of Prince Ferdinand's victory, had half turned the heads of moſt of the proteſtants, till they were brought to themſelves by news of another kind, which ran through the city as in an inſtant. * One who was well known therein, a great curſer and blaſphemer, and eminently *without God in the world*, went a fiſhing a little way from his own door, and ſtood with his angling-rod on the edge of the water. Many were looking on, when his foot ſlipping, he fell forward and ſunk. As help was at hand, he was ſoon drawn out. But it was too late. There were no remains of life. His ſoul was gone to give its account.

Frid. 7. I rode in a chaiſe to Charlevill, and thence on an eaſy horſe to Cork. James Maſſiot died in peace the morning before; ſo I was juſt in time to perform the laſt office for him.

Satur. 8. The congregation was large; but my voice was ſo weak that many could not hear. Sunday 9, after the burial of James Maſſiot, I preached to a multitude of people, on, *Bleſſed are the dead which die in the Lord.* And

the

the longer I ſpoke, the more my voice was ſtrengthened.

Tueſday 11. I rode with James Morgan to Bandon, and preached in the market-houſe to a liſtening multitude. Wedneſ. 12. I read over the analyſis of Lord Bolingbroke's works. Surely never did any man ſo flatly contradict, and ſo fully anſwer him. Thurſ. 13, about noon, I preached in the exchange at Kinſale. The townsfolks *care for none of theſe things.* But we had a large congregation of ſoldiers, many of whom are good ſoldiers of Jeſus Chriſt.

In the evening I preached in the main ſtreet at Bandon. Having now need of all my voice, it was given me again; only with a little pain in my ſide, which ceaſed while I was ſpeaking.

Satur. 15. I preached about noon at Inniſhannon, and returned to Bandon. A fortnight ſince they laid the foundation of their preaching-houſe. This evening I preached in the ſhell of it. But it would not contain the congregation. Truly theſe are *ſwift to hear*, though not *ſlow to ſpeak*.

Sund. 16. I preached again in the ſhell of the houſe at eight, and in the main ſtreet at ſix in the evening. Obſerving many of the French officers there, I could not but pray for them in particular. Some of them were deeply attentive. Perhaps

haps it was not for nothing, that God brought them into a ſtrange land.

Mond. 17. I returned to Cork. Wedneſ. 18. I began ſpeaking ſeverally to the members of the ſociety. Many of them, I found, were truly alive to God. Old miſunderſtandings were removed. And I had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing them ſo united together, as they had not been for many years.

* Frid. 21. I met with a tract which utterly confounded all my philoſophy: I had long believed, that microſcopic animals, were generated, like all other animals, by parents of the ſame ſpecies. But Mr. Needham makes it highly probable, that they conſtitute a peculiar claſs of animals, differing from all others in this, that they neither are generated, or generate, nor ſubſiſt by food, in the ordinary way.

Tueſ. 25. In the evening I aſſiſted the ſociety, in renewing their covenant with God. It was to many a ſeaſon of great refreſhment, and the fear of God was upon all.

* Sund. 30. I began meeting the children in the afternoon, though with little hopes of doing them good. But I had not ſpoke long on our natural ſtate, before many of them were in tears, and five or ſix ſo affected, that they could not refrain from crying aloud to God. When I began praying, their cries increaſed, ſo that my voice was ſoon loſt. I have ſeen no ſuch

work

work among children for eighteen or nineteen years.

* Mond. 31. I finiſhed the Glaſgow abridgment of Mr. Hutchinſon's works. He was doubtleſs a man of uncommon underſtanding, and indefatigable application. Yet the more I conſider it, the leſs can I ſubſcribe to his ſyſtem either of divinity or philoſophy: as I am more and more convinced, that they have no foundation in ſcripture or ſound reaſon.

Tueſ. Auguſt 1. The captain with whom we were to ſail, was in great haſt to have our things on board. But I would not ſend them while the wind was againſt us. On Wedneſday he ſent meſſage after meſſage. So in the evening we went down to the ſhip, near Paſſage. But there was nothing ready, or near ready for ſailing. Hence I learnt two or three rules, very needful for thoſe who ſail between England and Ireland. 1. Never pay till you ſet ſail. 2. Go not on board, till the captain goes on board. 3. Send not your baggage on board, till you go yourſelf.

Thurſ. 3. I returned to Cork. On Saturday 5. We were called on board in all haſte. But the captain being in no haſte to ſail, I preached at Cork again on Sunday at five, and then returned to Paſſage. He now ſaid, he would fall down to Cove directly: ſo we took boat and went down thither. But no captain appeared either this day or the next. So, that I might not lie

idle,

idle, I went down to the beach, and began preaching to as wild, unpromiſing a congregation, as ever I ſaw in this kingdom. However they performed more than they promiſed. For they grew more and more quiet and attentive. And ſome of them appeared to be deeply affected.

* Mond. 7. Hearing nothing of our captain yet, in the afternoon I went to the middle of the town. Abundance of people ran together. But they were far too wild and noiſy, to admit of my giving out a pſalm, or naming a text, in the uſual way. So I fell abruptly upon as many as could hear, in a free and familiar manner. In a few minutes the whole body were quiet, and tolerably attentive. They were more and more ſerious, till I concluded with a hymn and a ſhort prayer.

Immediately after preaching, I was ſent for to a gentleman, who was ſtruck with the palſy. I found the houſe full of his friends and relations, to whom I ſpoke freely and largely. They ſeemed to be more than ordinarily affected. Perhaps for this alſo we were detained at Cove.

Tueſ. 8. I preached not far from the beach, to a very decent and ſerious congregation. Preſently after, a veſſel ſailed by, bound for Wales. We went on board without delay, got out of the harbour by eleven, and by Wedneſday noon, were abreaſt of the iſle of Lundy. But we had not yet done our work: for the wind fell, and we did not get into the river till near ſun-ſet. Obſerving three or four ſailors there ſtanding together, I began

gan explaining to them the nature of religion. In a few minutes all within the ſhip came together; and without the ceremony of naming a text, I inlarged on *The kingdom of heaven is not meats and drinks, but righteouſneſs and peace and joy in the Holy Ghoſt.* About eleven we landed at Penklawr, and in the morning rode to Swanſey.

Thurſday 10. We rode thro' a pleaſant country to Pile. We were ſetting out from thence when a violent ſhower drove us into the houſe again, and conſtrained us to talk with two or three travellers. I believe our labour was not loſt: for they appeared to be greatly affected. I preached at Cardiff in the evening and the next morning. We reached the New Paſſage about noon. But they did not tell us till half hour after five, that the boat would not paſs that night. With much difficulty I procured a ſmall boat to carry us over, leaving our horſes behind. Landing ſoon after ſix, we walked on, and between nine and ten came to Briſtol.

Here I met with a trial of another kind. But this alſo ſhall be for good. On the following days was our yearly conference, began and ended in perfect harmony. Thurſday 17, I went to the cathedral, to hear Mr. Handel's Meſſiah. I doubt if that congregation was ever ſo ſerious at a ſermon, as they were during this performance. In many parts, eſpecially ſeveral of the chorus's, it exceeded my expectation.

Having

Having promiſed to take a little journey into Wales, on Monday 21. I ſet out with Joſeph Jones. We were in the boat before nine, but did not land our horſes, till a quarter before three. However I reached Cardiff, time enough to preach in the room, tho' not in the caſtle.

Tuefday 22. I gathered up as well as I could the fragments of the ſociety. At ſix in the evening I preached in the caſtle. Wednefday 23. We rode to Fonmon. The behaviour of Mr. Jones ſurprized me: it ſeemed as if he inherited the ſpirit of his father. I preached at ſeven to a deeply ſerious congregation, and to a good part of them at five in the morning. Thurſday 22. I wrote a ſecond letter to Dr. Free, the warmeſt opponent I have had for many years. I leave him now to laugh, and ſcold, and witticiſe, and call names, juſt as he pleaſes; for I have done. Friday 25. I rode to Cowbridge, and preached at three in the afternoon, in the new aſſembly-room. I obſerved no trifler there, though there were ſeveral of the better rank. About ſix I preached in a Green court at Lanmais, to a company of right, old, ſimple Chriſtians. I could not get from them ſo ſoon as I deſigned, ſo that we did not reach Fonmon till near nine.

Saturday 26. One undertook to guide me the neareſt way into the main road. But in five or ſix miles he loſt his way, ſo that for ſome time we wandered upon the mountains. About noon however we got into the road, and an hour and half

half after, to Pile. Before we left it, I ſpoke a few words to the woman of the houſe. She ſeemed quite ſtruck. How few words ſuffice, when God applies them to the heart?

* I knew not where to go at Neath: but as we entered the town, a man fixt his eyes upon me, (though he had never ſeen me before) and ſaid, "Sir, That is the houſe where the preachers put up their horſes." I had been there only a few minutes, when another came in and ſaid, "Sir, Mrs. Morgan expects you. I will ſhew you the way." To Mrs. Morgan's we went, and were as cordially received as if ſhe had known us twenty years. It was market-day, ſo I preached about five in the room, a large, commodious place. I believe moſt that were preſent, (ſeveral of whom were backſliders) felt that God was there.

Sunday 27. We reached Swanſey at ſeven, and were met by one who conducted us to his houſe, and thence to a kind of caſtle, in which was a green court, ſurrounded by high, old walls. A large congregation aſſembled ſoon, and behaved with the utmoſt decency. A very uncommon bleſſing was among them, as uſes to be among them that are ſimple of heart.

The congregation was conſiderably more than doubled, at five in the afternoon. Many gay and well-dreſt perſons were among them: but they were as ſerious as the pooreſt. Peter Jaco, who

was

was driven to us by contrary winds, was agreeably ſurprized at them.

Monday, 28. I ſcarce ever ſaw ſuch a rain in Europe, as we had for conſiderable part of this morning. In one of the main ſtreets, the water ran with a ſtream capable of turning a mill. However having appointed to preach at noon, in Newton about ſix miles from Swanſey, I was determined, not to break my word, tho' I ſuppoſed but few would attend. But I was miſtaken. Such a number of people came together, as no houſe in the town could contain. A barn was ſoon prepared. And it pleaſed God to ſend a gracious rain upon their hearts.

After preaching at Swanſey in the evening, I met thoſe who deſired to join in a ſociety, and explained to them the nature and deſign of it with which they were quite unacquainted. Tueſday 29, I rode back to Neath, in order to put the ſociety there (an unlicked maſs) into ſome form. This on Saturday they had begged me to do: but they ſeemed now to have quite forgotten it. Mr. Evans, the preſbyterian miniſter, had turned them upſide-down. They looked as if they had never ſeen me before, all but five or ſix, who were much aſhamed of their brethren.

Wedneſ. 30. I rode on to Margum. There uſed to be preaching here, till Lord Manſel dying without children, left the eſtate to Mr. Talbot. He forbad all his tenants to receive the preachers, and ſo effectually put a ſtop to it.

But

But he did not glory in it long. A few months after, God called him home.

At noon I preached again in the aſſembly-room at Cowbridge: in the caſtle at Cardiff, in the evening. Thurſday 31. I talked with ſeveral of the people, and found the old ſpirit ſwiftly reviving. In the evening I preached in the Town-hall. Several eminent ſinners were preſent. And God was preſent in an uncommon manner: as alſo at the meeting of the ſociety.

Friday, September 1. After a buſy and comfortable day, I preached once more in the Caſtle. The word ſeemed to ſink deep into the hearers, though many of them were of the genteeler ſort. In the ſociety we were much refreſhed. Many followed me to Thomas Gl—'s houſe: where two or three were cut to the heart, particularly both his daughters, and cried to God with ſtrong cries and tears.

Saturday 2. We rode to the New Paſſage, croſſed over in half an hour, and about five came to Briſtol.

Saturday 9. I wrote the account of an extraordinary monument of divine mercy, Nathanael Othen, who was ſhot for deſertion at Dover-Caſtle, in October 1757. In the following week, I met Mr. Fletcher, and the other preachers that were in the houſe, and ſpent a conſiderable time in cloſe converſation, on the head of Chriſtian perfection. I afterwards wrote down

down the general propoſitions wherein we all agreed.

Thurſday 14. I rode to Coleford and was much refreſhed among the ſimple, zealous colliers. Saturday 16. In the evening I preached at Bradford, as alſo at five and eight on Sunday morning. At two, as ſoon as we were in the houſe at Freſhford, it poured down with rain: ſo that after as many as could had crowded in, the reſt were conſtrained to go away. But the rain ceaſed as ſoon as we took horſe, and we had a pleaſant ride to Briſtol.

Wednefday 20. I rode over to Bath: but the room would ill contain the congregation. So I encouraged them in their deſign of taking a piece of ground, and building without delay. In the evening I preached at Shepton, and ſeveral of the rich and honourable took it into their mind to come. But they came too late. For the houſe was already thoroughly filled with the poor. * Thurſday 21. As we rode homeward, we ſaw a ſight indeed: a woman in the extremity of pain, rotting away piece-meal by the King's-evil, full of ſores from head to foot, with ſeveral of her bones appearing through the ſkin: and continually praiſing God with tears of joy, for " dealing ſo mercifully with her."

Sunday 24. The famous Roger Balls had planted himſelf in Stoke's-Croft before I came. However as there was a large congregation, I did not think it right to leave them to him, but began as uſual,

ufual, and preached till near ſix o'clock, without paying any regard to him.

Sunday, October 1. I took my leave of the congregation and of the children, in Kingſwood. And God gave us a parting bleſſing. Monday 2. I preached at Bradford, (noon and night) and met the ſtewards of the Wiltſhire and Somerſetſhire ſocieties. In the evening I baptized a young woman, deeply convinced of ſin. We all found the power of God was preſent to heal, and ſhe herſelf felt what ſhe had not words to expreſs.

Tueſday 3. One of Warminiſter who was at Briſtol laſt week, had deſired me to call at his houſe. I did ſo this morning, and preached in his yard to a numerous congregation of ſaints and ſinners, rich and poor, church-men, quakers and preſbyterians both of the old and new way. Some diſturbance was expected; but there was none. The whole aſſembly behaved well. And inſtead of curſes or ſtones, we had many bleſſings as we rode thro' the town for Saliſbury. Wedneſday 4. I reſted there. Thurſday 5. I rode by Redbridge and Fareham to Portſmouth: where at ſeven I preached in Mr. Whiteſield's tabernacle to a ſmall ſerious congregation.

Friday 6. I deſigned to go in a wherry to the Iſle of Wight. But the watermen were ſo extravagent in their demands, that I changed my mind and went in the hoy. And it was well I did, for the ſea was ſo high, it would not have been eaſy, for a ſmall boat to keep above water. We landed

landed at two, and walked on, five little miles, to Newport. The neighbouring camp had filled the town with ſoldiers, the moſt abandoned wretches whom I ever yet ſaw. Their whole glorying was in curſing, ſwearing, drukenneſs and lewdneſs. How gracious is God, that he does not yet ſend theſe monſters to their own place!

At five I preached in the Corn-market, and at ſix in the morning. A few even of the ſoldiers attended. One of theſe, Benjamin Lawrence, walked with us to Wotton-bridge, where we intended to take boat. He was in St. Philip's Fort, during the whole ſiege, concerning which I aſked him many queſtions. He ſaid, 1. "Abundance of *cattle* was left in the fields, till the French (long expected) came and took them. 2. Abundance of *wine* was left in the town, even more than the French could uſe. And there was not enough in the caſtle, even for the ſick men. 3. A large, ſtrong *ſtone-houſe* was left ſtanding, within a ſmall diſtance of the fort. Behind this the French often formed themſelves, particularly before the laſt aſſault. 4 This might eaſily be accounted for. We had few officers of any experience: and the governor never came out of his houſe. 5. The French made two general aſſaults and were repulſed, and many blown up by our mines. But the mines having never been looked after, till juſt when we wanted them, moſt of them were utterly uſeleſs; ſo that only two, out of threeſcore did

did any execution. 6. In their third aſſault (which they were hardly perſuaded to make) captain ———, who commanded the guard of an hundred men, at the Sally-Port, ran away before he was attacked, and his men having none to command them, went after. I was left alone, till I retired alſo. And the French, having none to oppoſe them, came in. 7. In the morning our men were mad to drive them out: and would have done it in an hour, but that they were told, the fort was given up, and ordered to ceaſe firing. 8. We had at the approach of the enemy, three thouſand, eight hundred and thirty-three effective men. And we had very near as many when we ſurrendered, with plenty of proviſion and ammunition." O human juſtice! One great man is ſhot! And another is made a lord!

* We hired a ſmall fiſher-boat at Wotton-Bridge, there being ſcarce any wind. But it increaſed more and more, when we were on the ſea, which was ſeven miles over. Our cock-boat danced on the waves, and muſt have ſunk, if one large wave had come over her. But God ſuffered it not. We landed in two hours, and walked away to Goſport.

Sunday 8. The wind and rain drove us into the tabernacle. In the afternoon I preached in the main ſtreet at Fareham. A wild multitude was preſent: yet a few

only mocked: the greater part were ſoon deeply attentive.

Mond. 9. I ſet out for Suſſex, and in the evening reached Rottingdean, a village four miles eaſt of Brighthelmſtone. The next day we rode over the downs to Rye, lying on the top of a round fruitful hill. I preached at ſeven to a crouded audience, with great enlargement of ſpirit.

Wedneſ. 11. I rode to Rolvenden, about ten miles from Rye, and preached at five to a large, ſerious congregation. A few drunkards ſtood in the road at ſome diſtance, and took ſome pains to divert their attention. But it was labour loſt. Thurſ. 12. It was a rainy morning, ſo that the houſe contained the congregation. Many of them were in tears, being deeply convinced, that they were as yet *without God in the world*. About one I preached at Northjam. The houſe was ſtowed as full as poſſible, but ſtill many were conſtrained to ſtand without, though it rained much. About five in the evening I preached again at Rye.

Friday 13. In the evening, we had a ſolemn ſeaſon. After I had concluded my ſermon, I read over the rules of the ſociety, in the open congregation. The number of thoſe who came at five in the morning, ſhewed that God had touched many hearts. On Saturday evening many were obliged to ſtand without,

without, though the wind was high and extremely cold.

Sund. 15. After preaching at eight, I rode again to Northjam, and preached in Mr. Stone-ſtreet's orchard, to far the largeſt congregation I have ſeen in Suſſex. One of Rye, in our return thither, gave us a remarkable account. * "Mr. ——— one moſt eminent for profaneneſs, drunkenneſs, and all manner of wickedneſs, when you met the ſociety on Thurſday evening at your lodgings, was curious to liſten at the window. The next day he ſurprized his company by crying out, "I am the greateſt ſinner on the whole earth." On Friday evening he was wounded more deeply ſtill, and was at the preaching at five in the morning." Surely thus far God has helped him. But a thouſand to one, he will *return as a dog to his vomit.*

* Mond. 16. I rode to Canterbury. As we came into the city, a ſtone flew out of the pavement, and ſtruck my mare upon the leg with ſuch violence, that ſhe dropt down at once. I kept my ſeat, till in ſtruggling to ariſe, ſhe fell again and rolled over me. When ſhe roſe, I endeavoured to riſe too, but found I had no uſe of my right leg or thigh. But an honeſt barber came out, lifted me up, and helped me into his ſhop. Feeling myſelf very ſick, I deſired a glaſs of cold water, which inſtantly gave me eaſe.

Tueſ. 17. I found reaſon to rejoice over this

little flock, now free from all diviſions and offences. And on Saturday I chearfully returned to London, after an abſence of near eight months.

Here I reſted four days: and on Wedneſday 25, went partly by coach, partly on horſeback to Malden. Frid. 27. I rode on, through an extremely pleaſant and fruitful country to Colcheſter. I have ſeen very few ſuch towns in England. It lies on the ridge of an hill, with other hills on each ſide which run parallel with it, at a ſmall diſtance. The two main ſtreets, one running eaſt and weſt, the other north and ſouth, are quite ſtrait, the whole length of the town, and full as broad as Cheapſide.

* I preached at four on St. John's-green, at the ſide of an high, old wall, (a place that ſeemed to be made on purpoſe) to an extremely attentive audience: and again at eight in the morning, on Saturday 28, and at four in the afternoon. In the hours between I took the opportunity of ſpeaking to the members of the ſociety. In three months here are joined together, an hundred and twenty perſons. A few of theſe know in whom they have believed; and many are ſenſible of their wants.

Sund. 29. At eight the congregation was very large. And I believe God made his word *quick and powerful*. At four in the afternoon we had a Moorfields congregation. Many of the baſer ſort

ſtood

ſtood at a diſtance. But they made no diſturbance, knowing the magiſtrates are determined to ſuffer no riot at Colcheſter.

Mond. 30. Though I was not quite recovered from the lameneſs, occaſioned by the fall of my horſe, I made ſhift to ride to Norwich: where on the following days I had the ſatisfaction to obſerve, that the ſociety was not leſſened (as I had feared) but rather increaſed ſince I left them. And there is a probability they will increaſe ſtill, as they are far more eſtabliſhed in grace.

Friday, November 3. James Wheatley called upon me, and offered me the tabernacle. But whether to accept the offer or not, I cannot tell. This muſt be maturely conſidered. I found all this week great liberty of ſpirit; and the congregations were large and attentive. It ſeems the time is come when our labour even at Norwich will not be in vain.

Sund. 5. We went to St. Peter's church, the Lord's ſupper being adminiſtered there. I ſcarce ever remember to have ſeen a more beautiful pariſh church: the more ſo, becauſe its beauty reſults not from foreign ornaments, but from the very form and ſtructure of it. It is very large, and of an uncommon height: and the ſides are almoſt all window: ſo that it has an awful and venerable look, and at the ſame time ſurprizingly chearful.

Mond. 6. A large congregation attended, between four and five in the morning. I ſet out at

fix with much comfort, leaving a ſettled and well-united ſociety. I preached at Kenninghall about ten, and at Lakenheath in the evening. After reſting a day, on Wedneſday 8, went on an hard day's journey, to Bedford.

I had deſigned to ſpend two evenings here. But Mr Parker informing me, "That Mr. Berridge deſired I would come to him as ſoon as poſſible." I ſet out for Everton on Thurſday 9. I found Mr. B. juſt taking horſe, with whom I rode on, and in the evening preached at Wreſtling-worth, in a large church, well filled with ſerious hearers.

* We lodged at Mr. Hickes', the vicar, a witneſs of the faith which once he perſecuted. The next morning I preached in his church again. In the middle of the ſermon, a woman before me dropt down as dead, as one had done the night before. In a ſhort time ſhe came to herſelf, and remained deeply ſenſible of her want of Chriſt.

Hence we rode to Mr. B.'s at Everton. For many years he was ſeeking to be juſtified by his works. But a few months ago, he was throughly convinced, that *by grace we are ſaved through faith.* Immediately he began to proclaim aloud the redemption that is in Jeſus. And God confirmed his own word, exactly as he did at Briſtol in the beginning, by working repentance and faith in the hearers, and with the ſame violent outward ſymptoms.

I preached

I preached at ſix in the evening and five in the morning, and ſome were ſtruck juſt as at Wreſtling-worth. One of theſe was brought into the houſe, with whom we ſpent a conſiderable time in prayer. I then haſtened forward, and a little before it was dark, reached the Foundery.

Sund. 26. I was well-pleaſed to have ſome converſation, with Mrs. A———t, lately come from Barbadoes. She gave me an account of her poor huſband: (firſt a red-hot predeſtinarian, talking of God's "blowing whole worlds to hell," then a quaker, now a deiſt:) as alſo of the narrow eſcape which Mr. H. lately had. "Ten negroes broke into his houſe; one of whom was upon the point of cutting his throat, when E. R. knocked him down with a pewter-pot; which put the reſt into ſuch confuſion, that ſhe had time to ſecure herſelf and her children, and Mr. H. to leap out of a balcony."

* Wedneſ. 29. I rode to Wandſworth, and baptized two negroes belonging to Mr. Gilbert, a gentleman lately come from Antigua. One of theſe is deeply convinced of ſin: the other rejoices in God her Saviour, and is the firſt African Chriſtian I have known. But ſhall not our Lord in due time, have theſe Heathens alſo *for his inheritance.*

Monday, December 4. I was deſired to ſtep

into the little church behind the manſion-houſe, commonly called St. Stephen's Wall-brook. It is nothing grand; but neat and elegant beyond expreſſion. So that I do not wonder at the ſpeech of the famous Italian architect, who met Lord Burlington in Italy: "My Lord, go back and ſee St. Stephen's in London. We have not ſo fine a piece of architecture in Rome."

Friday 8. Poor Mr. Goudicheau called upon me, formerly a Romiſh prieſt, now ready to periſh for want of bread, though of an unblemiſhed character. Can any one wonder, that we have not many converts from the church of Rome?

Monday 11. Moſt of this week I ſpent in preparing materials for "a ſurvey of the wiſdom of God in the creation;" or a full, plain and correct ſyſtem of natural philoſophy.

Mond. 18. I rode to Everton. The church was well filled, ſoon after ſix in the evening. God gave me great liberty of ſpeech, and applied his word to the hearts of the hearers: many of whom were not able to contain themſelves, but cried aloud for mercy.

* Tueſ. 19. I rode on to Lakenheath. How ſurpizing a providence has been over this little village! Forty years ago a poor man lived here who walked with God, and was the means of awakening a few others. When theſe were nearly extinct, Charles Skelton came, awakened a few more, and forſook them. A year ago, one

of

of Lakenheath, ſeeing me paſs through Thetford, deſired me to come and preach there. I did ſo, and occaſionally mentioned to them Mr. Madan, then at Thetford. They went over, and invited him to Lakenheath, where ſoon after, he preached in the church. The rector deſired he would help him to a curate; ſo now they have one that both preaches and lives the goſpel.

Wedneſ. 20. I rode to Norwich, James Wheatley now repeated his offer of the tabernacle. But I was in no haſte. I wanted to conſult my friends, and conſider the thing thoroughly. One glaring objection to it was, "The congregation there, *will* not hear me." He replied, "Sir, you cannot tell that, unleſs you will make the trial." I conſented ſo to do, on Thurſday 21. But many declared, "No! he ſhall never come into that pulpit:" and planted themſelves in the way to prevent it. Hitherto only could they go. I went up and preached to a large congregation, without any let or hindrance. I preached there again on Saturday evening: and again God ſtopped the mouths of the lions. Sund. 24. I preached in the tabernacle at eight, to a very ſerious congregation, and at the Foundery between four and five. About ſix the tabernacle was thoroughly filled, and moſtly with quiet hearers. I ſaw none who behaved amiſs, but two ſoldiers, who ſtruck ſome that deſired them to be ſilent. But

they were seized and carried to the commanding officer, who ordered them to be soundly ly whipped.

* Monday 25. Our service began in the Foundery at four, in the tabernacle at eight. God was now especially pleased to make bare his arm. There was a great cry among the people. Stony hearts were broke : many mourners comforted ; many believers strengthened. Prejudice vanished away : a few only kept their fierceness till the afternoon. One of these, still vehemently angry, planted himself just over against me. But before I concluded, he cried out, " I am overcome, I am overcome."

Having now weighed the matter thoroughly, I yielded to the importunity of our brethren. So in the evening the copy of the lease was perfected, which was executed the next morning : a whole train of providences so plainly incurred thereto, that all might clearly see the hand of God.

Tuesday 26. I took my leave of Norwich for the present ; about noon preached at Kenninghall, and in the evening came to Lakenheath. Being informed some of the gentry in the town were very desirous to hear me preach, if I would preach in the church ; I sent them word, " I had designed to be at Colchester the next day. But as they desired it, I would delay my journey, and preach at ten the next morning."

* Wednesday 27. I was so much out of order, that

that I knew not how I ſhould get to church. Between nine and ten I was informed, that ſome hot men in the pariſh would not conſent to my preaching there. I ſaw the hand of God and was thankful, having now a little more time to reſt. In the afternoon the ſun broke out through the fog, and we had a pleaſant ride to Bury. But I was ſo extremely ſick, ſoon after I came in that I knew not how I ſhould be able to preach. An hour's ſleep however refreſhed me much, ſo that I found no want of ſtrength in preaching. Indeed my diſorder increaſed during the night. But while I was preaching in the morning, I felt myſelf well. And I found no more ſickneſs or complaint of any kind. In the evening I reached Colcheſter.

Friday 29. I found the ſociety had decreaſed, ſince L— C— went away. And yet they had had full as good preachers. But that is not ſufficient. By repeated experiments we learn, that though a man preach like an angel, he will neither collect, nor preſerve a ſociety which is collected, without viſiting them from houſe to houſe.

* To day I walked all over the famous caſtle, perhaps the moſt antient building in England. A conſiderable part of it is without queſtion, fourteen or fifteen hundred years old. It was moſtly built with Roman bricks, each of which is about two inches thick, ſeven broad, and thirteen or fourteen long. Seat of antient kings! Britiſh and Roman! Once dreaded far and near.

But what are they now? Is not *a living dog better than a dead lion?* And what is it wherein they prided themſelves? As do the preſent great ones of the earth.

"A little pomp, a little ſway,
A ſun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the great and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave!"

Saturday 30. I returned to London, and received a preſſing letter from Briſtol: in conſequence of which I took horſe on Monday morning, January the firſt, 1759, and came thither the next evening. After reſting two days (only preaching morning and evening) I examined ſeverally the members of the ſociety. This was one great end of my coming down. Another was, to provide for the poor. Accordingly on Sunday 7, I preached a ſermon for them, to which God was pleaſed to give his bleſſing, ſo that the collection was a great deal more than double, of what it uſed to be.

Wedneſday 10. Having finiſhed my work at Briſtol, I rode to Saliſbury, and adviſed our our brethren, concerning the preaching-houſe, which they are about to build. On Friday 12. I went on to Whitechurch, and preached at one to a large and ſerious congregation. In the afternoon we rode to Baſingſtoke, where the people put me in mind of the *wild beaſts at* Epheſus.

Epheſus. Yet they were unuſually attentive in the evening, although many of them could not hear. Saturday 13. After preaching to a ſmall, ſerious company, I went on to London.

Saturday 27. I began reading with huge expectation, a tract wrote by a ſon-in-law of the great Bengelius, Mr. Oetinger, *de ſenſu communi & Ratione.* But how was I diſappointed! So obſcure a writer I ſcarce ever ſaw before: I think he goes beyond Perſius himſelf. When I had with huge labour read fifty or ſixty pages, finding the ſenſe did by no means make amends, for the time and pains beſtowed in ſearching it out, I took my leave of him for ever.

Saturday, February 3. I ſpent an hour with one, who by the loſs of his ſight, his fortune and his liberty, (for he has been a priſoner ſome time) is likely to gain more than all the world can give.

Tueſday 6. I took much pains to convince Mr. S—n, that he was not the wiſeſt man in the world. But I could not *change the Ethiopian's ſkin.* Yet even this is not too hard for God.

* Friday 9. I felt ſuddenly, as if a needle had been run into the ſide of my face. I ſuppoſed, it would be well by the morning; hut found it abundantly worſe: the tonſil being come down (as they term it) and the ſide of my face much ſwelled. It grew worſe all day, ſo that it was with great difficulty I preached at Snowfields in the

the evening. But on Sunday 11, it went away as unaccountably as it came. In the afternoon I called on E. H. in St. George's hospital. Many there had been greatly prejudiced against *me*. But it was now vanished away. Her behaviour had reconciled them quite. And all in the ward, (sixty or seventy persons) seemed hardly to breathe, all the time I was speaking and praying by her bedside.

Tuesday 13. I preached at Deptford and Welling, and in the morning rode to Wandsworth. I preached Wednesday and Thursday evening in the town; in the mornings, at Mr. Gilbert's. Will this barren tree bear fruit at last? How long has God had patience with it?

Friday 16. Being the public fast. I preached at five in Wandsworth, at nine and three in the church at Spittalfields, and at half past eight, in the Foundery. Every place of public worship was crouded on this, as on the two preceding fast-days. And it is plain, even *outward* humiliation has been a means of *outward* blessings.

* Friday 23. I saw a surprising spectacle: one who by a blow first lost her nose, then one eye, and then the other with most of the roof of her mouth; and yet instead of murmuring, acknowledges the love of God in all, and praises him continually.

Tuesday 27. I walked with my brother and Mr. Maxfield to L— H—'s. After breakfast came in Mr. Whitefield, Madan, Romaine, Jones,

Jones, Downing and Venn, with ſome perſons of quality and a few others. Mr. Whitefield, I found was to have adminiſtered the ſacrament. But he inſiſted upon my doing it: after which at the requeſt of L—— H——, I preached on 1 Cor. xiii. 13. O what are the greateſt men, to the great God? As the ſmall duſt of the ballance.

Thurſday, March 1. I reached Everton, about four in the afternoon. But Mr. Berridge did not expect me till the next day. So he thought it beſt, I ſhould preach in his houſe. The next evening the church was well filled. And my mouth was filled with arguments: which I truſt God applied, for the conviction of ſome and the conſolation of others.

Saturday 3. We had a mild, delightful day, and a pleaſant ride to Colcheſter. In the evening and on Sunday morning, the houſe contained the congregation tolerably well. But in the afternoon I was obliged to go out: and I ſuppoſe we had on St. John's green, five or ſix times as many as the room would contain. Such is the advantage of field-preaching!

Monday 5. On examining the ſociety I found, that out of the hundred and twenty-ſix members I had left in October we had loſt only twelve; in the place of whom we have gained forty. And many of theſe whom we left in ſorrow and heavineſs, are now rejoicing in God their Saviour.

* Tuesday 6. I rode to Norwich. Wednesday 7. I inquired into the state of affairs at the tabernacle; and found the society, once consisting of many hundred members, was mouldered into nothing. Of the fifteen or sixteen hundred subscribers, not twenty, not one was left; but every one that pleased went into the galleries, without any questions asked. So that every thing was to be wrought out of the ore, or rather out of the cinders! Surely whatever help is done here, God must do it himself.

In the evening I desired that those who were willing to join in a society, would speak with me the next evening. About twenty did so: but the greater part of these, appeared like frighted sheep. And no marvel, when they had been so long accustomed, to hear all manner of evil of me.

Friday 9. I preached morning and evening at the Foundery. How pleasing would it be to flesh and blood, to remain in this little, quiet place, where we have at length weathered the storm? Nay, I am not to consult my own ease, but the advancing the kingdom of God.

On Saturday and Sunday about forty more gave in their names. On Sunday in the afternoon I met the society after ordering the doors to be shut, which they had not been for two years before. Thirty or forty more spoke to me on Monday. I think, two thirds of those I have yet seen have had a clear sense of God's

God's pardoning love. Doth he not *ſend by whom he will ſend?*

Sunday 18. I adminiſtered the Lord's ſupper to near two hundred communicants. So ſolemn a ſeaſon I never remember to have known in the city of Norwich. As a conſiderable part of them were diſſenters, I deſired every one to uſe what poſture he judged beſt. Had I required them to kneel, probably half would have ſat. Now all but one kneeled down.

Finding it was needful to ſee them once more at Colcheſter, I took horſe between four and five in the morning. The froſt was extremely ſharp for ſome hours. It was then a fair, mild day. About two in the afternoon it began to rain; but we reached Colcheſter before we were wet thro'.

The room was more than filled in the evening, ſo that many were obliged to go away. Wedneſday, 21. I baptized ſeven adults, two of them by immerſion. And in the evening (their own miniſters having caſt them out "for going to hear the Methodiſts,") I adminiſtred the Lord's ſupper to them and many others, whom their ſeveral teachers had repelled for the ſame reaſon.

Thurſday 22. Before we ſet out, the rough north wind fell, and we had a calm, ſun-ſhiny day. I preached in the tabernacle at Norwich in the evening.

Sunday 25. I rode to Forncet, twelve miles

miles from Norwich, where alſo was a building of James Wheatley's which without my deſire, he had included in the leaſe. We found William Cudworth had preached there in the morning. It was exceeding good for my ſenſe of honour, to come juſt after him. The people looked as direful upon me, as if it had been Satan in perſon. However they flocked from all parts, ſo that the tabernacle would not near contain them. I preached about two: God bare witneſs to his truth, and many were cut to the heart. After preaching I found Mr. Cudworth ſitting in the pulpit behind me, whom I quietly and ſilently paſſed by. About ſix I preached at the tabernacle in Norwich, crouded with attentive hearers. Perhaps theſe too will be brought into order by and by, hitherto there has been no King in Iſrael.

Monday and Tueſday I ſpoke to as many of both ſocieties, now united together, as had leiſure and inclination to come. The whole number is about four hundred and twenty: of whom I do not think it improbable two hundred may continue together.

Tueſday 27. I had an interview with Mr. Cudworth, I obſerved upon the whole. 1. That his opinions are all his own, quite new; and his phraſes as new as his opinions: 2. That all theſe opinions, yea and phraſes too, he affirms to be *neceſſary to ſalvation:* maintaining that all who do not receive them, *worſhip another God*, and 3. That

That he is as incapable as a brute beaſt, of being convinced even in the ſmalleſt point.

Wedneſday 28. I rode over to Forncet again, and preached to a large congregation. Great part of them were now exceedingly ſoftened: but ſome were ſtill bitter as wormwood. In the evening we had another kind of congregation at the Foundery, by whom I was much comforted: But much more in meeting the bands, when all our hearts were melted down by the power of God.

Thurſday 29. I divided the Norwich ſociety into claſſes without any diſtinction between them who had belonged to the Foundery, or the Tabernacle. Sunday, April 1. I met them all at ſix, requiring every one to ſhew his ticket when he came in, a thing they had never heard of before. I likewiſe inſiſted on another ſtrange regulation, That the men and women ſhould ſit apart. A third was made the ſame day. It had been a cuſtom ever ſince the tabernacle was built to have the galleries full of ſpectators, while the Lord's ſupper was adminiſtred. This I judged highly improper, and therefore ordered none to be admitted, but thoſe who deſired to communicate. And I found far leſs difficulty than I expected, in bringing them to ſubmit to this alſo.

* The ſociety now contained above five hundred and ſeventy members: an hundred and three of whom were in no ſociety before, although

although many of them had found peace with God. I believe they would have increaſed to a thouſand, if I could have ſtayed a fortnight longer. Which of theſe will hold faſt their profeſſion? The fowls of the air will devour ſome. The ſun will ſcorch more; and others will be choaked by the thorns ſpringing up. I wonder we ſhould ever expect, that half of thoſe who *hear the word with joy*, will bring forth *fruit unto perfection*.

Monday 2. I left Norwich, and about ſeven o'clock came to Croſs-keys Waſh. They would fain have perſuaded us, we could not paſs. But finding we were reſolved to try, our guide put forward, and brought us over in half an hour: ſo that about eight we reached Sutton, and found a quiet, civil houſe, with every thing we wanted.

Tueſday 3. We came to Foſs-dyke Waſh, juſt time enough to paſs. At three in the afternoon I preached at Boſton. A rude multitude quickly ran together, to a paddock adjoining to the town. A more unawakened congregation I have not ſeen for ſome years. However the far greater part were attentive: nor did any interrupt, or offer the leaſt rudeneſs.

At ſeven I met the little ſociety in the houſe: but they were the leaſt part of the company. People crowded in from all ſides; and I believe God touched moſt of their hearts.

Wedneſday 4. At ſix, finding the houſe would

would not contain one fourth of the congregation, I was conſtrained to ſtand in the ſtreet. Abundance of people aſſembled together, whom I exhorted, to *repent and believe the goſpel.* The word of God fell heavy upon them, and I truſt, broke ſome of the ſtony hearts.

* Hence we rode over *the Fens*, fifteen miles broad, and near thirty miles long, to Coningſby, where we found a numerous congregation, of a far different ſpirit. Scarce one of theſe but had *taſted*, more or leſs, *of the powers of the world to come.* After a comfortable opportunity here, we rode on to Horncaſtle. We were but roughly ſaluted at our entrance. And the mob increaſed more and more till ſix. I then began to preach in a yard near the Market-place, to a large concourſe of people. But their behaviour quite diſappointed us; for there was no tumult, no noiſe, but an earneſt attention through the whole congregation.

Thurſday 5. I preached again at ſeven, to nearly the ſame congregation, and was again refreſhed, by the remarkable decency and ſeriouſneſs of their behaviour. At four in the afternoon I preached at Marum in the hill, two miles from Horncaſtle. The number of people conſtrained me to preach without, and the rain, to ſhorten my ſermon: though none went away. Indeed I believe none were preſent, who had not known ſome work of grace in their hearts.

Friday 6. We rode over the Wolds (a chain of

of hills) to North-Elkington, three miles from Lowth. The congregation was large, notwithſtanding the rain, which drove full in our face, till we came to Grimſby.

Sunday 8. The houſe was pretty well filled at eight. At two I was obliged to go into the old church-yard: where was ſuch a concourſe of people, as had hardly ever, they ſaid, been ſeen at Grimſby before. As many as the room would well contain, were preſent at the watch-night: and at ſeven in the morning. I then commended them to the grace of God.

Monday 9. I preached in the evening at Laſeby: the next afternoon at Ferry, (after riding through much water and continued rain) and in the evening in the new houſe, at Epworth.

Friday 13. Having appointed to preach at Awkborough at one, I ſet out between ſeven and eight. I was in hopes of coming thither before church began; but I did not conſider the Lincolnſhire roads. With ſome difficulty we reached it before noon, and found there was no ſervice at the church. I preached in the church-yard at one to a liſtning multitude: moſt of whom, I ſuppoſe, had never heard this kind of preaching before. Many of them were in tears, and preſſed after me into the houſe where we met the ſociety. I could not but hope, that ſome of theſe will preſs into the kingdom of heaven.

* Returning thence I called on Mr. Romley of

of Burton, one of my former parishioners, a lively, sensible man of eighty-three years old, by whom I was much comforted. An hour or two after, we took boat; but could not cross over. The violence of the stream swollen by the late rains, bore us down in spite of all we could do. Having striven against it a considerable time, we were obliged to cast anchor. After waiting some time, we got near the shore, and were towed up to the place of landing. A toilsome day was followed by a comforable night. At half hour after eight the house at Epworth was well filled. And most of the congregation stayed, 'till the whole service was concluded.

It was on this day, that after the battle of Bergen in Germany, "Among the many wounded who were brought into Frankfort upon the Mayne, there was the right honourable George Charles Dykern, baron, lieutenant-general of the Saxon troops, in the service of the king of France. He was born of an antient and noble family in Silesia, on April 10th, 1710, so that it was just on his birth-day, he received his wound. He was of equal abilities as a minister in the closet, and a general in the field. In his younger years, he had gone through a regular course of study in the university, and made great proficiency in philosophy, especially in mathematics. Afterwards he studied polemic divinity, till he reasoned himself into an infidel. During his illness he shewed not the least desire of

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pious company or ſerious diſcourſe, till the ſurgeon let his valet de chambre know, that he could not live long. The man then aſked his maſter, Whether he did not chuſe to be viſited by a clergyman? He anſwered with warmth. "I ſhall not trouble thoſe gentlemen. I know well myſelf what to believe and do." His man not diſcouraged, continued thus, "My lord, have you never found me wanting in my duty, all the time I have been in your ſervice?" He anſwered, "No." "Then, replied he, I will not be wanting now." The ſurgeons count you paſt hopes of recovery; but every one is afraid to tell you ſo. You ſtand upon the brink of eternity. Pray, Sir, order a clergyman to be called." He paufed a little, but ſoon gave his hand to his ſervant, thanked him for his honeſty, and ordered him to ſend for me.† When I came, the man told me plainly, the general was a profeſſed infidel. I went in, and after a ſhort compliment, ſaid, "I am told, my Lord, your life is near an end." Therefore I preſume, without any ceremony, to aſk you one plain queſtion: is the ſtate of your ſoul ſuch, that you can entertain a ſolid hope of ſalvation?" He anſwered, "Yes." "On what do you ground this hope?" He replied, "I never committed any wilful ſin. I have been liable to frailties; but I truſt in God's mercy, and the merits of his Son, that he will have mercy upon me." Theſe words

† Dr. Freſnius, ſenior of the clergy at Frankfort.

words he uttered very slowly, especially, *the merits of his Son.*" I made the following reply. "I am apt to believe, you are not tainted with the grossest vices. But I fear, you a little too presumptuously boast, of never having committed wilful sin. If you would be saved, you must acknowledge your being utterly corrupted by sin, and consequently deserving the curse of God, and eternal damnation. As to your hoping for God's mercy, *through the merits of his Son*, I beg leave to ask, Do you believe God has a Son? That his Son assumed our nature, in order to be our Saviour: that in the execution of his office; he was humbled unto death, even the death upon the cross, and that hereby he has given an ample satisfaction for us, and recovered our title to heaven?" He answered, "I cannot now avoid a more minute description of the true state of my soul. Let me tell you doctor, I have some knowledge of philosophy, by which I have chose for myself a way of salvation. I have always endeavoured to live a sober life, to the uttermost of my power: not doubting but the being of all beings, would then graciously accept me. In this way I stood in need of Christ, and therefore did not believe on him. But if I take the scriptures to be a divine revelation, this way of mine I perceive is not the right one. I must believe in Christ, and through him come to God." I replied, "You say, *if* you take the scriptures to be a divine revelation!" He fetch-

ed a deep ſigh, and ſaid, " O God, thou wilt make me ſay, *Becauſe* I take the ſcriptures to be thy word." I ſaid, " There are grounds and reaſons enough to demonſtrate the divine origin of Chriſtianity, as I could ſhew from its moſt eſſential principles, were not the period of your life ſo ſhort. But we need not now that diffuſive method. Faith being the gift of God. A poor ſinner tottering on the brink of eternity, has not time to inquire about grounds and reaſons. Rather betake yourſelf to earneſt prayer for faith, which if you do, I doubt not but God will give it you." I had no ſooner ſpoken theſe words, but pulling off his cap, and lifting up his eyes and hands, he cried out, " O Almighty God, I am a poor, curſed ſinner, worthy of damnation. But Lord Jeſus, eternal Son of God, thou diedſt for my ſins alſo. It is through thee alone I can be ſaved. O give me faith, and ſtrengthen that faith." Being extremely weak, he was obliged to ſtop here. A little after he aſked, " Is faith enough for ſalvation?" " Yes, Sir, ſaid I, if it be living faith." Methinks, ſaid he, it is ſo already; and it will be more ſo by and by: let us pray for it." Perceiving he was very weak, to give him ſome reſt, I retired into the next room. But he ſoon ſent to call me. I found him praying, and Jeſus was all he prayed for. I reminded him of ſome ſcriptures treating of faith in Chriſt, and he was much delighted with them. Indeed he was quite ſwallowed

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up by the grace of Jesus, and would hear of nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified. He cried out, "I do not know how it is with me. I never in my life felt such a change. I have power to love Jesus, and to believe in him, whom I so long rejected, O my Jesus, how merciful art thou to me."

About noon I stept home; but he sent for me directly, so that I could scarce eat my dinner. We were both filled with joy, as partakers of the same grace which is in Jesus Christ: and that in such a manner, as if we had been acquainted together for many years. Many officers of the army came to see him continually, to all of whom he talked freely of Jesus, of the grace of the Father in him, and of the power of the Holy Ghost through him: wondering without ceasing at his having found Jesus, and at the happy change, by which all things on this side eternity, were become indifferent to him.

In the afternoon he desired to partake of the Lord's-supper, which he received with a melting, praising, rejoicing heart. All the rest of the day he continued in the same state of soul. Toward evening he desired, that if his end should approach, I would come to him, which I promised. But he did not send for me till the next morning. I was told by his valet, that he slept well for some hours, and then awaking, prayed for a considerable time, continually mentioning the name of our Lord, and his precious blood, and that he had

deſired ſeveral of the officers, to make his converſion known to his Court, (that of the king of Poland.) After ſome diſcourſe I aſked, "Has your view of Chriſt and his redemption, been neither altered not obſcured ſince yeſterday?" He anſwered, "Neither altered, nor obſcured. I have no doubt, not even a remote one. It is juſt the ſame with me, as if I had always thus believed and never doubted. So gracious is the Lord Jeſus to me a ſinner."

This ſecond day he was unwearied in prayer and exerciſes of faith. Toward evening he ſent for me in haſte. When I came, I found him dying and in a kind of delirium; ſo I could do no more than give him now and then a word of comfort. I prayed afterwards for him and thoſe that were preſent, ſome of whom were of high birth and rank. I then by impoſition of hands, as uſual, gave him a bleſſing, which being done, he expired immediately. A Royal prince who was there (Prince Xavier of Saxony) could not forbear weeping. The reſt of the officers bewailed the loſs of their general, yet praiſed God for having ſhewn ſuch mercy toward him.

I wrote an account of it without delay to his mother, and had an immediate anſwer: ſhe was a lady of ſeventy-two, of exemplary piety. She praiſed God for his mercy, adding, "that he had now anſwered the prayers, which ſhe had never ceaſed to offer on his behalf for eleven years."

Sunday 15th (Eaſter-day) I preached at Epworth

worth at eight, and then rode to Haxey church, where I was much refreſhed by the decency and ſerioufneſs of the congregation. Between one and two I began preaching: ſo large a congregation was never ſeen here before. About five I preached at the Market place in Epworth. I was drawing to a concluſion when the rain began. But it drove away only a few careleſs hearers: the bulk of the people did not ſtir till I concluded.

Wedneſday 18. I ſet out for Selby. We were in hopes the roads would now be paſſable. And they were tolerable, till we came near the town; but here the late flood, had carried away the bank over which we were to ride, and left a great hole in its place. However, we made ſhift to lead our horſes over a narrow path, where the water was fordable. The congregation at Selby obliged me to ſtand in the garden, though the north wind was exceeding high. At ſeven in the evening I preached at York.

Thurſday 19. I viſited two priſoners in the Caſtle, which is, I ſuppoſe, the moſt commodious priſon in Europe. Both of them ſeemed to be much convinced, and not far from the kingdom of God. At ſix I preached in the ſhell of the new houſe, to a numerous and ſerious audience.

Friday 20. The maſter of the Inn at Tadcaſter, offering us the uſe of his garden, I preached to a well-behaved congregation, and about five found Mr. Grimſhaw, and many of our

brethren at Leeds. Saturday 21, at half hour paſt ten, we reached Stainland chappel, near Enland. It is an handſome building, near the top of a mountain, and ſurrounded with mountains on all ſides. It was filled from end to end. Mr. Grimſhaw read prayers, and I preached on part of the 2d leſſon. In the room where I dreſſed myſelf were a young man and his ſiſter, both ill of a fever. I know not that ever they heard the preaching; however I deſired we might go to prayers. They preſently melted into tears. O may God preach his goſpel to their hearts!

I preached at Manchester in the evening, where we had at length a quiet audience. Wretched magiſtrates, who by refuſing to ſuppreſs, encouraged the rioters, had long occaſioned continual tumults here; but ſome are now of a better ſpirit. And wherever magiſtrates deſire to preſerve the peace, they have ſufficient power to do it.

Tueſday 24. I rode over to Maxfield. Abundance of people ran together, but wild as colts untamed. Their noiſe quite drowned my voice at firſt; but in a while they were tolerably quiet. And before I had done, all but four or five lubberly men, ſeemed almoſt perſuaded to be Chriſtians.

Sunday 29. I rode to Stockport, deſigning to preach at one o'clock. But we were at a loſs for a place. We fixt at length on a green near the town's-

town's-end: and we had a quiet and ſolemn opportunity.

* In my return, I called to ſee a girl, about thirteen years of age. She had been in violent pain all over, with little intermiſſion, for near twenty months. After I had ſpoke a few words, ſhe ſaid, "When I ſaw you before, I did not know the Lord: but now I know him, and am known of him. I am his, and he is mine." I aſked, "Do you never repine at your pain?" She ſaid, "No: I have not a murmuring thought, I am happy, always happy. I would not change this bed of affliction for the palace of king George." I aſked, "Are you not proud of this? Is pride taken out of your heart?" She anſwered, "I do not know. But I *feel* no pride. I feel that God is all." "But do you feel no fretfulneſs or peeviſhneſs?" "I cannot tell that I do. Pain ſometimes makes me cry out when they ſtir me. But I do not fret at any thing." "Do you find no ſelf-will?" "Not that I know: I deſire nothing but that the will of God be done." "Do not you deſire life or death?" "No; I leave all to him. But, if it was his will I ſhould be glad to die. The world is full of danger. I ſhould be glad to leave it, and to be with Chriſt.—O why was ſhe then not taken to paradiſe? I fear, ſhe has now no religion at all!

Monday 30. We had a numerous congregation at Acton-bridge, two or three miles from

Northwich. Some large trees ſcreened us both from the ſun and wind. In the afternoon I rode on to Cheſter. It was well the wind was pretty high; for the ſun ſhone as hot as it uſes to do in the dog-days. Wedneſday, May 2. I rode over to Mould in Flintſhire, about twelve miles from Cheſter. The ſun was very hot and the wind very cold. But as the place they had choſe for me, was expoſed both to the ſun and the wind, the one balanced the other. And notwithſtanding the Cheſter races which had drawn the rich away, and the market-day, which detained many of the poor, we had a multitude of people, the ſerious part of whom ſoon influenced the reſt: ſo that all but two or three remained uncovered, and kneeled down as ſoon as I began to pray.

Thurſday 3. We croſt over from Cheſter to Liverpool. The congregations here were exceeding large; but many of them ſeemed to be like wild aſſes colts. Yet God is able to make them wiſe unto ſalvation.

Sunday 3. I received much comfort at the Old church in the morning, and at St. Thomas' in the afternoon. It was as if both the ſermons had been made for me. I pity thoſe who can find no good at church! But how ſhould they, if prejudice come between, an effectual bar to the grace of God?

Wedneſday 9, I rode to Downam-Green, near Wigan, a town wicked to a proverb. We had

had a ſpecimen of the manners of its inhabitants, in the behaviour of a man that met us, and accoſted us with ſuch language as would have become an inhabitant of the bottomleſs pit. One would have thought from their looks, that a good part of the congregation was of the ſame ſpirit. But in a ſhort time the word of God prevailed, and all their fierceneſs melted away.

In the evening I preached at Bolton, and on Friday, 11. about nine, at lower Darwent, a ſmall village near Blackburn. At Lancaſter we were informed, it was too late to croſs the ſands. However we reſolved to make the trial. We paſſed the ſeven-mile ſand without difficulty, and reached Fluckborough about ſunſet.

* Saturday 12. Setting out early, we came to Bottle; about twenty-four meaſured miles from Fluckborough, ſoon after eight, having croſſed the Millam-Sand, without either guide or difficulty. Here we were informed, that we could not paſs at Ravenglaſs, before one or two o'clock: whereas had we gone on, (as we afterward found) we might have paſſed immediately. About eleven we were directed to a Ford, near Mancheſter-hall, which they ſaid, we might croſs at noon. When we came thither, they told us, we could not croſs. So we ſat ſtill till about one. We then found, we could have croſt at noon. However we reached Whitehaven before night. But I have taken my leave of the ſand road. I believe, it is ten meaſured

fured miles ſhorter than the other: but there are four ſands to paſs, ſo far from each other, that it is ſcarce poſſible to paſs them all in a day. Eſpecially as you have all the way to do with a generation of liars, who detain all ſtrangers as long as they can, either for their own gain or their neighbours. I can adviſe no ſtranger to go this way: he may go round by Kendal and Keſwick, often in leſs time, always with leſs expence and far leſs trial of his patience.

* Reflecting to-day on the caſe of a poor woman, who had a continual pain in her ſtomach, I could not but remark the inexcuſable negligence of moſt phyſicians in caſes of this nature. They preſcribe drug upon drug, without knowing a jot of the matter, concerning the root of the diſorder. And without knowing this, they cannot cure, though they can murder the patient. Whence came this woman's pain? (which ſhe would never have told, had ſhe never been queſtioned about it:) from fretting for the death of her ſon. And what availed medicines, while that fretting continued? Why then do not all phyſicians conſider, how far bodily diſorders are cauſed or influenced by the mind? And in thoſe caſes, which are utterly out of their ſphere, call in the aſſiſtance of a miniſter, as miniſters when they find the mind diſordered by the body, call in the aſſiſtance of a phyſician? But why are theſe caſes out of their ſphere? Becauſe they know not God. It follows, no man can be a thorough

rough phyſician, without being an experienced Chriſtian.

Tueſ. 15. I rode over to Lorton, a little village at the foot of a high mountain. Many came from a conſiderable diſtance, and I believe did not repent of their labour. For they found God to be a God both of the hills and valleys, and no where more preſent than in the mountains of Cumberland.

* Thurſ. 17. I enquired into a ſignal inſtance of providence. When a coal-pit runs far under the ground, it is cuſtomary here to build a partition-wall, nearly from the ſhaft to within three or four yards of the end, in order to make the air circulate, which then moves down one ſide of the wall, turns at the end, and then moves briſkly up on the other ſide. In a pit two miles from the town, which ran full four hundred yards under the ground, and had been long neglected, ſeveral parts of this wall were fallen down. Four men were ſent down to repair it. They were about three hundred yards from the ſhaft, when the foul air took fire. In a moment it tore down the wall from end to end, and burning on till it came to the ſhaft, it then burſt and went off like a large cannon. The men inſtantly fell on their faces, or they would have been burnt to death in a few moments. One of them who once knew the love of God, (Andrew Engliſh,) began crying aloud for mercy. But in a very ſhort

time his breath was ſtopped. The other three crept on their hands and knees, till two got to the ſhaft and were drawn up; but one of them died in a few minutes. John M'Combe was drawn up next, burnt from head to foot, but rejoicing and praiſing God. They then went down for Andrew, whom they found ſenſeleſs, the very circumſtance which ſaved his life. For loſing his ſenſes, he lay flat on the ground, and the greateſt part of the fire went over him: whereas had he gone forward on his hands and knees, he would undoubtedly have been burnt to death. But life or death was welcome. For God had reſtored the light of his countenance.

* Satur. 19. One was ſhewing us the improvements, begun by Sir William Lowther. He had marked out places for new walks, and for tufts of trees, laid out a new plan for his gardens, begun to alter the houſe, and was preparing to make a little paradiſe round about it. But death came between. And how little loſs was this, if it removed him to the paradiſe of God?

Sund. 20. I preached at eight in an open place at The Gins, a village on one ſide of the town. Many were there, who never did, and never would come to the room. O what a victory would Satan gain, if he could put an end to the field-preaching! But that, I truſt,

truſt, he never will: at leaſt not till my head is laid.

After preaching again at two, I took my leave of Whitehaven, and rode to Cockermouth. At ſix I preached at the end of the market-houſe. High and low, rich and poor, attended. And by far the greater part of the audience ſeemed to be conſcious, that God was there.

Mond. 21. I preached at ten in the market-place at Wigton, and came to Solway-Frith, juſt as the water was fordable. At ſome times it is ſo, three hours in twelve; at other times, barely one.

After making a ſhort bait at Rothwell, we came to Dumfris before ſix o'clock. Having time to ſpare, we took a walk in the church-yard, one of the pleaſanteſt places I ever ſaw. A ſingle tomb I obſerved there, which was about an hundred and thirty years old. But the inſcription was very hardly legible.

Quandoquidem remanent ipſis quoq fata Sepulchris!

So ſoon do even our ſepulchres die! Strange, that men ſhould be ſo careful about them! But are not many ſelf-condemned therein? They *ſee* the folly, while they run into it. So poor Mr. Prior, ſpeaking of his own tomb, has thoſe melancholy words, "For this laſt *piece of human vanity*, I bequeath five hundred pounds."

* Thurſ.

* Tuef. 22. We rode through a pleafant country, to Thorny-hill, near which is the grand feat of the Duke of Queenſborough. How little did the late Duke imagine, that his ſon would plow up his park, and let his houſe run to ruin? But let it go! In a little time the earth itſelf and all the works of it ſhall be burnt up.

Hence we rode through, and over huge mountains, green to the very top, to Lead-hills, a village containing five hundred families, who have had no miniſter for theſe four years. So in Scotland, *the poor have* not *the goſpel preached!* Who ſhall anſwer for the blood of theſe men?

Early in the evening we came to Leſmahagow, a village not ſo large as Lead-hills. It has however two miniſters. Here alſo we walked down to the church-yard, by the ſide of which a little, clear river runs, near the foot of an high and ſteep mountain. The wood which covers this makes the walks that run on its ſides, pleaſant beyond imagination. But what taſte have the good people of the town for this? As much as the animals that graze on the river-bank.

Wedneſ. 23. We took horſe ſoon after four, and did not ſtop before we came to Glaſgow: having hardly ſeen a cloud in the ſky, ſince we ſet out from Whitehaven.

I preached at ſeven in the poor-houſe: and at ſeven in the morning, Thurſday 24. But in the evening

evening we were obliged to be abroad, and I uſed great plainneſs of ſpeech. All ſuffered the word of exhortation: ſome ſeemed to be a little affected.

Satur. 26. I found the little ſociety which I had joined here two years ſince had ſoon ſplit in pieces. In the afternoon I met ſeveral of the members of the praying ſocieties; and ſhewed them what Chriſtian fellowſhip was, and what need they had of it. About forty of them met me on Sunday 27, in Mr. Gillies's kirk, immediately after evening ſervice. I left them determined to meet Mr. Gillies weekly, at the ſame time and place. If this be done; I ſhall try to ſee Glaſgow again. If not, I can employ my time better.

At ſeven in the morning we had a numerous congregation, though ſmall compared to that in the evening. Yet my voice was ſo ſtrengthened, that I believe all could hear. I ſpoke very plain on, *Ye muſt be born again.* Now I am clear of the blood of this people. I have delivered my own ſoul.

Mond. 28. I rode through Edinburgh to Muſſelbourgh, and preached in the evening to a deeply attentive congregation. Wedneſ. 30. I rode on to Dunbar, and at ſix in the evening, preached in a large, open place, (as alſo the next day.) Both poor and rich quietly attended, though moſt of them ſhivering with cold: for the

the weather was ſo changed within a few days, that it ſeemed more like December than May.

* Lodging with a ſenſible man, I enquired particularly into the preſent diſcipline of the Scotch pariſhes. In one pariſh it ſeems, there are twelve ruling elders; in another there are fourteen. And what are theſe? Men of great ſenſe and deep experience? Neither one, nor the other. But they are the *richeſt* men in the pariſh. And are the *richeſt* of courſe the *beſt* and the *wiſeſt* men? Does the bible teach this? I fear not. What manner of governors then will theſe be? Why, they are generally juſt as capable of governing a pariſh, as of commanding an army.

About this time the work of God exceedingly increaſed under the Rev. Mr. Berridge, near Everton. I cannot give a clearer view of this, than by tranſcribing part of the journal of an eye witneſs.

Sunday, May 20. Being with Mr. B——ll at Everton, I was much fatigued and did not riſe. But Mr. B. did, and obſerved ſeveral fainting and crying out, while Mr. B—— ——e was preaching. Afterward at church, I heard many cry out, eſpecially children, whoſe agonies were amazing: one of the eldeſt, a girl ten or twelve years old, was full in my view, in violent contorſions of body, and weeping aloud, I think inceſſantly

fantly during the whole ſervice. And ſeveral much younger children were in Mr. B——ll's view, agonizing as this did. The church was equally crouded in the afternoon, the windows being filled within and without, and even the outſide of the pulpit to the very top; ſo that Mr. B———e ſeemed almoſt ſtifled by their breath. Yet feeble and ſickly as he is, he was continually ſtrengthened, and his voice for the moſt part diſtinguiſhable, in the midſt of all the outcries. I believe there were preſent three times more men than women, a great part of whom came from far; thirty of them having ſet out at two in the morning, from a place thirteen miles off. The text was, *Having a form godlineſs, but denying the power thereof.* When the power of religion began to be ſpoke of, the preſence of God really filled the place. And while poor ſinners felt the ſentence of death in their ſouls, what ſounds of diſtreſs did I hear! The greateſt number of them who cried or fell, were men: but ſome women, and ſeveral children, felt the power of the ſame almighty Spirit, and ſeemed juſt ſinking into hell. This occaſioned a mixture of various ſounds; ſome ſhrieking, ſome roaring aloud. The moſt general was a loud breathing, like that of people half ſtrangled and gaſping for life. And indeed almoſt all the cries were like thoſe of human creatures, dying in bitter anguiſh. Great numbers wept without any noiſe: others

fell

fell down as dead: ſome ſinking in ſilence; ſome with extreme noiſe and violent agitation. I ſtood on the pew ſeat, as did a young man in the oppoſite pew, an able-bodied, freſh, healthy countryman. But in a moment, while he ſeemed to think of nothing leſs, down he dropt with a violence inconceivable. The adjoining pews ſeemed ſhook with his fall: I heard afterward the ſtamping of his feet; ready to break the boards, as he lay in ſtrong convulſions, at the bottom of the pew. Among ſeveral that were ſtruck down in the next pew, was a girl, who was as violently ſeized as him. When he fell, B——ll and I felt our ſouls thrilled with a momentary dread: as when one man is killed by a cannon-ball, another often feels the wind of it.

Among the children who felt the arrows of the Almighty, I ſaw a ſturdy boy, about eight years old, who roared above his fellows, and ſeemed in his agony to ſtruggle with the ſtrength of a grown man. His face was read as ſcarlet: and almoſt all on whom God laid his hand, turned either very red, or almoſt black. When I returned, after a little walk, to Mr. B———e's houſe, I found it full of people. He was fatigued, but ſaid, he would nevertheleſs give them a word of exhortation. I ſtayed in the next room, and ſaw the girl whom I had obſerved ſo particularly diſtreſt in the church, lying on the floor as one dead,

but

but without any ghaſtlineſs in her face. In a few minutes we were informed of a woman filled with peace and joy, who was crying out juſt before. She had come thirteen miles, and is the ſame perſon, who dreamed Mr. B——— would come to her village, on that very day, whereon he did come, though without either knowing the place or the way to it. She was convinced at that time. Juſt as we heard of her deliverance, the girl on the floor began to ſtir. She was then ſet in a chair: and after ſighing awhile, ſuddenly roſe up, rejoicing in God. Her face was covered with the moſt beautiful ſmile I ever ſaw. She frequently fell on her knees, but was generally running to and fro, ſpeaking theſe and the like words, "O, what can Jeſus do for loſt ſinners! He has forgiven all my ſins! I am in heaven! I am in heaven! O how he loves *me!* And how I love him?" Meantime I ſaw a thin, pale girl, weeping with ſorrow for herſelf, and joy for her companion. Quickly the ſmiles of heaven came likewiſe on her, and her praiſes joined with thoſe of the other. I alſo then laughed with extreme joy: ſo did Mr. B——ll, (who ſaid, it was more than he could well bear.) So did all who knew the Lord, and ſome of thoſe who were waiting for ſalvation: till the cries of them who were ſtruck with the arrows of conviction, were almoſt loſt in the ſounds of joy.

Two

Two or three well-dreſt young women, who ſeemed careleſs before, now felt the power of God, and cried out with a loud and bitter cry. Mr. B—— about this time retired, and the Duke of M——, with Mrs. A——ll came in. They ſeemed inclined to make a diſturbance, but were reſtrained, and in a ſhort time quietly retired. We continued praiſing God with all our might: and his work went on as when Mr. B—— was exhorting. I had for ſome time obſerved a young woman all in tears; but now her countenance changed. The unſpeakable joy appeared in her face, which quick as lightning was filled with ſmiles, and became of a crimſon colour. About the ſame time John Keeling of Potton, fell into an agony. But he grew calm in about a quarter of an hour, though without a clear ſenſe of pardon.

Immediately after, a ſtranger well dreſt, who ſtood facing me, fell backward to the wall; then forward on his knees, wringing his hands and roaring like a bull. His face at firſt turned quite red, then almoſt black. He roſe, and ran againſt the wall, till Mr. Keeling and another held him. He ſcreamed out, "O what ſhall I do, what ſhall I do? O for one drop of the blood of Chriſt!" As he ſpoke, God ſet his ſoul at liberty; he knew his ſins were blotted out: and the rapture he was in, ſeemed too great for human nature to bear. He had come forty miles, to hear Mr. B——, and was to leave him the next morning;

ing; which he did with a glad heart, telling all who came in his way, what God had done for his foul.

I obſerved about the time that Mr. Coe (that was his name) began to rejoice, a girl, eleven or twelve years old, exceeding poorly dreſt, who appeared to be as deeply wounded, and as deſirous of ſalvation as any. But I loſt ſight of her, till I heard the joyful ſound, of another born in Sion: and found upon enquiry, it was her, the poor, diſconſolate, gypſy-looking child. And now did I ſee ſuch a ſight, as I do not expect again on this ſide eternity. The faces of the three juſtified children, and I think of all the believers preſent, did really ſhine: and ſuch a beauty, ſuch a look of extreme happineſs, and at the ſame time of divine love and ſimplicity, did I never ſee in human faces till now. The newly juſtified eagerly embraced one another, weeping on each others neck for joy. Then they ſaluted all of their own ſex, and beſought both men and women to help them in praiſing God.

I have mentioned only one man, two women and three children at this time juſtified in the houſe, but have perhaps omitted ſome. And it is probable, there was more than one juſtified at the church, though but one came to ſpeak of it; for all are not equally free to glorify God in the midſt of his people. I wiſh all who find the ſame ſalvation with Mr. Coe, were as ready to proclaim redeeming love!

Thurſday

Thurſday 24. Mr. B—ll and I went to hear Mr. Hicks at Wreſtlingworth, four miles from Everton. We diſcourſed with him firſt, and were glad to hear, he had wholly given himſelf up to the glorious work of God, and that the power of the higheſt fell upon his hearers, as upon Mr. B——e's. While he was preaching, fifteen or ſixteen perſons felt the arrows of the Lord and dropt down. A few of theſe cried out with the utmoſt violence, and little intermiſſion, for ſome hours: while the reſt made no great noiſe, but continued ſtruggling, as in the pangs of death. I obſerved beſides theſe one little girl deeply convinced, and a boy, nine or ten years old. Both theſe, and ſeveral others, when carried into the parſonage houſe, either lay as dead, or ſtruggled with all their might. But in a ſhort time, their cries increaſed beyond meaſure, ſo that the loudeſt ſinging could ſcarce be heard. Some at laſt called on me to pray, which I did: and for a time all were calm. But the ſtorm ſoon began again. Mr. H——s then prayed, and afterward Mr. B.—. But ſtill tho' ſome received conſolation, others remained in deep ſorrow of heart.

Upon the whole I remark, that few antient people experience any thing of this work of God; and ſcarce any of the rich. Theſe generally ſhew either an utter contempt of, or enmity to it. Indeed ſo did Mr. H——s himſelf ſome time ſince: Having ſo deep an averſion to it, that

that he denied the ſacrament to thoſe of his pariſh, who went to hear Mr. B——e. Neither of theſe gentlemen have much eloquence, but ſeem rather weak in ſpeech: The Lord hereby more clearly ſhewing, that this is his own work. It extends into Cambridge-ſhire, to within a mile of the univerſity; and about as far into Huntingdon-ſhire; but flouriſhes moſt of all in the eaſtern and northern parts of Bedfordſhire.

There were three farmers, in three ſeveral villages, who violently ſat themſelves to oppoſe it. And for a time they kept many from going to hear. But all three died in about a month. One of them owned the hand of the Lord was upon him, and beſought him in the bitterneſs of his ſoul, to prolong his life, vowing to hear Mr. B. himſelf. But the Lord would not be intreated.

The violent ſtruggling of many in the abovementioned churches, has broke ſeveral pews and benches. Yet it is common for people to remain unaffected there, and afterward drop down in their way home. Some have been found lying as dead in the road: others, in Mr. B—e's garden; not being able to walk from the church to his houſe, though it is not two hundred yards.

* I have ſince received a letter from Mr. B. an extract of which I ſend you.

" On Sunday ſe'nnight, a man of Wyberſley, a Nathanael indeed, was ſo filled with the love of

of God during morning prayer, that he dropt down, and lay as one dead for two hours. He had been fo filled with love all the week before, that he was often for a time unable to work.

" On Sunday night laft, as I was fpeaking in my houfe, there was a violent outcry. One foul was fet at liberty. We fung near an hour, and the Lord releafed three more out of captivity.

" On Monday fe'nnight Mr. H——ks accompanied me to Meldred. On the way we called at a farmer's houfe. After dinner I went into his yard, and feeing near an hundred and fifty people, I called for a table, and preached, for the firft time, in the open air. Two perfons were feized with ftrong convictions, fell down, and cried out moft bitterly. We then went to Meldred, where I preached in a field, to about 4000 people. In the morning at five M.. H—ks preached in the fame field, to about a thoufand. And now the prefence of the Lord was wonderfully among us. There was abundance of weeping and ftrong crying. And I truft, befide many that were flightly wounded, near thirty received true heart-felt conviction. At ten we returned, and called again at the farmer's houfe. Seeing about a dozen people in the brew-houfe, I fpoke a few words. Immediately the farmer's daughter, dropt down in ftrong convictions. Another alfo was miferably torn by Satan; but fet at liberty before I had done prayer. At four I preach-

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ed in my own houſe, and God gave the ſpirit of adoption to another mourner.

" On Monday laſt I went to Shelford, four miles from Cambridge, near twenty from Everton. The journey made me quite ill, being ſo weary with riding, that I was obliged to walk part of the way. When I came thither, a table was ſet for me on the Common; and to my great ſurprize, I found near ten thouſand people round it, among whom were many gownſmen from Cambridge. I was hardly able to ſtand on my feet, and extremely hoarſe with a cold. When I lifted up my foot, to get on the table, an horrible dread overwhelmed me. But the moment I was fixt thereon, I ſeemed as unconcerned as a ſtatue. I gave out my text, (Gal. iii. 10, 11.) and made a pauſe, to think of ſomething pretty to ſet off with; but the Lord ſo confounded me, (as indeed it was meet; for I was ſeeking, not his glory, but my own) that I was in a perfect labyrinth, and found if I did not begin immediately, I muſt go down without ſpeaking. So I broke out with the firſt word that occurred, not knowing whether I ſhould be able to add any more. Then the Lord opened my mouth, enabling me to ſpeak near an hour, without any kind of perplexity; and ſo loud that every one might hear: the audience behaved with great decency. When ſermon was over, I found myſelf ſo cool and eaſy, ſo chearful in ſpirit, and wonderfully ſtrengthened in bo-

dy, I went into an houſe, and ſpoke again near an hour, to about two hundred people. In the morning I preached again to about a thouſand; Mr. H—s engaged to preach in Orwell field on Tueſday evening. I gave notice, that I deſigned to preach on Monday ſe'nnight at Grandcheſter, a mile from Cambridge.

" Mr. H——s and I have agreed to go into Hertfordſhire; afterwards to ſeparate, and go round the neighbourhood, preaching in the fields, wherever a door is opened, three or four days in every week—."

Believe me,

Your affectionate ſervant,

J. B.

Friday, June 1. The rain began when we took horſe, and attended us all the way to Berwick. When I was tolerably dry, I ſent to the mayor, who readily granted the uſe of the Town-hall. Here I preached about ſeven to a drowſy congregation, on *Why will ye die, O houſe of Iſrael?* And again a little after ſeven in the morning, on *I would thou wert either hot or cold.* In the evening I preached in the Court-houſe at Alnwick, to a people quite of another ſpirit: *having* the power as well as *the form of godlineſs*, and panting after the whole image of God.

Whitſunday 3. I preached at eight in the Court-houſe, but it was much crouded and exceeding hot. So in the afternoon I went to the Croſs,

Croſs, and cried aloud, in the name of my maſter, *If any man thirſt, let him come unto me and drink.*

Monday 4. I preached in Placey ſquare at one, to an earneſt, loving congregation, and enquired of one of them, James Gillies, concerning a report I had heard the day before. He informed me, that " when he was a little child, he had juſt learned his Chriſt-croſs row. But this he ſoon forgot. Between twenty and thirty he was deeply convinced of ſin : at which time feeling a ſtrong perſuaſion he could read, he went into a neighbour's houſe took up a bible, and read diſtinctly, which he has done ever ſince."

After preaching I rode on to Newcaſtle. Certainly if I did not believe there was another world, I ſhould ſpend all my ſummers here, as I know no place in Great-Britain, comparable to it for pleaſantneſs. But I ſeek another country, and therefore am content to be a wanderer upon earth.

Wedneſday 6. I preached at Gateſhead-fell, to a numerous congregation. In earneſtneſs the colliers of Gateſhead utterly ſhame the colliers of Kingſwood. Scarce thirty of whom think it worth while to hear the word of God on a week-day ! Not even when I preach. And here the houſe will ſcarce contain the week-day congregation of a local preacher !

Satur. 9. I rode to Sunderland, and preach-

ed in the ſhell of their houſe. The people of this town likewiſe are hungry for the word, and receive it with all gladneſs. Sunday 10. The houſe contained us at eight: but at one I was obliged to ſtand in the great ſtreet, and declare to an attentive multitude, *Ye muſt be born again.* In the evening I preached to ſome thouſands at Newcaſtle, near the Keelmen's hoſpital; if haply God might bring back ſome of them who ran well many years ago.

Wedneſday 13. After preaching at the Fell, I rode to Cheſter. The congregation was deeply ſerious, both in the evening, and at five in the morning. Thence we croſſed the country to Newlands, where I was met by poor John Brown who has refrained from preaching, till he is fallen into deep deſpair. I preached, on *I will heal their backſliding.* But the word did not reach his heart.

I never ſaw near ſo large a congregation at Sheephill, as we had at ſix in the evening. What is wanting in this whole country? Only more labourers.

Satur. 16. I rode to Widdrington, and preached at one to a congregation gathered from all parts. The court-houſe at Alnwick was pretty well filled in the evening: and in the morning, Sunday. 17. We had a ſound uſeful ſermon at church, and a ſerious, well-behaved congregation. I preached in the market-place about five.

And

And I truſt God applied the word, *Ye muſt be born again.*

Monday 18. Having an uneaſy horſe, I was tired enough when we came into Morpeth. But after reſting a while, I was ſtrengthened to preach *Chriſt crucified*, in the market-place, to ſuch a congregation as was never ſeen there before. And a ſolemn awe ſeemed to ſit on every face, officers and gentlemen, as well as common people. After preaching at Placey, in the evening, I rode back to Newcaſtle.

Wedneſday 20. I endeavoured to compoſe the little differences which had much hurt the poor people at Gateſhead-Fell. O what zeal, what prudence and patience are requiſite, to bear the manners of an untoward people, and to train them up in Chriſtian diſcipline, 'till *they come to the full ſtature of Chriſt!*

Thurſday 21. I preached at Nafferton at one. As I was riding thence, one ſtopped me on the road and ſaid, " Sir, Do not you remember, when you was at Pruddoe two years ſince, you breakfaſted at Thomas Newton's? I am his ſiſter. You looked upon me, as you was going out, and ſaid, " Be in earneſt." I knew not then what earneſtneſs meant, nor had any thought about it. But the words ſunk into my heart, ſo that I could never reſt any more, till I ſought and found Chriſt."

Friday 22. I rode to S——k, and preached to to my old congregation of colliers, on *Why will*

ye die, O houſe of Iſrael? After preaching, a ſervant of Mr.—— came and ſaid, "Sir, my maſter diſcharges you from preaching any more on his ground: not out of any diſreſpect to you: but he will *ſtand by the church*:" "Simple maſter Shallow!" As Shakeſpear has it: wiſe Maſter rector, his counſellor!

Saturday 23. I ſpoke to each of the ſociety in Sunderland. Moſt of the robbers, commonly called Smugglers, have left us. But more than twice the number of honeſt people are already come in their place. And if none had come, yet ſhould I not dare to keep thoſe who ſteal either from the king or ſubject.

Sunday 24. I preached in the ſtreet at eight: about one at South-Shields, and at five in North-Shields. The greateſt part of them ſeemed to hear, as for their lives. So are theſe lions alſo become lambs. O for zealous, active, faithful labourers! How *white are the fields unto the harveſt!*

On Monday and Wedneſday evening I preached abroad, near the Keelmen's hoſpital, to twice the people we ſhould have had at the houſe. What marvel, the devil does not love field-preaching? neither do I: I love a commodious room, a ſoft cuſhion, an handſome pulpit. But where is my zeal, if I do not trample all theſe under foot, in order to ſave one more ſoul?

Thurſday 28. We had the general meeting of the ſtewards, by whom I found the ſocieties in this

this circuit, ſtill contain about eighteen hundred members. I hope not many of theſe will be choaked by the thorns!

Friday 29. About Eleven I ſet out for Swalwell, in a fair, mild morning. But in half an hour the rain poured down, ſo that in a few minutes I was wet from head to foot. And when I came thither, where to preach I knew not; for the houſe would not contain a third of the people: juſt then the diſſenting miniſter ſent, to offer me the uſe of his meeting houſe. I went thither without delay. There was a large congregation, and a bleſſing in the midſt of them.

Saturday 30. I preached in Winlington at noon. The ſun was very hot, and ſhone full upon my head. But the wind was very high and very cold; ſo that the one tempered the other, while I was declaring the grace of God, to a well-meaning multitude, who know little as yet, but are willing to know *the truth as it is in Jeſus*. I preached at Sheephill in the evening, and returned to Newcaſtle as freſh as I was in the morning.

Sunday July 1. Between eight and nine, I preached to a quiet multitude in Gateſhead. At two I preached in the Fell, to the largeſt congregation, which had ever been ſeen there: And in the evening, near the Keelmen's hoſpital, to full as many as my voice would reach. It was a ſeaſon of love; and God cauſed the mountains to flow down at his preſence.

While the ſociety was gathering, I went to a

young woman, who was ſome days ſince ſuddenly ſtruck with what they called madneſs. And ſo it was; but a diabolical madneſs; as plainly appeared from numerous circumſtances. However after we had been at prayer, ſhe fell aſleep, and never raged or blaſphemed after.

Monday 2. I rode to Durham, and went at one to the meadow by the river-ſide, where I preached two years ago. The congregation was now larger by one half; but the ſun was ſo ſcorching hot upon my head, that I was ſcarce able to ſpeak. I pauſed a little, and deſired, God would provide us a covering, if it was for his glory. In a moment it was done: a cloud covered the ſun, which troubled us no more. Ought *voluntary humility* to conceal theſe palpable proofs, that God ſtill *heareth the prayer?*

Between two and three we took horſe. The ſun now ſhone again, and with ſo intenſe an heat, that I know not how we could have endured it, but that the wind came in our face, by the help of which we got pretty well to Hartlepool. I ſuppoſe we had all the town with us in the evening, either in the ſtreet or the adjoining houſes. And God was pleaſed to touch the hearts of many, even among this dull, heavy, ſleepy people.

Tueſday 3. I wrote to Dr. Taylor as follows:

Hartlepool, July 3, 1759.

Rev. Sir,

"I eſteem you, as a perſon of uncommon ſenſe

ſenſe and learning: but your doctrine I cannot eſteem. And ſome time ſince I believed it my duty, to ſpeak my ſentiments at large, concerning your doctrine of *Original Sin*. When Mr. Newton of Liverpool mentioned this, and aſked, Whether you deſigned to anſwer, you ſaid, "You thought not; for it would only be a *perſonal controverſy*, between Jo. W——y and Jo. T——r." How gladly, if I durſt, would I accept of this diſcharge, from ſo unequal a conteſt? For I am thoroughly ſenſible, humanly ſpeaking, it is *formica contra leonem*. How gladly, were it indeed no other, than a *perſonal* controverſy? But certainly, it is not: it is a controverſy *de re*, if ever there was one in the world. Indeed, concerning a thing of the higheſt importance; nay, all the things that concern our eternal peace. It is, *Chriſtianity* or *Heatheniſm?* For take away the ſcriptural doctrine of redemption or juſtification, and that of the new birth, the beginning of ſanctification, or which amounts to the ſame, explain them as you do, ſuitably to your doctrine of original ſin; and what is Chriſtianity better than Heatheniſm? Wherein (ſave in rectifying ſome of our *notions*) has the religion of St. Paul any pre-eminence over that of Socrates or Epictetus?

This is therefore to my apprehenſion, the leaſt a *perſonal controverſy* of any in the world: your perſon and mine, are out of the queſtion: *the*

point is, are *thoſe things* that have been believed for many ages, throughout the Chriſtian world, real, ſolid *truths*, or *monkiſh dreams* and vain imaginations?

But farther, it is certain, between you and me there need be no *perſonal* controverſy at all. For we may agree, to leave each other's perſon and character, abſolutely untouched, while we ſum up and anſwer the ſeveral arguments advanced, as plainly and cloſely as we can.

Either I or you miſtake the whole of Chriſtianity from the beginning to the end! Either my ſcheme or your's is as contrary to the ſcriptural as the Koran is. Is it mine or your's? Your's has gone through all England, and made numerous converts. I attack it from end to end: let all England judge, Whether it can be defended, or not?

Earneſtly praying, that God may give you and me a right underſtanding in all things."

I am, Rev. Sir,
Your ſervant for Chriſt's ſake,
J. W.

Wedneſday 4. Mr. Jones preached at five, I at eight. Toward the cloſe of the ſermon, a queer, dirty, clumſy man, I ſuppoſe a country wit, took a great deal of pains to diſturb the congregation. When I had done, fearing he might hurt thoſe who were gathered about him, I deſired

fired two or three of our brethren to go to him, one after the other, and not say much themselves, but let him talk till he was weary. They did so, but without effect, as his fund of ribaldry seemed inexhaustible. W. A. then tried another way. He got into the circle close to him, and listening a while, said, "That is pretty: pray say it over again." "What are you deaf?" "No: but for the entertainment of the people. Come: we are all attention." After repeating this twice or thrice, the wag could not stand it, but with two or three curses walked clear off.

In the evening I began near Stockton market-place, as usual. I had hardly finished the hymn, when I observed the people in great confusion, which was occasioned by a lieutenant of a man of war, who had chosen that time to bring his press-gang, and ordered them to take Joseph Jones and William Alwood. Joseph Jones telling him, "Sir, I belong to Mr. Wesley," after a few words, he let him go: as he did likewise William Alwood, after a few hours, understanding he was a licensed preacher. He likewise seized upon a young man of the town. But the women rescued him by main strength. They also broke the lieutenant's head, and so stoned both him and his men, that they ran away with all speed.

Friday 6. I rode on to Yarm. The heat of the day was hardly to be borne. But in the even-

ing it was extreamly pleaſant. And the whole congregation were deeply ſerious.

At one I was at Hutton-Rudby, ſix miles ſouth of Yarm, where they have juſt built a preaching-houſe. But it would not contain a fourth of the congregation, and what place to chuſe I could not tell, no ſhade being at hand, and the ſun ſhining near as hot as it uſed to do in Georgia. Finding no other way, I ſtood in the ſtreet, near an houſe, which ſheltered ſome of the people. The reſt ſeemed not to know, whether it was hot or cold: God ſo plenteouſly refreſhed their ſouls. Much the ſame congregation was at Potto in the evening: and with the ſame bleſſing.

Having preached conſiderably longer both at noon and night than I am accuſtomed to do, I was ſo hoarſe in the morning, Sund. 8, that I knew not what I ſhould do to go through the work of the day. However I began it, by preaching on the green at Stokeſley, to a multitude of people. Thence I rode to Giſborough, at the foot of the mountains. The ſun would have been unſupportable, but that we had a ſtrong wind full in our face, for the greateſt part of the day. At twelve we had a lovely congregation, in a meadow near the town, who drank in every word that was ſpoken, as the thirſty earth the ſhowers. The ſixteen miles, ſo called, from hence to Robinhood's-bay, took us between five and ſix hours riding: ſo that when I came thither, I

was

was quite exhauſted. However I went to the Key, where a large congregation was waiting. And all behaved well, but an honeſt tar, who was much diſturbed at my ſaying, "No man is delivered from the fear of death, but he that fears God."

Tueſday 10. We took horſe at half an hour paſt three, and rode over the huge mountains to Scarborough. I began to preach near the main ſtreet at ſeven. The congregation was large, and ſome of them wild enough. But in a ſhort time all were quiet and ſtill. Nor did I hear one unkind word when I had done.

In the afternoon I rode to York, where I thought to reſt a few days, being almoſt worn out. But it was judged quite neceſſary I ſhould go to Hull, leſt the little flock ſhould be diſcouraged. So on Friday 13, I ſet out early, and reached Pocklington between eight and nine. The laſt time I was here, they rung the bells, in order to drown my voice. But he who then paid the ringers is run away. So I had a quiet and ſerious audience. I had a far *finer* congregation at Hull. So for once, *the* rich *have the goſpel preached!*

At night Charles Delamotte called upon me, and ſeemed to be the ſame loving, ſimple man ſtill. I ſhould not repent my journey to Hull, were it only for this ſhort interview.

Saturday 14. I preached at eight in Mr. Hilton's

ton's yard, near the great ſtreet in Beverley; and was ſurprized to ſee ſo quiet and civil a congregation, where we expected nothing leſs. All the men were uncovered, and the whole audience was attentive, from beginning to end: nor did one perſon give us a rude word, while we rode from one end of the town to the other. This, with the large and earneſt congregation at York in the evening, made me forget all my labour.

*Sunday 15. I began reading to the ſociety an account of the late work of God at Everton. But I could not get through. At firſt there were only ſilent tears on every ſide. But it was not long, before ſeveral were unable to refrain from weeping aloud. And quickly a ſtout young man dropt down, and roared as in the agonies of death. I did not attempt to read any farther, but began wreſtling with God in prayer. We continued herein till near nine o'clock. What a day of jubilee was this!

Tueſday 17. I left York, and about noon preached at Tadcaſter. Diſtant thunder did not leſſen the number, but increaſed the ſeriouſneſs of the congregation, who appeared intirely different from thoſe I ſaw here two years ago.

At ſeven in the evening I preached to an immenſe congregation, at the foot of an high mountain near Otley. Wedneſday 18. I rode on

on to Mr. Marſhal's at Guiſeley, the Capua of Yorkſhire.

Hic nemus, hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata.
'Tis well, God is here: or who could bear it?

Hence we rode to Kighley, where is a loving, earneſt, well-eſtabliſhed people. Here many of our preachers met me, and many of our brethren: and God was with us in all our aſſemblies.

Friday 20. We went on to Coln, (formerly, I ſuppoſe, a Roman colony) ſituate on the top of an high, round hill, at the edge of Pendel-foreſt. I preached at eleven in an open ſpace, not far from the main ſtreet. And I have ſeldom ſeen a more attentive or decently behaved congregation. How is the ſcene changed, ſince the drunken mob of this town, uſed to be a terror to all the country?

We rode to Broad-Clough in the afternoon, a lone houſe in the midſt of the Lancaſhire mountains. The people came in from all quarters, and it was a ſeaſon of great refreſhment. Among the reſt was Mr. M—— r, who gave us an account of his late trials. I wonder the butcher (Doctor ſo called) to whom he was committed, did not murder him. He took true pains ſo to do. But his chain did not reach ſo far.

*Saturday 21. Mr. Grimſhaw led us to Gawkſham, another lone houſe, on the ſide of an enormous mountain. The congregation ſtood and ſat, row above row, in the ſylvan theatre. I believe nothing on the poſtdiluvian earth can be more pleaſant, than the road from hence, between huge, ſteep mountains, cloathed with wood to the top, and waſhed at the bottom by a clear, winding ſtream. At four I preached to a very large congregation at Heptonſtall, and thence rode on to Haworth.

Sunday 22. At ten Mr. Milner read prayers. But the church would not near contain the congregation. So after prayers, I ſtood on a ſcaffold cloſe to the church, and the congregation in the church-yard. The communicants alone filled the church. In the afternoon the congregation was nearly doubled. And yet moſt of theſe were not curious hearers, but men fearing God.

Mond. 23. I preached near Huddersfield, to the wildeſt congregation I have ſeen in Yorkſhire. Yet they were reſtrained by an unſeen hand, and I believe ſome felt the ſharpneſs of his word. I preached at Halifax in the evening: but the preaching-houſe was like an oven. Tueſday 24. The houſe was well filled at five. About ſeven in the evening I preached at Bradford, at the door of the houſe, as it could not contain one half of the congregation. Wedneſ.

25.

25. I talked with moſt of thoſe, whom Edward Hales had torn from their brethren. Juſt as he was coming to widen the breach, it pleaſed God to take him to himſelf. The wanderers were now willing to return, and I received them again, I truſt, for ever.

Thurſday 26. I preached in Gilderſam at noon, and at Morley in the evening. A flame is ſuddenly broke out here, where it was leaſt of all expected. And it ſpreads wider and wider. When God *will* work, who is able to ſtay his hand?

Sund. 29. I preached about eight at Birſtal. The congregation covered a great part of the field, and my voice was exceedingly ſtrengthened, ſo that I believe all could hear. At one I inforced thoſe ſolemn words on an immenſe multitude, *This is life eternal, to know thee the only true God, and Jeſus Chriſt whom thou haſt ſent.*

I ſhall eaſily be excuſed for adding here a farther account, of the work of God in and near Everton. * "On Monday, July 9. I ſet out, and on Wedneſday noon reached Potton, where I rejoiced at the account given by John Keeling of himſelf and others. He *was* juſtified, it ſeems, on that memorable ſabbath, but had not a clear witneſs of it till ten days after: about which time his ſiſter, (who was on that day in great diſtreſs) was alſo ſet at liberty. I diſcourſed alſo with Ann Thorn, who told me of much heavineſs

neſs following the viſions with which ſhe had been favoured: but ſaid, ſhe was at intervals viſited ſtill with ſuch overpowering love and joy, eſpecially at the Lord's ſupper, that ſhe often lay in a trance for many hours. She is twenty-one years old. We were ſoon after called into the garden, where Patty Jenkins, (one of the ſame age) was ſo overwhelmed with the love of God, that ſhe ſunk down, and appeared as one in a pleaſant ſleep, only with her eyes open. Yet ſhe had often juſt ſtrength to utter, with a low voice, ejaculations of joy and praiſe: but no words coming up to what ſhe felt, ſhe frequently laughed while ſhe ſaw his glory. This is quite unintelligible to many: for a ſtranger intermeddleth not with our joy. So it was to Mr. M——, who doubted whether God or the devil, had filled her with love and praiſe. O the depth of human wiſdom! Mr. R—— the mean time was filled with a ſolemn awe. I no ſooner ſat down by her, than the Spirit of God poured the ſame bleſſedneſs into my ſoul. Her's continued till the time we were to ſet out for Cockin-Hatley. Then her ſtrength was reſtored in a moment, and we walked together, ſixteen in number, ſinging to the Lord as we went along.

Mr. Hickes preached an excellent ſermon, on the *Strait gate*. The next morning, Thurſday 12, he gave me leave to take an extract from his

his journal. But I had only time to write the occurrences of one morning, as follows.

"June 6, 1759. I ſpoke this morning at Orwell, on Iſaiah lv. 1. One who had been before convinced of ſin, fell down in a kind of fit, and broke out, in great anguiſh of ſoul, calling on the Lord Jeſus for ſalvation. He wrought, as in the agonies of death, and was quite bathed in ſweat. He beat the chair againſt which he kneeled, as one whoſe ſoul drew nigh unto hell. His countenance then cleared up at once, we hoped he would be preſently ſet at liberty. But on a ſudden he was more diſtreſt than ever, being in the ſharpeſt conflict. Every muſcle of his body was in ſtrong agitation, as if nature was juſt diſſolving. I never ſaw any convulſion fit ſo violent; but in a moment God diſpelled the cloud. His face was again covered with ſmiles, and he ſpake, as ſeeing the Lord near him. He cried unto him, and the Lord hearing, pronounced him freely forgiven. At that inſtant he clapped his hands and cried aloud, "Jeſus is mine! He is *my* Saviour!" His ſoul was in peace; neither did he find the leaſt bodily pain or ſoreneſs. I aſked, "For what would you undergo this again?" He ſaid, "Not for all the world. But I would ſuffer more rather than be without Chriſt. Yea, for his ſake, I would ſuffer all things." *An unwiſe man doth not conſider this: a fool doth not underſtand it.*"

This

This morning Ann Simpſon, aged ſixteen or ſeventeen, lay near an hour in the utmoſt diſtreſs, ſhrieking out, "Chriſt! Chriſt!" and no other word; her face all the time being violently diſtorted. I left her a while, but could ſcarce ſit down, before I heard the voice of praiſe. I went, and found her heavineſs turned into joy, even the joyful aſſurance that *her* ſins were pardoned. She ſprang by me to a young woman, who lay in a kind of trance, and claſped her in her arms, breathing forth praiſe to God. I retired again, but had not been long ſeated, e'er ſhe came in, running to me in a tranſport of praiſe. I aſked her, "Why ſhe cried out continually, Chriſt, Chriſt!" She anſwered, "I thought myſelf at that time on a little iſland, and ſaw Satan in a hideous form, juſt ready to devour me, hell all round open to receive me, and myſelf ready to drop in, while no help appeared, nor any way to eſcape. But juſt as I was dropping in the Lord appeared, between me and the great gulf; and would not let me fall into it. As ſoon as I ſaw him, all my trouble was gone, and all the pain I felt before. And ever ſince I have been light and joyful, and filled with the love of God."

So far Mr. Hickes: who told me, he was firſt convinced of ſin, Auguſt 1, 1758; and finding peace in about ſix weeks, firſt preached the goſpel on September 17. From that time he was accounted a fool and a mad-man! About two thouſand

ſand ſouls ſeem to have been awakened by Mr. B. and him within this twelvemonths.

Friday 13. Mr. R——, as well as Mr. M—, was in doubt, concerning the work of God here. But this morning they were both fully convinced, while Alice Miller, the little pale girl, juſtified May 20, (who is in the ſixteenth) and Molly Raymund, who is in the twelfth year of her age, related their experience, their artleſs confidence confirming their words. We walked this forenoon to Tadlow in Cambridgeſhire, to hear Mr. B. but came too late for the ſermon. However the account we received of the wonderful works of God, in this and the neighbouring places, was matter of great rejoicing to *me*, as are all manifeſtations of the world to come.

Saturday 14. Mr. B. being ill, deſired *me* to exhort a few people, in his houſe: which the Lord enabled me to do, with ſuch eaſe and power, that I was quite amazed. The next morning at ſeven his ſervant Caleb Price, ſpoke to about two hundred people. The Lord was wonderfully preſent: more than twenty perſons feeling the arrows of conviction. Several fell to the ground: ſome of whom ſeemed dead; others, in the agonies of death; the violence of their bodily convulſions, exceeding all deſcription. There was alſo great crying and agonizing in prayer, mixt with deep and deadly groans on every ſide.

When ſermon was ended, one brought good tidings

tidings to Mr. B. from Grandcheſter: that God had there *broken down* ſeventeen perſons laſt week by the ſinging of hymns only: and that a child, ſeven years old, ſees many viſions, and aſtoniſhes the neighbours, with her innocent, awful manner of declaring them.

While Mr. B. preached in the church, I ſtood with many in the church-yard, to make room for thoſe who came from far. Therefore I *ſaw* little, but *heard* the agonizing of many, panting and gaſping after eternal life. In the afternoon Mr. B. was conſtrained by the multitude of people, to come out of the church and preach in his own cloſe. Some of thoſe who were here pricked to the heart, were affected in an aſtoniſhing manner. The firſt man I ſaw wounded, would have dropped: but others catching him in their arms, did indeed prop him up, but were ſo far from keeping him ſtill, that he cauſed all of them to totter and tremble. His own ſhaking exceeded that of a cloth in the wind. It ſeemed as if the Lord came upon him like a giant, taking him by the neck, and ſhaking all his bones in pieces. One woman tore up the ground with her hands, filling them with duſt and with the hard-trodden graſs: on which I ſaw her lie, with her hands clinched, as one dead when the multitude diſperſed. Another roared, and ſcreamed in a more dreadful agony than ever I heard before. I omitted the rejoicing of believers, becauſe of their number, and the frequency thereof: though the manner was ſtrange;

ſtrange; ſome of them being quite overpowered with divine love, and only ſhewing enough of natural life to let us know, they were overwhelmed with joy and life eternal. Some continued long as if they were dead, but with a calm ſweetneſs in their looks. I ſaw one, who lay two or three hours in the open air, and being then carried into the houſe, continued inſenſible another hour, as if actually dead. The firſt ſign of life ſhe ſhewed was a rapture of praiſe, intermixt with a ſmall joyous laughter.

Monday 16. Mr. B. this evening preached in his houſe, where I obſerved Molly Raymond leaning all the while as if aſleep. But an hour or two after ſhe deſired to ſpeak with him. I wondered, ſhe was not gone home, and was concerned, that ſo little a girl ſhould have ſo far to go in the dark without company. Mr. B. told me, neither ſhe nor the other juſtified children were afraid of any thing.

Tueſday 17. We walked toward Hailſton, near which Mr. B. overtook us. He was greatly fatigued and dejected, and ſaid, "I am now ſo weak, I muſt leave off field-preaching." Nevertheleſs he caſt himſelf on the Lord, and ſtood up to preach, having near three thouſand hearers. He was very weak at firſt, and ſcarce able to ſpeak: but God ſoon performed his promiſe, imparting new ſtrength to him, and cauſing him to ſpeak with mighty power. A great ſhaking was among the dry bones. Inceſſant were the cries,

cries, groans, wringing of hands, and prayers of ſinners, now firſt convinced of their deplorable ſtate. After preaching he was lively and ſtrong, ſo that the cloſeneſs of a crouded room, neither affected his breath, nor hindered his rejoicing over two children, one about eight, the other about ſix years old, who were crying aloud to God for mercy.

Not only Harlſton, but Stapleford and Triplow, to which Mr. B. was now going, were places in which he had never preached the goſpel, and probably never would have done, had it not been for the thundering ſermons made againſt him, from their ſeveral pulpits. So does Satan frequently overſhoot himſelf, and occaſion the downfall of his own kingdom.

I had been very ill the preceeding week. Wherefore laſt night I had recourſe to God in prayer; and this morning, inſtead of riſing with difficulty at eight or nine, as I had uſually done, I roſe with eaſe at five; and inſtead of loſing my ſtrength in a mile or two, I walked eighteen without any weakneſs or wearineſs.

Wedneſ. 18. We called at the houſe, where Mr. B. had been preaching in the morning, and found ſeveral there rejoicing in God, and ſeveral mourning after him. While I prayed with them many crouded into the houſe, ſome of whom burſt into a ſtrange, involuntary laughter, ſo that my voice could ſcarce be heard, and when I ſtrove to ſpeak louder a ſudden hoarſe-

neſs

neſs ſeized me. Then the laughter increaſed. I perceived it was from Satan, and reſolved to pray on. Immediately the Lord rebuked him: that laughter was at an end, and ſo was my hoarſeneſs. A vehement wreſtling with God ran through the whole company, whether ſorrowful or rejoicing: 'Till beſide the three young women of the houſe, one young man, and a girl about eleven years old, who had been counted one of the wickedeſt in Harliſton, were exceedingly bleſt with the conſolations of God.

Among thoſe under conviction was an elderly woman, who had been a ſcoffer at the goſpel, and a keen ridiculer of all that cried out: but ſhe now cried louder than any preſent. Another I obſerved, who had known the Lord above five and twenty years. When Mr. B. firſt brought the goſpel to her ears, ſhe was filled with gladneſs: knowing, this was the ſame ſalvation, which God had long ago brought to her heart.

We walked hence to the middle of Shelford Moor; and ſeeing no perſon but a young woman who kept ſheep, the ſolitude invited us to ſtop and ſing an hymn: the ſound whereof reached her, ſhe came up ſlowly, weeping as ſhe came, and then ſtood by a brook of water, over againſt us, with the tears running down her cheeks apace. We ſung another hymn for this mourner in Sion, and wreſtled for her with God in prayer. But he did not yet comfort her.

And indeed I have obſerved of the people in general who hear Mr. B. their convictions are not only deep and violent, but laſt a long time. Wherefore thoſe that are offended at them who rejoice, ſhould conſider how terrible a cup they received firſt. Now they are all light; but they well remember the darkneſs and miſery, the wormwood and the gall.

We met Mr. B. at Stapleford, five miles from Cambridge. His heart was particularly ſet on this people, becauſe he was curate here five or ſix years; but never preached a goſpel ſermon among them till this evening. About 1500 perſons met in a cloſe to hear him, great part of whom were laughers and mockers. The work of God however quickly began among them that were ſerious: while not a few endeavoured to make ſport, by mimicking the geſtures of them that were wounded. Both theſe and thoſe who rejoiced in God, gave great offence to ſome ſtern-looking men, who vehemently demanded to have thoſe wretches horſe-whipt out of the cloſe. Need we wonder at this, when ſeveral of his own people, are unwilling to let God work in his own way? And well may Satan be enraged at the cries of the people, and the prayers they make in the bitterneſs of their ſouls: ſeeing we know theſe are the chief times at which Satan is caſt out.

However in a while many of the ſcoffers were weary and went away. The reſt continued as inſenſible

inſenſible as before. I had long been walking round the multitude, feeling a jealouſy for my God, and praying him to make the place of his feet glorious. My patience at laſt began to fail, and I prayed, "O King of glory, break ſome of them in pieces; but let it be to the ſaving of their ſouls." I had but juſt ſpoke, when I heard a dreadful noiſe, on the farther ſide of the congregation, and turning thither ſaw one Thomas Skinner coming forward, the moſt horrible human figure I ever ſaw. His large wig and hair were coal-black: his face diſtorted beyond all deſcription. He roared inceſſantly, throwing and clapping his hands together with his whole force. Several were terrified, and haſted out of his way. I was glad to hear him, after a while, pray aloud. Not a few of the triflers grew ſerious; while his kindred and acquaintance were very unwilling to believe even their own eyes and ears. They would fain have got him away: but he fell to the earth crying, "My burden! My burden! I cannot bear it!" Some of his brother ſcoffers were calling for horſe-whips, till they ſaw him extended on his back at full length. They then ſaid, he was dead. And indeed the only ſign of life was the working of his breaſt, and the diſtortations of his face, while the veins of his neck were ſwelled, as if ready to burſt. He was juſt before the chief captain of Satan's forces: none was by nature more fitted for mockery. None could

ſwear more heroically, to whip out of the cloſe, all who were affected by the preaching. His agonies laſted ſome hours. Then his body and ſoul were eaſed.

When Mr. B. had refreſhed himſelf a little, he returned to the cloſe, and bid the multitude take warning by Skinner, who ſtill lay roaring and tormented on the ground. All the people were now deeply ſerious: and ſeveral hundreds. inſtead of going when Mr. B. diſmiſt them, ſtayed in Mr. Jennings's-yard. Many of theſe eſpecially men, were truly broken in heart. Mr. B. talked with as many as could come into the houſe: and ſeeing what numbers ſtood hungering without, ſent me word to pray with them. This was a grievous croſs: I knew it was the Lord's will, but felt ſuch weakneſs of body and ſinking of ſpirit, and was withal ſo hoarſe, that I ſuppoſed few could hear, out of ſome hundreds who ſtood before me. However I attempted: and in a moment the Lord poured upon me ſuch a ſpirit of ſupplication, and gave me ſo clear, ſtrong an utterance, that it ſeemed I was another man: a farther inſtance, that the ſervants of God are not ſent a warfare, on their own charge.

No ſooner had I finiſhed, than we were called to ſee John Dennis, aged 20 years, who lay on a table. His body was ſtiff and motionleſs as a ſtatue: his very neck ſeemed as if made of iron. He was looking ſtedfaſtly up to heaven, and

and praying aloud with a melodious voice. His words ſurprized Mr. B. as well as me: who ſaid to the aſſembly, "You need no better preacher: none can tell you the truths of the goſpel more clearly." And indeed his prayer unfolded the whole Chriſtian ſyſtem, with the greateſt accuracy. When he came out of the fit, he was in perfect health; but declared, he knew not a word of all he had ſpoken. His mother then informed us, "He had had theſe fits for two years, at leaſt once a day. But he never ſpoke in any fit, 'till three weeks ago; ever ſince he prays in them as to night, but is himſelf as ignorant of the matter, as if he had been dead all the time."

It was late when I went to lodge about half a mile off, where I found a young woman reading hymns, and the power of the Lord falling on the hearers, eſpecially one young man: who cried aloud in ſuch bitter anguiſh, that I ſoon deſired we might join in prayer. This was the ſeventh time of my praying in public that day: and had I been faithful, I ſhould probably have prayed ſeven more.

Thurſday. 19. I returned to Mr. J——gs's, who had ſet out at four in the morning, to hear Mr. B. at Grandcheſter. He came ſoon after me, but was ſcarce able to ſpeak. I never ſaw a man ſweat in ſuch a manner; the large drops ſeeming fixt all over his face, juſt like beads of glaſs. The congregation at Grandcheſter this

morning conſiſted of about 1000 perſons, among whom the Lord was wonderfully preſent, convincing a far greater number now, than even laſt night. Mr. J——gs was a mild, good natured phariſee, who never had been awakened. But he was now thoroughly covinced of his loſt eſtate, and ſtood for a time in utter deſpair, with his mouth wide open, his eyes ſtaring, and full of huge diſmay. When he found power to ſpeak, he cried out, " I thought I had led a good life! I thought I was not ſo bad as others! But I am the vileſt creature upon earth! I am dropping into hell! Now, now: this very moment!" He then ſaw hell open to receive him, and Satan ready to caſt him in. But it was not long before he ſaw the Lord Jeſus, and knew he had accepted him. He then cried aloud, in an unſpeakable rapture, " I have got Chriſt! I have got Chriſt!" For two hours he was in the viſions of God. Then the joy, though not the peace, abated.

I had left Mr. J——gs but a little while, when I heard John Dennis loudly praiſing God. I no ſooner kneeled by him, than the conſolations of of God came upon me, ſo that I trembled and wept much. Nor was the ſpirit poured out upon us alone: all in the houſe were partakers of it. J. D. was kneeling when his fit came. We laid him on the ground, where he ſoon became ſtiff as laſt night, and prayed in like manner. Afterwards his body grew flexible by degrees, but was convulſed,

convulſed from head to foot. When he was quite recovered, he ſaid " He was quite reſigned to the will of God, who gave him ſuch ſtrength in the inner man, that he did not find any of theſe things grievous, neither could aſk to be delivered from them."

I walked from Stapleford with twenty perſons, to hear Mr. B. at Triplow, and ſaw many other companions, ſome before, ſome behind, ſome on either hand, going the ſame way. This brought to my mind the words of Zechariah. *And the inhabitants of one city ſhould go to another, ſaying, Let us go ſpeedily to pray before the Lord; and to ſeek the Lord of Hoſts: I will go alſo.*

Fifteen hundred or two thouſand were aſſembled in the cloſe at Triplow. The only unpoliſhed part of the audience, were a few gentlemen on horſeback. They were much offended at the cries of thoſe in conviction, but much more at the rejoicing of others, even to laughter. But they were not able to look them in the face, for half a minute together. I looked after ſervice at every ring which the people made about thoſe that fell under the word. Here and there was a place with only one, but there were generally two or three together: and on one ſpot, no leſs than ſeven, who lay on the ground as if ſlain in battle. I ſoon followed Mr. B. to the houſe, and found both it and the orchard filled with ſerious people; to whom he ſpake till his ſtrength failed, and then ſeeing them unwilling to depart,

desired *me* to dismiss them with a prayer. I felt great reluctance: but so mightily, when I began, came the spirit upon me, that I found no want of utterance, while I was praying with about 200 persons. I thought they had then gone away: but perceived an hour after, most of them were still in the house or orchard: sighs and groans, prayers, tears, and joyful praise, being intermixt on every side.

Friday 20. I was wakeful before five; but conferring with flesh and blood, I slept again. Mr. B. sent for me at seven. But I was then so weak, I could not go, till the people were dispersed. Three times more persons were struck with convictions this morning, than had been last night. Mr. B. had prayed with them till near fainting, who then sent for me to come. And who knows what God might had done even by me, if I had not been indulging my vile body? I was glad to see a woman, supposed the chief sinner in the town, now rolling on the earth, screaming and roaring in strong convictions. The man of the house informed us, of her having had nine or ten children by whoredom, and that being at last married, her husband was more angry with her for hearing the word, than he would probably have been for committing adultery. Nor was her minister displeased, that she never came to church, but mightily strove to prevent both her, and all the sinners of his parish from going to hear the gospel.

pel. I obſerved alſo a beggar girl, ſeven or eight years old, who had ſcarce any cloaths but a ragged piece of old rug. She too had felt the word of God as a two-edged ſword, and mourned to be covered with Chriſt's righteouſneſs.

From Triplow I walked to Orwell, and thence to Everton, in weakneſs of body and heavineſs of ſpirit. Mr. B. was preaching when I came in. Here God again refreſhed my ſoul. I ſhook from head to foot, while tears of joy ran down my face, and my diſtreſs was at an end.

Saturday 21. I was troubled for ſome of our brethren, who began to doubt, whether this was a work of God or of the devil? John Keeling in particular, who inſtead of his frank, lively zeal, and happineſs in God, was now filled with gloomy diſcontent, and grown dark, ſullen and reſerved. As we were walking together, he told me, it was his reſolution, to "keep himſelf to himſelf: to let them who ſtruggled ſo, ſtruggle as they would, and leave all thoſe to themſelves, whom Satan caſt into viſions or trances, till Satan brought them out again." "But, (he added) I am ſo uneaſy, I don't know what to do: and moſt of our people begin to ſhun one another." The ſnare was now broken. He ſaw the deluſion he had been in, and I truſt, will hereafter ſhun the troublers of Iſrael.

Sunday 22. The church was quite filled, and hundreds were without. And now the arrows of God flew abroad. The inexpreſſible groans, the lamenting, praying, roaring, were ſo loud, almoſt without intermiſſion, that we who ſtood without could ſcarce help thinking, all in the church were cut to the heart. But upon enquiry we found, about two hundred perſons, chiefly men cried aloud for mercy: but many more were affected, perhaps as deeply, though in a calmer way.

I rejoiced to ſee many from Cambridgeſhire, particularly John Dennis, Thomas Skinner, and the ſorrowful young woman with whom we had prayed on Shelford-moor. Now too came good news from ſeveral parts, eſpecially Grandcheſter; where ten more perſons were cut to the heart, in ſinging hymns among themſelves: and the little child before-mentioned continues to aſtoniſh all the neighbourhood. A noted phyſician came ſome time ago, and cloſely examined her. The reſult was, he confeſt, "It was no diſtemper of mind, but the hand of God."

I ſought for Thomas Skinner after morning ſervice, and found him with many more ſinging hymns under a tree. When they ſtopt I aſked, "How do you find your mind now?" Inſtead of ſpeaking, he looked upon me with great ſteddineſs, fetched a deep ſigh, burſt out into tears and prayers, and throwing himſelf along on the ground,

ground, fell into more and more agony, till he roared aloud. I told him how great a ſinner I had been: but the more I ſpoke, the more was he diſtreſt. Wherefore John Dennis and I went to prayer for him: but his deliverance was not yet. Make him, O Lord, a greater champion for thy truth, than ever he was againſt it.

Mr. B. preached in his cloſe this afternoon, though in great bodily weakneſs. But when he is weakeſt, God ſo ſtrengthens him, that it is ſurprizing to what a diſtance his voice reaches. I have heard Mr. Whitefield ſpeak as loud: but not with ſuch a continued, ſtrong, unbroken tenor.

Monday 23. Mr. Keeling and I walked to Bradford. I was relating there, how God had plucked ſuch a brand as me out of the burning; but my voice was quickly ſtopt by rejoicing. And I have often found, that nothing I can ſay, makes ſo much impreſſion on myſelf or others, as thus repeating my own converſion.

The firſt time I ſaw Mr. B. was June 2, 1758. But I ſcarce thought of him again till June 7, as I was walking up to Luton-down. There an awful ſenſe of God's preſence fell upon me, and my voice grew louder and louder, in proportion to the joy of my ſoul, with a ſtrong impulſe, to pray for the ſucceſs of Mr. B.'s labours. And ſuch a foreſight did the Lord give me, of what he was bringing to paſs through his miniſtry, that I was

quite overwhelmed for near an hour, till my voice was loſt and only tears remained. And O! how graciouſly has the God of truth, accompliſhed all thoſe things! With what delight haſt thou ſince cauſed me to walk round the walls of thy Sion, to mark well her bulwarks, and count the towers thereof?"

Wedneſday, Auguſt 1. A few of us ſpoke freely and largely to a brother who had been *overtaken in a fault*, and endeavoured to *reſtore* him *in the ſpirit of meekneſs*. And we were much comforted over him: having great hope, that God would reſtore his uſefulneſs as well as his ſtrength.

Thurſday 2. I rode to Sheffield, and preached at one to a large and quiet congregation. I was afterward deſired to viſit Mr. Dodge, curate of the new church. I found him on the brink of eternity, rejoicing in God his Saviour. * Thence I went on to Rotherham, and talked with five men and ſix women (as I had done with many others before in various places) who believe they are *ſaved from ſin*. And this fact I believe, that they *rejoice evermore, pray without ceaſing, and in every thing give thanks:* I believe, they feel nothing but love *now*. What they *will* do, I leave to God.

Friday 3. I preached at Gainſborough, in Sir Nevil Hickman's great hall. It is full as large as the Weaver's-hall in Briſtol. At two it was filled with a rude, wild multitude, (a few of a better ſpirit

ſpirit excepted.) Yet all but two or three gentlemen were attentive, while I inforced our Lord's words, *What ſhall it profit a man, if he ſhall gain the whole world, and loſe his own ſoul?* I was walking back through a gaping, ſtaring croud, when Sir Nevil came and thanked me for my ſermon, to the no ſmall amazement of his neighbours, who ſhrunk back as if they had ſeen a ghoſt. Thence I rode to North-Scarle, the laſt village in Lincolnſhire, ten miles ſhort of Newark. Here a great multitude aſſembled from various parts, moſt of them wholly unacquainted with the ways of God: indeed to ſuch a degree, that though I ſpoke as plain as I could on the firſt principles of religion, yet it ſeemed very many underſtood me no more, than if I was talking Greek. O what a condition is the bulk of *reformed Chriſtians* in, to this day!

Saturday 4. As we took horſe, the rain began, and accompanied us till we alighted in the evening. Sunday 5. between eight and nine, I reached Everton, faint and weary enough. During the prayers, as alſo during the ſermon and the adminiſtration of the ſacrament, a few perſons cried aloud. But it was not from ſorrow or fear, but love and joy. The ſame I obſerved in ſeveral parts of the afternoon ſervice. In the evening I preached in Mr. Hickes' church. Two or three perſons fell to the ground, and were extremely convulſed; but none cried

out.

out. One or two were filled with ſtrong conſolation.

* Monday 6. I talked largely with Ann Thorn, and two others who had been ſeveral times in trances. What they all agreed in was, 1. That when they *went away*, as they termed it, it was always at a time they were fulleſt of the love of God: 2. That it came upon them in a moment, without any previous notice, and took away all their ſenſes and ſtrength: 3. That there were ſome exceptions; but in general from that moment, they were in another world, knowing nothing of what was done or ſaid, by all that were round about them.

* About five in the afternoon, I heard them ſinging hymns. Soon after Mr. B. came up, and told me, Alice Miller (fifteen years old) was fallen into a trance. I went down immediately, and found her ſitting on a ſtool and leaning againſt the wall, with her eyes open and fixt upward. I made a motion as if going to ſtrike; but they continued immoveable. Her face ſhewed an unſpeakable mixture of reverence and love, while ſilent tears ſtole down her cheeks. Her lips were a little open, and ſometimes moved; but not enough to cauſe any ſound. I do not know whether I ever ſaw an human face look ſo beautiful. Sometimes it was covered with a ſmile, as from joy mixing with love and reverence. But the tears fell ſtill, though not ſo faſt. Her

pulſe

pulſe was quite regular. In about half an hour I obſerved her countenance change, into the form of fear, pity and diſtreſs. Then ſhe burſt into a flood of tears, and cried out, "Dear Lord! They *will* be damned! They will be all damned!" But in about five minutes her ſmiles returned, and only love and joy appeared in her face. About half an hour after ſix, I obſerved diſtreſs take place again; and ſoon after ſhe wept bitterly and cried out, "Dear Lord, they *will* go to hell! The world *will* go to hell!" Soon after ſhe ſaid, "Cry aloud! Spare not!" And in a few moments her look was compoſed again, and ſpoke a mixture of reverence, joy and love. Then ſhe ſaid aloud, "Give God the glory." About ſeven her ſenſes returned. I aſked, "Where have you been?" "I have been with my Saviour." "In heaven, or on earth?" "I cannot tell: but I was in glory!" "Why then did you cry?" "Not for myſelf: but for the world; for I ſaw they were on the brink of hell." "Whom did you deſire to give the glory to God?" "Miniſters that cry aloud to the world. Elſe they will be proud. And then God will leave them, and they will loſe their own ſouls."

*I preached at eight on, *The wicked ſhall be turned into hell, and all the people that forget God.* The whole congregation was earneſtly attentive. But not above one or two cried out. And I did not obſerve any that fainted away, either then or

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in the morning. I have generally obſerved more or leſs of theſe outward ſymptoms, to attend the beginning of a general work of God. So it was in New-England, Scotland, Holland, Ireland, and many parts of England. But after a time they gradually decreaſe, and the work goes on more quietly and ſilently. Thoſe whom it pleaſes God to employ in his work, ought to be quite paſſive in this reſpect. They ſhould *chuſe* nothing; but leave intirely to him, all the circumſtances of his own work.

Tueſday 7. After preaching at four (becauſe of the harveſt,) I took horſe and rode eaſily to London. Indeed I wanted a little reſt; having rode in ſeven months, above four and twenty hundred miles.

Wedneſday 8. Our conference began, the time of which was almoſt intirely employed, in examining, whether the ſpirit and lives of our preachers were ſuitable to their profeſſion? On Saturday in the afternoon we concluded. Great was the unanimity and love that reigned among us. And if there were any who hoped or feared the contrary, they were happily diſappointed.

* Sunday 12. I was afraid to look forward to the work of the day, knowing my ſtrength was not ſufficient for it. But God looked to that; for though I was exceeding weak at Snowfields in the morning, I was ſtronger at noon. And after preaching

preaching in the afternoon in the fields, and meeting the ſociety, I felt no weakneſs at all.

* Monday 13. I took a little ride to Croydon, one of the ſeats of the archbiſhops of Canterbury. Was it one of theſe who ordered many years ago (for the characters are of old ſtanding) that dreadful inſcription to be placed, juſt over the communion-table? *And now ye prieſts, this commandment is for you. If ye will not hear, and if ye will not lay it to heart, to give glory unto my name, ſaith the Lord, I will even ſend a curſe among you, and I will curſe your bleſſings. Yea, I have curſed them already becauſe ye do not lay it to heart. Behold I will corrupt your ſeed, and ſpread dung upon your faces, even the dung of your ſolemn feaſts, and one ſhall take you away with it.*

The archbiſhop's palace is an antient, venerable pile, and the gardens are extremely pleaſant. The late archbiſhop had improved them at a large expence: but continual illneſs preveuted his enjoying them, till after four years conſtant pain, he was called away, one may hope to the garden of God.

* I dined at Mr. B.'s in Epſom, whoſe houſe and gardens lie in what was once a chalk-pit. It is the moſt elegant ſpot I ever ſaw with my eyes; every thing within doors and without, being finiſhed in the moſt exquiſite taſte. Surely nothing on earth can be more delightful

delightful. O what will the poſſeſſor *feel*, when he cries out,

" Muſt I then leave thee, paradiſe? Then leave
Theſe happy ſhades, and manſions fit for gods?"

Friday 17. I ſpent an hour pleaſantly and profitably at ——— ———'s. How gracious is God who ſtill preſerves him unconſumed in fire! How plain, that with God all things are poſſible: he can draw the ſting either of wealth or death!

* Sunday 19. I preached in the afternoon to an huge multitude in the fields, on, *Now God commandeth all men every where to repent.* Monday 27. I rode to Bedford, and about ſix, preached on St. Peter's-green. None of the numerous congregation ſtood with their heads covered except the Germans. Bleſſed be God, that *I* have not ſo learned Chriſt! If *they* know no better, I cannot help it.

* Tueſday 28. I rode on to Mr. Berridge's at Everton, and in the evening went to the church, but unuſually heavy and hardly expecting to do any good there. I preached on thoſe words in the ſecond leſſon, *We know that we are of God.* One ſunk down, and another, and another. Some cried aloud in agony of prayer. I would willingly have ſpent ſome time in prayer with them. But my voice failed, ſo that I was obliged

to

to conclude the ſervice, leaving many in the church crying and praying, but unable either to walk or ſtand. One young man and one young woman were brought with difficulty to Mr. B.'s houſe, and continued there in violent agonies both of body and ſoul. When I came into the room, the woman lay quiet, wreſtling with God in ſilent prayer. But even the bodily convulſions of the young man were amazing. The heavings of his breaſt were beyond deſcription: I ſuppoſe, equal to the throes of a woman in travel. We called upon God, to relieve his ſoul and body. And both were perfectly healed. He rejoiced in God with joy unſpeakable, and felt no pain, or weakneſs, or wearineſs. Preſently after the woman alſo was delivered, and aroſe rejoicing in God her Saviour.

Wedneſday 29. I rode to Lakenheath, and ſpoke exceeding plain to an honeſt, drowzy people. Thurſday 30. I preached at the tabernacle in Norwich, to a large, rude, noiſy congregation. I took knowledge what manner of teachers they had been accuſtomed to, and determined to *mend* them or *end* them. Accordingly the next evening after ſermon, I reminded them of two things; the one, that it was not decent, to begin talking aloud as ſoon as ſervice was ended, and hurrying to and fro, as in a bear-garden: the other, that it was a bad cuſtom, to gather into knots juſt after ſermon, and turn a place of worſhip into a coffee-houſe. I there-

fore

fore desired, that none would talk under that roof, but go quietly and silently away. And on Sunday, Sept. 2. I had the pleasure to observe, that all went as quietly away, as if they had been accustomed to it for many years.

Monday 3. I met the society at five, and explained the nature and use of meeting in a class. Upon enquiry I found, we have now about five hundred members. But an hundred and fifty of these do not *pretend* to meet at all. Of those therefore I make no account. They hang on but a single thread.

Tuesday 4. I walked to Hemnal, nine miles from Norwich, and preached at one o'clock. The ringleader of the mob came with his horn, as usual, before I began. But one quickly catched and threw away his horn, and in a few minutes he was deserted by all his companions: who were seriously and deeply attentive to the great truth, *By grace ye are saved through faith.*

* Sunday 9. I met the society at seven, and told them in plain terms, that they were the most ignorant, self-conceited, self willed, fickle, untractable, disorderly, disjointed society, that I knew in the three kingdoms. And God applied it to their hearts: so that many were profited, but I do not find, that one was offended.

* At ten we had another happy opportunity, and many stubborn hearts were melted down.

Just

Juſt at two the great congregation met, and the power of God was again preſent to heal: tho' not ſo eminently as at five while I was deſcribing *the peace that paſſeth all underſtanding*. After preaching I was deſired to ſpend an hour with ſome whom I ſuppoſed to be of our own ſociety. But I ſoon found my miſtake:

Senſimmedios delapſus in hoſtes.

One in particular, warmly told me, "She could not like mine or Mr. Murlin's doctrine: it always threw her into heavineſs. But in dear Mr. Cudworth's ſhe could find comfort." I deſired, we might pray. God quickly anſwered for himſelf. Her heart was broke in pieces. She was filled with love, and grief, and ſhame; but could only tell it by her eyes and her tears.

* About this time I received a remarkable letter from abroad, an extract of which follows.

Berlin, Auguſt 26, 1759.

"God has again wrought publickly in this place, in the preſence of many thouſand people. A ſoldier of the King's-guard was ſentenced to be hanged, for deſertion and theft. He was a wretch abandoned to all manner of wickedneſs, General K—— was much concerned for his ſoul. He earneſtly deſired me, to take the charge of it, though we ſaw no proſpect of ſucceſs. I viſited him the day he was condemned, being

being Thurſday. He ſeemed quite careleſs and unconcerned. I endeavoured, to convince him of ſin; but did not perceive any effect. I begged of him, not to deceive his own ſoul, but to conſider the condition he was in. On Friday, this began to ſink into his heart, and on Saturday, much more. Perceiving this, I much inſiſted on thoſe words, *This is a faithful ſaying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Chriſt Jeſus came into the world to ſave ſinners.* The effect was aſtoniſhing. He laid hold of them by faith, and not only his burden was gone, but he had ſuch experience of the love of Chriſt, as it is impoſſible to deſcribe. His peace, triumph and joy increaſing every hour, till the night before his execution: and indeed were never more obſervable, than when he was brought out of priſon. In his way to the place of execution he praiſed God, for dragging him as it were with chains to heaven. "What, ſaid he, will God after all my helliſh actions, give me eternal life into the bargain?" The efficacy of the blood and death of Chriſt being made known to him by the Holy Ghoſt, he ſpoke of nothing but his wedding-day, which was to be this thirteenth of Auguſt. Every one that looked upon him was ſtruck. Officers and all were moved. Being entered into the ring, I once more prayed with him, and gave him the laſt bleſſing. But the very inſtant he was to be turned off. Colonel H. called out, "Pardon!" I was thunder-

ſtruck

ſtruck, and Mittelſtadt proteſted, it was to him, like a ball ſhot through his body. He fainted away for ſome time. Being recovered, his firſt words were, "Why was I not rather hanged, or even crucified than pardoned? Why am I thus ſtopped in my courſe? I ſhould now have been with Chriſt!" I was myſelf more afraid of him now than ever. But the grace of God was ſtrong in his ſoul. And ever ſince it has continued the ſame. Yeſterday I was informed by one who went on purpoſe to enquire, that his whole employ during his confinement (which is to continue ſix months) is reading, praying, and comforting himſelf with the blood of Chriſt."

Monday 10. We took horſe at half hour after four. Before eight it was as warm as it is uſually at Midſummer. And from ten we had the ſun in our face, all the way to Colcheſter. But we had the wind in our face too, or the heat would have been inſupportable. I was in a fever from the moment I came into the houſe. But it did not hinder me from preaching on the Green, and afterwards meeting the ſociety. I then lay down as ſoon as poſſible, but could not ſleep a quarter of an hour, till between two and three in the morning. I do not know, that I have loſt a night's ſleep before, ſick or well, ſince I was ſix years old. But it is all one: God is able to give ſtrength, either with ſleep or without it. I roſe at my uſual time, and preached

preached at five, without any faintneſs or drowſineſs.

Thurſd. 13. We ſet out between four and five and rode to Dunmow, about four and twenty miles. But here we were at a full ſtop. None could direct us any farther. So we were to croſs the country as well as we could. But whenever we were at a loſs (eight or ten times) we met ſome one to help us out. So about half an hour paſt one we were come within ſixteen miles of Sundon.

An honeſt blunderer then undertook to direct us a nearer way. By his help we wandered up and down, 'till our ſixteen miles grew into ſix and twenty. However we got to Sundon before ſeven, where a conſiderable number of people ſoon met: to whom I explained, (what they ſeemed to know very little of) *the grace of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.*

Friday 14. I returned to London, Saturday, 15, Having left orders for the immediate repairing of Weſt-ſtreet chappel, I went to ſee what they had done, and ſaw cauſe to praiſe God for this alſo. The main timbers were ſo rotten, that in many places one might thruſt his fingers into them. So that probably, had we delayed 'till ſpring, the whole building muſt have fallen to the ground.

Monday 17. I went to Canterbury. Two hundred ſoldiers, I ſuppoſe, and a whole row of officers attended in the evening. Their number

ber was increafed the next evening, and all behaved as men fearing God. Wednefday 19. I preached at Dover, in the New-room, which is juft finifhed. Here alfo the hearers increafe, fome of whom are convinced, and others comforted daily. Thurfday 20. I ftrongly applied at Canterbury, to the foldiers in particular, *He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.* The next day in my return to London, I read Mr. Huygen's "Conjectures on the planetary world." He furprized me. I think, he clearly proves, that the moon is not habitable: that there are neither,

"Rivers nor mountains on her fpotty globe:"

That there is no fea, no water on her furface, nor any atmofphere. And hence he very rationally infers, that "neither are any of the fecondary planets inhabited." And who can prove that the primary are? I know the earth is. Of the reft I know nothing.

* Sunday 23. A vaft majority of the immenfe congregation in Moorfields were deeply ferious. One fuch hour might convince any impartial man of the expediency of field-preaching? What building, except St. Paul's church, would contain fuch a congregation? And if it would, what human voice could have reached them there? By repeated obfervations I find, I can command thrice the number in the open air, than I

can under a roof. And who can ſay, the time for field-preaching is over, while, 1. Greater numbers than ever attend: 2. The converting, as well as convincing power of God, is eminently preſent with them?

Monday 24. I preached about eight at Brentford, and in the evening at Baſingſtoke, to a people ſlow of heart and dull of underſtanding. Tueſday 25. I preached in the new-houſe at Whitchurch, and at Saliſbury in the evening. The new-room there is, I think, the moſt compleat in England. It ſtrikes every one of any taſte that ſees it: not with any ſingle part, but an inexpreſſible *ſomething* in the whole.

The militia from Hampſhire being in town, a large number of them were at the preaching. But it was as muſic to an horſe; ſuch brutiſh behaviour have I ſeldom ſeen. The next evening, they behaved, if poſſible worſe than before. However many of them, I believe, were ſtruck. For they came again in the morning, and then appeared to be of quite another ſpirit, earneſtly attending to what was ſpoken. Thurſday 27. I had appointed to preach at ſeven in the evening at Bradford. But when I came, I found Mr. Hart was to preach at ſix. So I delayed till the church-ſervice was ended: that there might not appear (at leaſt on my part) even the ſhadow of oppoſition between us.

Friday 28. I reached Briſtol. Sunday, 30. The weather being fair and calm, I preached in the

the new ſquare, for the ſake of many people, who do not chuſe to come to the room. My text was, *Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wiſe caſt out.* I believe many found deſires of coming to him. O that they may be brought to good effect!

Monday, October 1. All my leiſure time, during my ſtay at Briſtol, I employed in finiſhing the fourth volume of diſcourſes; probably the laſt which I ſhall publiſh. Monday 15. I walked up to Knowle, a mile from Briſtol, to ſee the French priſoners. Above eleven hundred of them, we were informed were confined in that little place; without any thing to lie on, but a little dirty ſtraw, or any thing to cover them, but a few foul thin rags, either by day or night, ſo that they died, like rotten ſheep. I was much affected, and preached in the evening, on Exod. xxiii. 9. *Thou ſhalt not oppreſs a ſtranger: for ye know the heart of a ſtranger, ſeeing ye were ſtrangers in the land of Egypt.* Eighteen pounds were contributed immediately, which were made up four and twenty the next day. With this we bought linen and woollen cloth, which were made up into ſhirts, waiſtcoats and breeches. Some Dozen of ſtockings were added; all which were carefully diſtributed, where there was the greateſt want. Preſently after, the corporation of Briſtol ſent a large quantity of mattreſſes and blankets. And it was not long before contributions were ſet on foot, at London, and in various

parts of the kingdom; so that I believe from this time they were pretty well provided with all the necessaries of life.

Monday 22. I left Bristol, and having preached at Shepton, Coleford, Frome and Salisbury in my way, on Thursday 25, determined to try, if I could do any good at Andover. The congregation at ten in the morning was small; in the evening their number was increased, and I think some of them went away, crying out, *God be merciful to me a sinner?*

Friday 26. I rode to Basingstoke. I was extremely tired when I came in, but much less so, after preaching. I then sent to enquire, if there was a vacant place in any of the coaches which were going to London the next day? But they were all full: and I had promised to send back my mare to Bristol. The only way that remained was, to take Joseph Jones's horse, and let him ride behind one of the coaches. So I ordered the horse to be brought soon after four in the morning, and was waiting for the coach, when a post-chaise drove by. I rode close after it, though it was so dark, I could not see my horse's head. But I could *hear*, which was enough. About day-break, it drove away: but then I could see the road. It rained without intermission, from the time I took horse, till I came to the Foundery: so that I was wet through a great part of the day. But it did me no hurt at all.

Sunday

Sunday 28. I found the antient ſpirit in the congregation, both at Spittalfields and the Foundery. Tueſday 30. I preached at Deptford, and rejoiced to find an increaſing work there alſo. Wedneſday and Thurſday, I ſpent in reviſing and perfecting a treatiſe on Electricity. Friday, November 2. I ſpent an hour with that miracle of mercy Miſs ——: a clear proof, that God can, even without external means, preſerve a buſh in the midſt of the fire.

Sunday 4. As I was applying thoſe words, *They neither marry, nor are given in marriage. For neither can they die any more; for they are equal to angels.* The power of God fell upon the congregation, in a very uncommon manner. How ſeaſonable! O how does God ſweeten whatever croſs we bear for his ſake!

Monday 12. I talked with J—— D——, a gentleman's coachman, an uncommon monument of mercy. Laſt year he was a violent perſecutor of the truth, and of his wife for the ſake of it. But the ſecond or third time he heard for himſelf, he was throughly convinced. Soon after he entered into the ſociety and in ſix weeks found peace with God. Yet his natural tempers quickly revived, which made him reſtleſs after a thorough change. In ſpring this reſtleſneſs ſo increaſed, that he was crying to God day and night, 'till on Sunday, May 27. he was utterly broken in pieces, and ready to caſt away the hope of it. But juſt as he received the bread in the Lord's

ſupper, the love of God filled his heart. And from that moment he had no doubt, but has continued always rejoicing, always praying and praiſing God.

Saturday 17. I ſpent an hour agreeably and profitably with lady G-- H — and Sir C— H—. 'Tis well a few of the rich and noble are called. O that God would increaſe their number! But I ſhould rejoice, (were it the will of God) if it were done by the miniſtry of others. If I might chuſe, I ſhould ſtill (as I have done hitherto) *preach the goſpel to the poor.*

Monday 19. I ſpent an hour with Mr. B. who has eſcaped from Guadalupe, as with the ſkin of his teeth. He informed me that all the water they had in the voyage, ſtunk intolerably: that the biſket was full of maggots, and the beef mere carrion, ſo that none could bear to ſtand near a caſk when it was opened. What wonder that the poor men died in troops! Who ſhall anſwer for their blood?

Tueſday 22. I took horſe between ſix and ſeven, in one of the coldeſt mornings I ever remember. We reached St. Alban's without much difficulty; but then the roads were all covered with ſnow. However there was a beaten path, tho' ſlippery enough, 'till we turned into the by-road to Sundon. What we could have done there I cannot tell, for the ſnow lay deeper and deeper had not a waggon gone a while before us, and marked

marked the way for ſix miles, to Mr. Cole's Gate.

Friday 23. The roads were ſo extremely ſlippery, it was with much difficulty we reached Bedford. We had a pretty large congregation: but the ſtench from the ſwine under the room was ſcarce ſupportable. Was ever a preaching-place over a hog-ſty before? Surely they love the goſpel, who come to hear it in ſuch a place.

Saturday 24. We rode to Everton; Mr. Berridge being gone to preach before the univerſity at Cambridge. Many people came to his houſe in the evening, and it was a ſeaſon of great refreſhment.

Sunday 25. I was a little afraid, my ſtrength would not ſuffice, for reading prayers and preaching, and adminiſtring the Lord's ſupper alone, to a large number of communicants. But all was well. Mr. Hickes began his own ſervice early, and came before I had ended my ſermon. So we finiſhed the whole before two, and I had time to breathe, before the evening ſervice.

* In the afternoon God was eminently preſent with us, though rather to comfort than convince. But I obſerved a remarkable difference ſince I was here before, as to the manner of the work. None now were in trances, none cried out: none fell down or were convulſed. Only ſome trembled exceedingly: a low murmur was heard: and many were refreſhed with the *multitude of peace.*

* The danger *was* to regard *extraordinary* circumſtances too much, ſuch as outcries, convulſions, viſions, trances, as if theſe were *eſſential* to the inward work, ſo that it *could not* go on without them. Perhaps the danger *is*, to regard them too little: to condemn them altogether; to imagine, they had nothing of God in them, and were an hindrance to his work. Whereas the truth is, 1. God ſuddenly and ſtrongly convinced many that they were loſt ſinners; the *natural* conſequence whereof were ſudden outcries, and ſtrong bodily convulſions: 2. To ſtrengthen and encourage them that believed, and to make his work more apparent, he favoured ſeveral of them with divine dreams, others with trances and viſions. 3. In ſome of theſe inſtances, after a time, nature mixt with grace. 4. Satan likewiſe mimicked *this work of God*, in order to diſcredit the *whole work*. And yet it is not wiſe, to give up *this part*, any more than to give up the *whole*. At firſt it was doubtleſs wholly from God. It is partly ſo at this day. And he will enable us to diſcern, how far in every caſe the work is *pure* and where it *mixes*, or *degenerates*.

* Let us even ſuppoſe, that in ſome few caſes, there was a mixture of *diſſimulation*: that perſons *pretended* to ſee or feel what they did not, and *imitated* the cries or convulſive motions of thoſe who were really overpowered, by the Spirit

rit of God. Yet even this ſhould not make us either deny or undervalue the real work of the Spirit. The ſhadow is no diſparagement of the ſubſtance, nor the counterfeit of the real diamond.

* We may further ſuppoſe, that Satan will make theſe viſions an *occaſion* of pride. But what can be inferred from hence? Nothing but that we ſhould guard againſt it: that we ſhould diligently exhort all, to be little in their own eyes, knowing that nothing avails with God but humble love. But ſtill, to ſlight or cenſure viſions in general, would be both irrational and unchriſtian.

Monday 26. In the evening I preached in Mr. Hickes' church at Wreſtlingworth, and at ten the next morning. The people were deeply attentive, but none were ſo affected as when I was here laſt. In the evening Mr. B. returned from preaching before the univerſity. In the midſt of the ſermon, he informed me, one perſon cried out aloud; but was ſilent in a few moments. Several dropped down but made no noiſe: and the whole congregation, young and old, behaved with ſerioufneſs. God is ſtrong as well as wiſe. Who knows what work he may have to do here alſo?

* Wedneſday 28. I returned to London, and on Thurſday, the 29th, the day appointed for a general thankſgiving, I preached again in the chappel near the ſeven dials, both morning and af-

ternoon. I believe the oldeſt man in England has not ſeen a thankſgiving day ſo obſerved before. It had the ſolemnity of the general faſt. All the ſhops were ſhut up. The people in the ſtreets appeared, one and all, with an air of ſerioufneſs. The prayers, leſſons, and whole public ſervice, were admirably ſuited to the occaſion. The prayer for our enemies, in particular. was extremely ſtriking: perhaps it is the firſt inſtance of the kind in Europe. There was no noiſe, hurry, bonfires, fire-works in the evening: and no public diverſions. This is indeed a *Chriſtian* holy-day, a *rejoicing unto the Lord!* The next day came the news, that Sir Edward Hawke had diſperſed the French fleet.

Sunday, December 9. I had, for the firſt time, a love-feaſt for the whole ſociety. Wedneſday 12. I began reading over the Greek Teſtament and the notes, with my brother and ſeveral others, carefully comparing the tranſlation with the original, and correcting or inlarging the notes, as we ſaw occaſion.

The ſame day I ſpent part of the afternoon in the Britiſh Muſeum. There is a large library, a great number of curious manuſcripts, many uncommon monuments of antiquity, and the whole collection of ſhells, butterflies, beetles, graſhoppers, &c. which the indefatigable Sir Hans Sloane, with ſuch vaſt expence and labour, procured in a life of fourſcore years!

Friday 14. I was at a *Chriſtian* wedding, to which

which were invited only two or three relations, and five clergymen, who ſpent part of the afternoon, in a manner ſuitable to the ſolemn occaſion.

* Wedneſday 19. I was deſired to read over a chancery bill. The occaſion of it was this. "A. B. tells C. D. that one who owed him thirty pounds wanted to borrow thirty more, and aſked, whether he thought the eighth part of ſuch a ſhip, then at ſea, was ſufficient ſecurity? He ſaid, he thought it was. On this A. B. lent the money. The ſhip came home. But through various accidents, the eighth part yielded only twenty pounds. A. B. on this commenced a ſuit, to make C. D. pay him the reſidue of his money."

This worthy ſtory is told in no leſs, than an hundred and ten ſheets of paper! C. D. anſwers, "He adviſed to the beſt of his judgment; not foreſeeing thoſe accidents, whereby the ſhare which coſt two hundred pounds, yielded no more than twenty." This anſwer brought on fifteen ſheets of exceptions, all which a quarter of a ſheet might have contained! I deſired the plaintiff and defendant to meet me the next day, both of whom were willing to ſtand to arbitration. And they readily agreed, that C. D. ſhould pay half his own coſts, and A. B. the reſt of the expence.

Friday 21. I enquired into the particulars of a

very remarkable ſtory. A ſhip laden with wheat, and having no other ballaſt, about one in the morning, on Sunday, November 18, the wind blowing hard, ſhifted her cargo, and in half an hour ſunk. Mr. Auſtin, the mate, leaped off her ſide, as ſhe ſunk, and being an excellent ſwimmer, kept above water, till he ſaw ſomething floating toward him, which proved to be the capſtern of the ſhip. He got upon it, and although waſhed off ſeveral times yet ſtill recovered his ſeat, and floated all day and all the following night. But on Monday morning he was quite exhauſted, and faint almoſt to death with thirſt, having ſwallowed abundance of ſalt-water. In this extremity he ſaw ſome apples floating toward him. He took up three, ate them and was much ſtrengthened. About noon Admiral Saunder's fleet came in ſight, one of whoſe ſhips ſaw and took him up. He could not ſtand; but being blooded, and put into a warm bed, and fed with ſmall broth, a ſpoonful or two at a time, he recovered ſtrength apace, and in a few days was as well as ever.

Saturday 22. I went to Colcheſter, and on Sunday 23. preached in the ſhell of the new houſe. It is twelve ſquare, and is the beſt building of the ſize for the voice that I know in England. Monday 24. We did not ſet out till after ſeven, intending to ride about forty miles. But coming to Schole-Inn before three, we

puſhed

puſhed on and before ſeven came ſafe to Norwich.

Thurſday 27. I began viſiting the ſociety, and found the greater part much changed from what they were a year ago. They are indeed fewer in number, but are now of a teachable ſpirit, willing to be adviſed, or even reproved. And if two hundred of this ſpirit remain, they are worth all our labour.

Tueſday, January 1, 1760. We began the ſervice at four in the morning. A great number attended, and God was in the midſt, ſtrengthening and refreſhing their ſouls. Thurſday 3. In the evening, while I was inforcing thoſe awful words of the prophet, *The harveſt is paſt, the ſummer is ended, and we are not ſaved:* a young woman, who had contained herſelf as long as ſhe could, ſunk down and cried aloud. I found this was a new thing in Norwich. The women about her got water and hartſhorn in abundance. But all would not do. When the ſervice was ended, I aſked her, "What do you want?" She immediately replied, "Nothing but Chriſt." And indeed what phyſician beſide him, is able to heal that ſickneſs?

Friday 4. I preached about one at Fornett, to a much milder people than I left there: and in the evening at Kenninghall, where the Antinomians had laboured hard in the devil's ſervice.

Yet

Yet all are not loſt. A few are ſtill left, *who walk not after the fleſh, but after the Spirit.* Saturday 5. I preached in the evening at Colcheſter, and on Sunday 6, rode to Langham, ſeven miles from thence, in ſuch a day as I have ſeldom known: the north-eaſt wind was ſo exceeding keen, and drove the ſleet full in our face. But this did not diſcourage the people, who flocked from all quarters. And thoſe who took ſuch pains to come, were not ſent empty away.

* Monday 7. I returned to London, and finiſhed on the road the celebrated Telemachus. Certainly it is wrote with admirable ſenſe. But is it without fault? Is there not abundantly too much machinery? Are not the gods (ſuch as they are) continually introduced without why or wherefore? And is not the work ſpun out too long? Drawn into mere French wire? Would not twelve books have contained all the matter, much better than four and twenty?

Sunday 13. I preached again in Weſt-ſtreet chappel, now inlarged and throughly repaired. When I took this eighteen years ago, I little thought the world would have borne us till now. But *the right-hand of the Lord hath the pre-eminence.* Therefore we endure unto this day.

Wedneſday 16. One came to me, as ſhe ſaid, with a meſſage from the Lord, to tell me, "I was laying up treaſures on earth, taking my eaſe, and minding only my eating and drinking." I told her,

her, "God knew me better. And if he had ſent her, he would have ſent her with a more proper meſſage."

Friday 18. I deſired thoſe who believed they were ſaved from ſin, (ſixteen or ſeventeen in number,) to meet me at noon, to whom I gave ſuch cautions and inſtructions as I judged needful. Nor did any of *theſe* pretend to be above man's teaching, but received it with all thankfulneſs.

Thurſday 24. I rode to Brentford, where after a ſtop of ten or twelve years, the work of God is broke out afreſh. I preached in a large place newly fitted up. It was ſuppoſed, there would be much diſturbance, as a conſiderable number of rude, boiſtrous people, were gathered together for that purpoſe. But God over-ruled, and they all calmly and ſilently attended to his word. Surely *the times and ſeaſons* of ſending his word effectually to any place, *God hath reſerved in his own power.*

Monday 28. I began viſiting the claſſes in London, and that with more exactneſs than ever before. After going through them, I found the ſociety now contained about three and twenty hundred and fifty members: few of whom we could diſcern to be triflers, and none we hope, live in any wilful ſin.

Tueſday, February 5. I baptized a gentlewoman at the Foundery, and the peace ſhe immediately

diately found, was a freſh proof, that the outward ſign duly received, is always accompanied with the inward grace. Tueſday 12. After preaching at Deptford, I rode on to Welling, where I received (what few expected) an exceeding comfortable account, of the death of Mr. Maſon of Bexley. For many years he ſeemed to be utterly ſenſeleſs; neither juſtified, nor even convinced of ſin. But in his laſt ſickneſs, the God that heareth prayer, broke in upon his ſoul. And the nearer death came, the more did he rejoice, to the aſtoniſhment of all that ſaw him.

Saturday 16. I ſpent an hour in the evening with a little company at Mr. ———'s. I have not known ſo ſolemn an hour for a long ſeaſon, nor ſo profitable to my own ſoul. Myſterious Providence! Why am I cut off from thoſe opportunities, which of all others I moſt want? Eſpecially conſidering the benefit I might *impart*, as well as that which I might *receive*: ſeeing they ſtand in as much need of *light*, as I do of *heat*.

* About this time we had a remarkable account from Yorkſhire. "On Friday 13. about thirty perſons were met together at Otley (a town about twelve miles from Leeds) about eight o'clock in the evening, in order (as uſual) to pray, ſing hymns, and provoke one another to love and good works. After prayer was ended, when they proceeded to ſpeak of the ſeveral ſtates of their ſouls, ſome with deep ſighs and groans,

groans, complained of the burden they felt, for the remains of in-dwelling ſin; ſeeing in a clearer light than ever before, the neceſſity of a deliverance from it.

" When they had ſpent the uſual time together, a few went to their own houſes. But the reſt remained upon their knees, groaning for the great and precious promiſes of God. One being deſired to pray, he no ſooner began to lift up his voice to God, than the Holy Ghoſt made interceſſion in all that were preſent, with groanings that could not be uttered. At length the travail of their ſouls burſt out into loud and ardent cries. They had no doubt of the favour of God, but they could not reſt, while there was any thing in them contrary to his nature. One cried out, in an exceeding great agony, " Lord, deliver me from my ſinful nature," then a ſecond, a third and fourth. And while the perſon who prayed firſt, was calling upon God in thoſe words, " Thou God of Abraham, Iſaac and Jacob, hear us for the ſake of thy Son Jeſus," one was heard to ſay, " Bleſſed be the Lord God for ever, for he hath cleanſed my heart. Praiſe the Lord, O my ſoul, and all that is within me praiſe his holy name." Another ſaid, " I hold thee with a trembling hand, but will not let thee go:" and in a little time cried out, " Praiſe the Lord with me; for he hath cleanſed my heart from ſin." Another cried, " I am hanging over the pit of hell,

hell, by a ſlender thread;" a ſecond, with loud and diſmal ſhrieks, "I am in hell: O ſave me, ſave me;" while a third ſaid, with a far different voice, "Bleſſed be the Lord, for he hath pardoned all my ſins" Thus they continued for the ſpace of two hours, ſome praiſing and magnifying God, ſome crying to him for pardon or purity of heart, with the greateſt agony of ſpirit. Before they parted, three believed God had fulfilled his word, and *cleanſed them from all unrighteouſneſs.*

"The next evening they met again. And the Lord was again preſent to heal the broken in heart. One received remiſſion of ſins, and three more believed God had *cleanſed them from all ſin.* And it is obſervable, theſe are all poor, illiterate creatures, of all others moſt incapable of counterfeiting, and moſt unlikely to attempt it. But *when* his *word goeth forth, it giveth light and underſtanding to the ſimple.*"

Friday 29. A great number of us waited upon God, at five, at nine, and at one, with faſting and prayer. And at ſix in the evening we met at the church in Spittalfields, to renew our covenant with God. It was a bleſſed time. The windows of heaven were open, and the ſkies poured down righteouſneſs.

Monday, March 3. I left London. It rained great part of the day, but ſo gently, that we were not wet through, when about ſeven we came to Towceſter. One perſon we found here, whoſe foul

ſoul God keeps alive, though he has ſcarce any in the town to converſe with. Perhaps he is an earneſt of a people that ſhall be born here, and *counted to the Lord for a generation.*

Tueſday 4. We came to Birmingham, where I rejoined ſeveral who had been long ſeparated from their brethren, and left upwards of fifty reſolved to ſtand together in the good, old path.

In the evening I preached in the new houſe at Wedneſbury. Few congregations exceed this either in number or ſeriouſneſs. At five in the morning the congregation far exceeded the morning-congregation at the Foundery. Indeed hunger after the word has been from the beginning the diſtinguiſhing mark of this people.

Thurſday 6. I talked largely with M— S— and Eliz. Lymore: the ſubſtance of what M— S— ſaid was as follows.

* "I was born April 8, 1736. My father died when I was between four and five, my mother, when I was about eleven years old. I had little thought about religion, and ſeldom ſo much as went to church. But I had even then many troubles, which made me ſometimes think of God and cry to him for help. When I was about ſeventeen, I was aſked one Sunday to go and ſee a pit, which was on fire and blazed out. It was near the houſe where Mr. James Jones

was

was then preaching. I was ſtanding near the houſe, when my brother perſuaded me to go in. I liked what I heard; but it was above a year before I knew myſelf to be a loſt ſinner. For three weeks I was in deep diſtreſs, which made me cry to God day and night. I had comfort once or twice, but I checked it, being afraid of deceiving myſelf: 'Till as Mr. Johnſon was preaching one morning at five o'clock in Darlaſton, my ſoul was ſo filled with the love of God, that I had much ado to help crying out. I could only ſay, "Why *me*, Lord, why *me?*" When I came home I was exceeding weak, having alſo a great pain in my head: but all was ſweet; I did not wiſh it to be otherwiſe. I was happy in God all the day long: and ſo I was for ſeveral days. From this time I never committed any known ſin, nor even loſt the love of God: though I found abundance of temptations and many ſevere ſtruggles. Yet I was more than conqueror over all, and found them eaſier and eaſier.

About Chriſtmas 1758, I was deeply convinced there was a greater ſalvation than I had attained. The more I ſaw of this, and the more I prayed for it, the happier I was. And my deſires and hopes were continually encreaſing, for above a year.

On January 30, 1760, Mr Fugill talked with one who thought ſhe had received that bleſſing. As ſhe ſpoke my heart burned within me, and my

my desire was inlarged beyond expression, I said to him, " O sir, when shall I be able to say as she says ?" He answered " Perhaps to night." I said, " Nay, I am not earnest enough." He replied, " That thought may keep you from it." I felt, God was able and willing to give it them and was unspeakably happy. In the evening as he was preaching, my heart was full, and more and more so, till I could contain no more. I wanted only to be alone, that I might pour out my soul before God : and when I came home I could do nothing but praise and give him thanks. From that moment I have felt nothing but love in my heart; no sin of any kind. And I trust I shall never sin any more offend God. I never find any more, nor any more offend God. I never find any cloud between God and me: I walk in the light continually. I do *rejoice evermore, and pray without ceasing*, I have no desire but to do and suffer the will of God: I aim at nothing but to please him. I am careful for nothing, but in all things make my requests known to him with thanksgiving. And I have a continual witness in myself, that whatever I do, I do it to his glory."

Eliz. Longmore said, " I was born in 1730. My mother died in childbed of me; my father, when I was a year or two old. So I was brought up by the parish, and taught nothing, not so much as to read. About eleven years old, I was put out parish-'prentice, to a man and woman who used me

me very harſhly. I wanted much to learn to read; but they would not ſpare the time, I was about fourteen, when I heard Mr. J. W. preach at the croſs in Wendeſbury. I immediately believed it was the right way, and begun to be very uneaſy. I often wiſhed I had died with my father or mother, fearing I ſhould never be ſaved. But my convictions wore away by degrees: though ſtill I could not reſt. About twenty I was married. My huſband had ſome times heard the preaching, but not lately. Soon after he began again, going with me conſtantly. I was now more and more convinced, that I was a guilty, undone ſinner. I cried to God day and night, laying down my work many times in a day. On Holy-Thurſday, 1756, I was ſadly afraid of going to the ſacrament. However I broke through and went. At the Lord's-table I found ſuch a love as I cannot expreſs. As ſoon as I came back, I went up into my chamber, and kneeled down to prayer. In praying I heard a voice ſaying, *Go in peace: thy ſins are forgiven thee.* My ſoul ſunk into nothing before God, and was filled with humble love. I loved God and all mankind, and thought no temptation could ever ſhake me more. But in a few days, being low and weak in body, I found hard thoughts of God. Yet I could not give up my confidence, that my ſins were forgiven. Nor do I know, that I ever committed any wilful ſin, after I was juſtified. About a year and half ago Mr.

Mr. Fugill came. One evening while he was preaching, I was convinced that my heart was ſtill deſperately wicked, and needed to be wholly renewed. This made me ſometimes afraid to die, leſt I ſhould be called before that change was wrought. But I had ſtill hope at the bottom, and never could doubt but that God was my God. In the mean while my deſire to be wholly renewed, increaſed continually. And I was every day and every hour praying for it, whatever I was about. When my hopes prevailed, I was happy: when my fears, I was quite caſt down. Being convinced, how little I loved God, I was grieved and aſhamed before him.

On Friday, January 25. I took no food till the afternoon, though I had a child at my breaſt. I was much tempted to think, I ſhould never attain, and was quite uneaſy. But the next morning my uneaſineſs was gone, and I calmly waited for what I believed God would ſoon give. In the evening I went to the preaching with a full expectation, that he would meet me there. And ſo he did. As ſoon as Mr. Fugill began to ſpeak, I felt my ſoul was all love. I was ſo ſtayed on God as I never felt before, and knew that I loved him with all my heart. When I came home, I could aſk for nothing: I could only give thanks. And the witneſs, that God had ſaved me from all my ſins, grew clearer every hour. On Wedneſday this was ſtronger than ever. I have never ſince found my heart wander from God.

God. When I have buſineſs to do, I juſt take a thought and do it; and it is gone, and my heart is with the Lord. I often in a day bow my knee to God; but my heart prays continually. He is never out of my thoughts: I ſee him always; although moſt, at preaching, and in my band and claſs. But I do not only *ſee* him: I *feel* him too, ſo as I cannot expreſs. And the more I ſee and feel of God, the more I feel, I am nothing. When I ſleep, I ſleep as in the arms of Jeſus: and when I wake, my ſoul is full of praiſe, and it is as if all the angels were in the room round about me praiſing God. I never find any heavineſs or coldneſs: and when I muſt go among the people of the world, God is as much with me as before, and I long for them, ſo as no tongue can tell. I am careful of every word I ſpeak, and every look, and every thought. I ſearch my heart again and again; and I can find nothing but love there. Indeed I know, if God left me a moment, I ſhould fall But I truſt, he will never leave me nor forſake me."

* I obſerve, the ſpirit and experience of theſe two, run exactly parallel. Conſtant Communion with God the Father and the Son, fills their hearts with *humble love*. Now this is what I always did, and do now mean by *perfection*. And this I believe many have attained, on the ſame evidence that I believe many are juſtified. May God increaſe their number a thouſand-fold!

Friday 7. I rode over to Dudley, formerly a den

den of lions. I was conſtrained to preach abroad. But no one opened his mouth, unleſs to pray or praiſe God. I believe the ſteddy behaviour of the ſociety, has made an impreſſion on moſt of the town.

Saturday 8. I was ſurprized at coming into Wolverhampton, which is what Dudley was, to find the people ſo ſtill, many gaping and ſtaring, but none ſpeaking an uncivil word. Ay, ſaid a well-meaning man, "we ſhall not find them ſo civil by and by." I wiſh theſe *croakers* would learn to hold their peace. I deſire to hear no *prophets of evil*. What do they do, but weaken the hands both of preachers and people, and transfuſe their own cowardice into others?

But this prophet of evil was a falſe prophet too. For neither while I was preaching, nor after I had done, did any one offer the leaſt rudeneſs whatſoever. And we rode as quietly out of the town, as we could have done out of London or Briſtol.

Hence we went on to Borſlem, near Newcaſtle-under-Line, a ſcattered town on the top of a hill, inhabited almoſt intirely by potters, a multitude of whom aſſembled at five in the evening. Deep attention ſat on every face, though as yet accompanied with deep ignorance. But if the heart be toward God, he will, in due time, inlighten the underſtanding.

Sunday 9. I preached at eight to near double the number, though ſcarce half as many as came

at five in the evening. Some of theſe ſeemed quite innocent of thought. Five or ſix were laughing and talking till I had near done: and one of them threw a clod of earth, which ſtruck me on the ſide of the head. But it neither diſturbed me, nor the congregation.

Monday 10. About nine I preached at Biddulph, about eight miles north of Borſlem. The earneſtneſs of the whole congregation, well rewarded me for my labour. Hence we had an extremely pleaſant walk three or four miles, to Congleton. Here we were accoſted in a very different manner, almoſt as ſoon as we entered the town, which cauſed ſome of our brethren to apprehend, we ſhould have rough treatment before we got out of it. That I left to God. They had procured the uſe of a meadow adjoining to the preaching-houſe, in a window of which they had fixt a kind of ſcaffold. Moſt of the congregation were deeply ſerious: ſo that three or four who took much pains to diſturb them, intirely loſt their labour.

About ſeven in the evening I preached at Stockport, where more and more hear the word of God and keep it. In the morning we took horſe at five, but could find none to tell us which was the road to Leeds. So we rode on to Mottram. Following the directions we received there, we rode up a mountain, and our path ended. We made toward a large houſe, and the gentleman ſent a ſervant, who pointed out the way

way we were to take. But ſoon after, it divided: and an honeſt man bidding us keep to the right, (meaning the left) we did ſo, 'till we came to the top of another high mountain, among ſeveral old ſtone-quarries. Here that road ended. However we went ſtrait forward, 'till we came to the brow. With great difficulty we led our horſes down, and rode up a path on the oppoſite mountain. But at the top this likewiſe ended. Still we thought it beſt to puſh forward. But my horſe was quickly embogged. After he had thrown me on one ſide, and ſcrambled out himſelf, we endeavoured to walk down the mountain: but ſuch a walk I never had before, for ſteepneſs, and bogs, and large ſtones intermixt. That we got to the bottom without hurt either to man or beaſt, was little leſs than a miracle. But we were ſtill at a loſs, 'till we met a ſenſible man, who directed us to Saddleworth. In our inn here we found one who had frequently heard me preach at Builth in Brecknockſhire. I fear, to little purpoſe; for on my ſpeaking a few words, he ran away in haſte. But the whole family ſeemed to fear God. So we did not repent of our clambering up and down the mountains.

At ſix we reached Leeds, ſufficiently tired. But I forgot it as ſoon as I began to preach: and the ſpirit of the congregation comforted us over all our labour.

Wednesday 12. Having deſired that as many as could of the neighbouring towns, who be-

lieved they were saved from sin, would meet me, I spent the greatest part of this day, in examining them one by one. The testimony of some I could not receive: but concerning the far greatest part, it is plain (unless they could be supposed to tell wilful and deliberate lies) 1. That they *feel* no inward sin, and to the best of their knowledge, commit no outward sin: 2. That they *see* and love God every moment, and *pray, rejoice, give thanks evermore.* 3. That they have constantly as clear a witness from God of sanctification as they have of justification. Now in this I do rejoice and will rejoice, call it what you please. And I would to God thousands had experienced thus much: let them afterward experience as much more as God pleases.

Thursday 13. We rode over the mountains thro' furious wind and rain, which was ready to overthrow both man and beast. However in the afternoon we came well to Manchester. On Friday the 14th being the national fast-day, we had service at five, at seven, and at five in the evening. But I did not observe here any thing, of that solemnity with which the public fasts are observed in London. I was much out of order on Saturday, and not well on Sunday. However having appointed to preach in Stockport at noon, I determined, not to break my word. As it rained our friends provided a post-chaise. When we were gone half a mile one of the horses began to kick and rear, and would go no further. So we

got

got out and walked on. But another driver brought the chaise after, and carried me to Stockport. A large congregation was waiting, and received the word with all readiness of mind. For some years the seed seemed to be here sown in vain: but at length it yields a good increase.

On the following days I preached in several neighbouring towns, and on Wednesday evening at Liverpool. Thursday 20. I had a good deal of conversation with Mr. N—n. His case is very peculiar. Our church requires, that clergymen should be men of learning, and to this end, have an university education. But how many have an university-education, and yet no learning at all? Yet these men are ordained! Meantime one of eminent learning, as well as unblameable behaviour, cannot be ordained, "because he was not at the university!" What a mere farce is this? Who would believe, that any Christian bishop would stoop to so poor an evasion?

Monday 24. About noon I preached at Warrington. Many of *the beasts of the people* were present. But the bridle from above was in their teeth, so that they made not the least disturbance. At seven in the evening I preached at Chester; but I was scarce able to open my eyes. They were much inflamed before I set out; and the inflammation was much increased, by riding forty miles, with a strong and cold wind exactly in my face. But in the evening I applied the

eye-water made with *Lapis Calaminaris*, which removed the diſorder before morning.

Tueſday 25. I rode to Mould in Flintſhire. The wind was often ready to bear away both man and horſe. But the earneſt ſerious congregation, rewarded us for our trouble. Wedneſday 26. About nine I preached at Little Lee, a mile or two from Northwich. Many of the congregation ſcarce ever heard a Methodiſt before. But I truſt they did not hear in vain.

Thurſday 27. I rode to Liverpool, in order to embark for Dublin. We were deſired to be on board by nine on Saturday morning. But the wind falling and a fog coming on, we gained a little more time. So we had one more ſolemn opportunity in the evening. Sunday 30. The fog was gone and the wind fair. We took ſhip about nine, and got under ſail at noon, having only eight cabbin paſſengers, ſeven of whom were our own company. So we prayed and ſung, and converſed at our own diſcretion. But a poor woman whom we permitted to come into the cabin, gave us ſome uneaſineſs. She had been tapped for the dropſy in the infirmary, but two days before. When I ſpoke to her concerning her ſoul, ſhe gave but little anſwer, appearing to be ſerious and willing to hear, but totally uninſtructed. She would eat nothing, but willingly accepted a diſh or two of tea, and two or three glaſſes of wine. The next morning ſhe was extremely reſtleſs, continually moving from

place

place to place, till the captain put a bed for her in the forecaſtle, on which ſhe lay down about eight o'clock. A little after ſhe grew light-headed and began ſhrieking dreadfully. This ſhe continued to do, till about noon, and then died. At night, the captain and all the ſailors being preſent, we committed her body to the deep. On Tueſday noon, April 1, we landed ſafe at Dublin.

I never ſaw more numerous or more ſerious congregations in Ireland, than we had all this week. On Eaſter-day, April 6. I introduced our Engliſh cuſtom, beginning the ſervice at four in the morning. Monday 7. I began ſpeaking ſeverally to the members of the ſociety, and was well-pleaſed to find ſo great a number of them much alive to God. One conſequence of this is, that the ſociety is larger than it has been for ſeveral years. And no wonder; for where the real power of God is, it naturally ſpreads wider and wider.

* Thurſday 10. I was ſitting with a friend, when poor Mr. Cook came in. His eyes, his look, his hair ſtanding

"Like quills upon the fretful Porcupine,"

his tattered gown, his whole perſon, as well as his ſpeech immediately bewrayed him. But he is quite an original, and has ſo much vivacity, with touches of ſtrong ſenſe, that I do not wonder

der the gentlemen of the college, as he told me, have given him an apartment there. What a noble fabric lies here in ruins! What pity, that when he firſt found himſelf a ſinner, he had not one to ſpeak to that underſtood his caſe, and could teach him the only method of cure!

Sunday 13. At three in the afternoon, I preached in the Barrack-ſquare, another kind of place than Ormandtown-green. No mob muſt ſhew their heads here; for the ſoldiers would give them no quarter. Tueſday 15. I preached there again. But on Thurſday, it being a rainy day, an offer was made me of the riding-houſe, a very large commodious building, deſigned by Lord Cheſterfield for a church, but never uſed as ſuch till now. A troop of ſoldiers was exerciſing there when I came. But this was clear gains. For the officers forbad any of them to go away, before the ſermon was ended.

Friday 18. I went with Miſs F—— to ſee the French priſoners, ſent from Carrickfergus. They were ſurprized at hearing as good French ſpoke in Dublin, as they could have heard in Paris: and ſtill more at being exhorted to heart-religion, to the *faith that worketh by love.*

Sunday 20. I appointed thoſe of the ſociety, who deſired to renew their covenant with God, which I had ſeveral times before explained, to meet me in the evening. And I believe of the five hundred and twelve members, hardly twelve were wanting.

* Monday

* Monday 21. In riding to Roſmead, I read Sir John Davies' hiſtorical relations concerning Ireland. None who reads theſe can wonder, that fruitful as it is, it was always ſo thinly inhabited. For he makes it plain, 1. That murder was never capital among the native Iriſh. The murderer only paid a ſmall fine, to the chief of his Sept. 2. When the Engliſh ſettled here, ſtill the Iriſh had no benefit of the Engliſh laws. They could not ſo much as ſue an Engliſhman. So the Engliſh, beat, plundered, yea, murdered them at pleaſure. Hence, 3. aroſe continual wars between them, for three hundred and fifty years together. And hereby both the Engliſh and Iriſh natives, were kept few, as well as poor. 4. When they were multiplied during a peace of forty years, from 1600 to 1641, the general maſſacre, with the enſuing war, again thinned their numbers: not ſo few as a million of men, women and children, being deſtroyed in four years time. 5. Great numbers have ever ſince, year by year left the land merely for want of employment. 6. The gentry are continually driving away hundreds, yea thouſands of them that remain, by throwing ſuch quantities of arable land into paſture, which leaves them neither buſineſs, nor food. This it is that now diſpeoples many parts of Ireland, of Connaught in particular, which, it is ſuppoſed, has ſcarce half the inhabitants at this day, which it had fourſcore years ago.

Wedneſday

Wednesday 23. I rode to Newry, and preached at seven in the evening to a numerous congregation. Sunday 27. We had a useful sermon at church. But they told me, few attended the prayers in the afternoon. However I resolved to set them the example: and the church was as full as in the forenoon. Of what importance is every step *we* take! Seeing so many are ready to follow us!

Monday 28. I rode to Rathfriland, seven Irish miles from Newry, a small town built on the top of a mountain, surrounded first by a deep valley, and at a small distance by higher mountains. The Presbyterian minister had wrote to the Popish priest, "To keep his people from hearing." But they would not be kept. Protestants and Papists flocked together to the meadow where I preached, and sat on the grass, still as night, while I exhorted them, to *Repent and believe the gospel.* * The same attention appeared in the whole congregation at Terryhugan in the evening: where I spent a comfortable night in *the Prophet's Chamber*, nine foot long, seven broad and six high. The ceiling, floor and walls were all of the same marble, vulgarly called clay.

Thursday, May 1. I rode to Moyra. Soon after twelve, standing on a tomb-stone, near the church, I called a considerable number of people, to *know God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent.* We were just opposite to the Earl of Moyra's

Moyra's houſe, the beſt finiſhed of any I have ſeen in Ireland. It ſtands on a hill with a large avenue in front, bounded by the church on the oppoſite hill. The other three ſides are covered by orchards, gardens and woods, in which are walks of various kinds.

* General Flaubert, who commanded the French troops at Carrickfergus, was juſt gone from Lord Moyra's. Major Brajelon was now there, a man of a fine perſon and extremely graceful behaviour. Both theſe affirmed, that the French were all picked men, out of the king's guards. That their commiſſion was, to land either at Londonderry or Carrickfergus, while Monſieur Conflans landed in the ſouth: and if they did not do this within three months, to return directly to France.

Friday 2. In the evening, and morning and evening on Saturday I preached at Liſburn. The people here (as Mr. Boſton ſaid) are "all ear:" but who can find a way to their heart?

Sunday 4. After preaching to a large congregation at ſeven, I haſtened to Cumber, in order to be at church in time. As ſoon as ſervice was ended, I began, and four in five of the people behaved well. About ſix in the evening I preached at Newtown: where there is uſually the largeſt congregation in Ulſter. But what avails *the hearing ear*, without the *underſtanding heart?*

Monday

Monday 5. After preaching in the market-place at Belfaſt, to a people who *care for none of theſe things*, we rode on, with a furious eaſt wind right in our face to Carrickfergus, where I willingly accepted of an invitation from a merchant in the town, Mr. Cobham, to lodge at his houſe: the rather, when I underſtood, that Mr. Cavenac, the French lieutenant-general was ſtill there. I now received a very particular account of what had beeen lately tranſacted here. * Mrs. Cobham ſaid, "My daughter came running in and ſaid, "Mamma, there are three India-men come into the bay, and I ſuppoſe my brothers are come in them, (who had been in the Eaſt-Indies for ſome time.) An hour after ſhe came in again, and cried, "O mamma, they ſay they are French-men. And they are landing and their guns glitter in the ſun." Mr. Cavenac informed me, that Mr. Thurot had received a thouſand men out of the king's guards, with orders to land in the north of Ireland, at the ſame time that Monſieur Conflans landed in the ſouth: that a ſtorm drove him up to Bergen in Norway, from whence he could not get out, till his ſhips were much damaged, and his proviſions conſumed; nor could he there procure a ſupply at any price: that another ſtorm drove him to 66 degrees north latitude; from whence he did not get back to Carrick-Bay, till all on board were almoſt famiſhed, having only an ounce of bread per

per man daily: that they then landed merely to procure proviſions. I aſked, "Is it true, that you had a deſign to burn the town?" He cried out, "Jeſu, Maria!" We never had ſuch a thought! To burn, to deſtroy, cannot enter into the heart or head of a good man."

After they had landed (Mrs. Cobham and others informed me) they divided into two bodies. One of theſe marched up to the eaſt gate, the other to the north. Twelve ſoldiers and a corporal were there on the wall, who fired upon them when they came near. Immediately General Flaubert fell, having his leg broke by a muſket-ball. The next in command, a young Marquis, then led them on. When the Engliſh had fired four rounds, having no more ammunition they retired, and the French entered the town, and at the market-place met thoſe who had come in at the eaſt-gate. When they had joined they marched up to the caſtle, (though the Engliſh there, who were an hundred and ſixty-two in number, kept a conſtant fire,) the gate of which was not barred, ſo that the Marquis thruſt it open and went in. Juſt then he was ſhot dead. Mr. Cavenac immediately took his place, and drew up his men again. The Engliſh then deſired a parley, and articled to furniſh them with proviſions in ſix hours. But they could not perform it, there being little in the town. On this Mr. Cavenac ſent for Mr. Cobham, and deſired him to go up to Belfaſt and procure them, leaving his wife with the General, as an hoſtage for his re-

turn. But the poor Frenchmen could not ſtay for this. At the time prefixt they began to ſerve themſelves with meat and drink: having been in ſuch want, that they were glad to eat raw oats to ſuſtain nature. They accordingly took all the food they could find, with ſome linen and wearing apparel. But they neither hurt nor affronted man, woman or child, nor did any miſchief for miſchief's ſake: though they were ſufficiently provoked; for many of the inhabitants affronted them without fear or wit, curſed them to their face, and even took up pokers or other things to ſtrike them.

While Mrs. Cobham was with the General, a little plain dreſſed man came in, to whom they all ſhewed a particular reſpect. It ſtruck into her mind, is not this Mr. Thurot? Which was ſoon confirmed. She ſaid to him, "Sir, you ſeem much fatigued. Will you ſtep to my houſe and refreſh yourſelf?" He readily accepted the offer. She prepared a little veal, of which he ate moderately, and drank three glaſſes of ſmall warm punch: after which he told her, "I have not taken any food before, nor ſlept for eight and forty hours." She aſked, "Sir, will you pleaſe to take a little reſt now?" Obſerving he ſtarted, ſhe added, "I will anſwer, life for life, that none ſhall hurt you under my roof." He ſaid, "Madam, I believe you: I accept the offer." He deſired that two of his men might lie on the floor by the bed-ſide, ſlept about ſix hours, and then returning her many thanks, went aboard his ſhip.

Five

Five days he was kept in the bay by contrary winds. When he failed, he took the mayor of Carrick and another gentleman, as hoſtages for the delivery of the French priſoners. The next morning as he was walking the deck, he frequently ſtarted, without any viſible cauſe, ſtept ſhort, and ſaid, "I ſhall die to-day." A while after he ſaid to one of the Engliſh, "Sir, I ſee three ſhips. Pray take my glaſs, and tell me freely, what you think they are? He looked ſome time and ſaid, "I think they are Engliſh, and I gueſs they are about forty gun ſhips." He called his officers and ſaid, "Our ſhips are too foul to fight at a diſtance: we muſt board them." Accordingly when they came up, after a ſhort fire, he ran up cloſe to Captain Elliot, and Captain Scordeck, with his four and twenty huſſars, immediately leapt on board. Almoſt inſtantly, nine of them lay dead; on which he was ſo enraged, that he ruſhed forward with his ſabre among the Engliſh, who ſeized his arms and carried him away. Meantime, his men that were left, retired into their own ſhip. Thurot ſeeing this, cried out, "Why ſhould we throw away the lives of the poor men?" And ordered to ſtrike the colours. A man going up to do this was ſhot dead; as was likewiſe a ſecond. And before a third could do it, Mr. Thurot himſelf was ſhot through the heart. So fell a brave man: giving yet another proof, that *there is no counſel or ſtrength againſt the Lord.*

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